0th YEAR

June 1957, 50 cents

THE Atlantic

R. B. Robertson

WHEN BILLY GRAHAM SAVED SCOTLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good reasons for pointing with

MEN WHO SERVE Old Smuggler have good reasons for pointing to it with pride. It is what Scotsmen call a "graceful Scotch." Because it is developed with patience and scruple—and because of its great softness and delicacy of flavour.

No other Scotch comes to you with its purity of flavour so well safeguarded. The Old Smuggler bottle has an exclusive "flavour-guard" cap which fits over the neck to a depth of three-quarters of an inch —assuring contact only with clean glass when the whisky is poured.

Once you discover Old Smuggler you will understand why experienced Scotch drinkers frequently say when it is poured, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." Ask for Old Smuggler the next time and enjoy the delight of a *graceful Scotch.*

Distilled, Blende
In
W. A. TAYLOR &
Sole Distrib
BLENDED SCOTCH

Sm

SCOTCH

PRODUCED BY JINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDWIN A. BIGELOW
Stores Manager
Cleveland, Ohio

CARMEN S. DANIEL
District Manager
Alexandria, La.

WILLIAM A. DIXON
Assembler
Chicago, Ill.

ALICE V. DREA
Chief Operator
Boston, Mass.

CHARLES P. EDWARDS
Installer-Repairman
Newton, Mass.

CATHERINE J. FLAHERTY
Disability Visitor
Clifton, N. J.

HAROLD HARKER
Staff Assistant
Philadelphia, Pa.

H. W. HERPEL
General Staff Supervisor
Detroit, Mich.

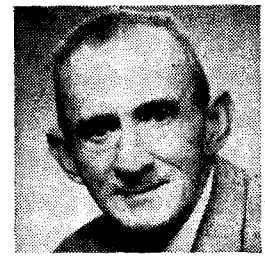
WILLARD T. KINNEY
Supervising Engineer
Denver, Colo.

JOHN S. LEHNING
Public Telephone Manager
Nashville, Tenn.

ARTHUR LENNSTRUM
Auditor
Chicago, Ill.

ALBERT L. LOTH
Wire Chief
Richmond, Va.

WILLIAM V. MAHER
PBX Repairman
New Haven, Conn.



FRANCIS A. MURPHY
Stockman
New Bedford, Mass.

JAMES S. RUSSELL
District Plant Engineer
Salisbury, Md.

MRS. MARY M. RYAN
Supervising Stenographer
Newark, N. J.

EARL V. TURNER
Manager
Sanford, Fla.

MRS. ANNA WINDHAM
Operator
Dallas, Texas

RAYMOND J. WOLF
Supervising Engineer
White Plains, N. Y.

961 years
in all

The telephone men and women pictured here have a total of 961 years of service.

They have been with us for fifty years

Telephone men and women have always been one of the greatest assets of the business. Many have been with us a long time and have found it a pleasant place to be.

As many as 291,100 have ten, twenty, thirty, forty or more years of service. Some, as shown above, have served the public and their companies for half a century.

Singly and together they can say . . . "I have been part of a useful enterprise. My work has helped to make it grow."

It is the sum of all this experience—in research, manufacturing and operation—that helps you to have good service today and provides the solid foundation for still greater things to come.

291,100 telephone men and women have ten or more years of service

Up to 10 years service	484,841
10 to 19 years service	152,642
20 to 29 years service	68,022
30 to 39 years service	63,027
40 and more years service	7,409

Working together to bring people together . . . BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUNE

ATLANTIC

Ninety-nine years of continuous publication

VOLUME 199 1957 NUMBER 6

Atlantic Reports: Washington — London — Hong Kong

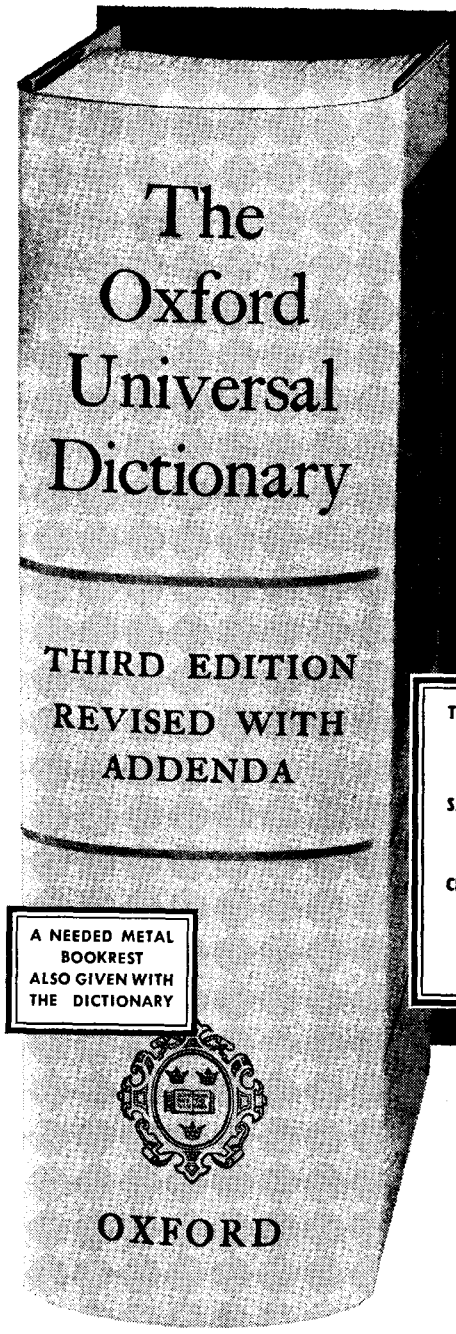
This Was Dylan	CAITLIN THOMAS	33
When Billy Graham Saved Scotland	R. B. ROBERTSON	39
Composing	IGOR STRAVINSKY	46
Lazy Journalism	JOHN GOULD	51
That's Funny, Wasn't It? *A Poem*	OGDEN NASH	54
A Kelly Green Sweater. *A Story*	MITCHELL J. STRUCINSKI	55
The Lost Planet	N. J. BERRILL	60
The Community College	SIGURD RISLOV	64
A Life in Art. *A Story*	WOLF MANKOWITZ	68
BOOKS AND MEN		
Beaumont and Fletcher	JOHN MASEFIELD	71
New Voices in Poetry	LEAH BODINE DRAKE	75
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	79
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	85
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles Morton — Lorraine Lehan Hopkins — Newman Levy — William O'Hallaren — C. S. Jennison — Louise Vila — Lewis Tenney Ross		92
Social Discmanship	JOHN M. CONLY	97
They Shall Have Music		
Record Reviews		100

Cover design by Noel Martin

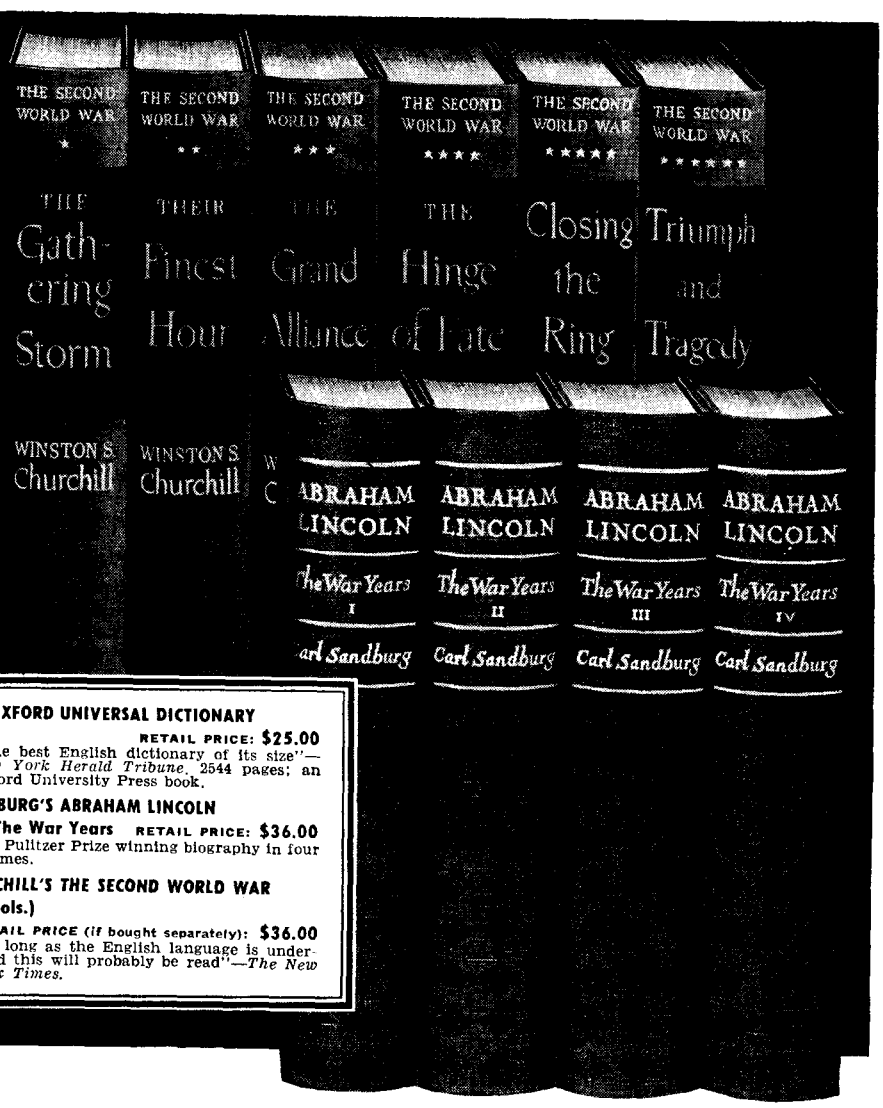
1 YEAR $6.00 2 YEARS $11.00 3 YEARS $16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, June, 1957, Vol. 199, No. 6. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1957, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A NEEDED METAL BOOKREST ALSO GIVEN WITH THE DICTIONARY



THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY
RETAIL PRICE: $25.00
"The best English dictionary of its size"—*New York Herald Tribune*. 2544 pages; an Oxford University Press book.

SANDBURG'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN
—The War Years RETAIL PRICE: $36.00
The Pulitzer Prize winning biography in four volumes.

CHURCHILL'S THE SECOND WORLD WAR (6 vols.)
RETAIL PRICE (if bought separately): $36.00
"So long as the English language is understood this will probably be read"—*The New York Times*.

EITHER OF THESE SETS

OR THE BIG OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY

Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY ONLY SIX BOOKS FROM THE CLUB DURING THE NEXT YEAR

THIS IS A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF FOUR UNIQUE ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

FIRST, that you share in more than $13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) distributed annually to members as Book-Dividends. This is actually a form of member profit-sharing, similar to that of a consumer cooperative. The offer outlined here really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later. **SECOND,** that you are insured against missing the new books you are eager to read. (For example, see the list in the coupon.) **THIRD,** that you get these books at a considerable saving—an average of 20% less than the regular retail price. And **FOURTH,** that you build up a highly selective library of good books that reflect your taste.

✶ **The library set, or the dictionary, will be sent to you with your first purchase. (Choose from the books listed in the coupon.)**

✶ **The five additional books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 100 Club Selections and Alternates made available during the year.**

✶ **After your sixth purchase—if you continue—with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend.**

✶ **Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend plan, more than $200,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) have been earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.**

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE BOOKS LISTED

- ☐ **THE F. B. I. STORY** by Don Whitehead *$4.95*
- ☐ **THIS HALLOWED GROUND** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **THE LAST ANGRY MAN** by Gerald Green *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **STOPOVER: TOKYO** by John P. Marquand *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE NUN'S STORY** by Kathryn Hulme *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV** by John Steinbeck *$3.00*
- ☐ **THE LAST PARALLEL** by Martin Russ *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT Vol. 1: The Crisis of the Old Order** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE LAST HURRAH** by Edwin O'Connor *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE BIBLE AS HISTORY** by Werner Keller *$5.95*
- ☐ **SAY, DARLING** by Richard Bissell *$3.95*
- ☐ **DAY OF INFAMY** by Walter Lord *$3.95*
- ☐ **DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER** by William Brinkley *Price (to members only) $3.75*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. **A46**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, the work I have checked below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

☐ **The Second World War** ☐ **Abraham Lincoln: The War Years**
☐ **The Oxford Universal Dictionary (with bookrest)**

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Postal Zone No.....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Washington

ONCE again the world's political leaders are having to face up to the nuclear facts of life as presented by the seemingly ceaseless progress in the weapons laboratories and testing ranges. This, essentially, is behind the historic British defense white paper, the Adenauer talk of nuclear weapons for West Germany, the Eisenhower attempt to say go slow, the NATO decision to pass out missiles to its various member nations — and the Kremlin's almost hysterical series of warnings to all and sundry from Norway to Iceland, from Spain to Turkey, not to let American nuclear missiles be stationed on their territories.

It is nearly two years since Eisenhower and the Soviet leaders at the Geneva Summit Conference reached their historic understanding that nuclear weapons are too terrible to permit either of the two great powers to risk a global war. That was the first benchmark of political acceptance of the nuclear facts of life.

Now the political leaders, this time not only in Washington and Moscow, are facing and reaching decisions based on the evolution of guided missiles and of the so-called "small" or "tactical" nuclear weapons. Whatever hopes there are for even partial agreement at the London disarmament talks rest fundamentally on the way Moscow and Washington read the meaning of the new nuclear weapons.

Budget problems, of course, are deeply involved in the thinking and decisions of the Western governments. The President has publicly noted the need for a healthy British economy as a fundamental reason for the decision to switch Britain's chief defense dependence from manpower to missiles over the next five years. But the Suez fiasco last fall — the military fiasco, that is — makes it clear in London that Britain would either have to beef up its non-nuclear forces or strip them to the bone while depending on nuclear weapons. The budget made the latter the inevitable choice.

It was not for budget reasons, however, that Eisenhower said he admired the British courage and nerve in taking such a historic decision. It was because the President realizes that it will be a long time before the new weapons — including the intermediate range (1500-mile) ballistic missiles — exist in meaningful numbers. That was the reason for his go-slow admonition.

No one in Washington doubts that the IRBM will be produced and shipped to Britain in due course. The United States has created and is stockpiling the most massive thermonuclear bombs which, in the opinion of experts here, could ever be effectively used. The presumption is that the Soviet Union is doing the same. Britain is testing its first H-bombs and will build a limited stockpile, but more for prestige than anything else.

The small nuclears

The real battle inside Washington is over the so-called "small" nuclears. This issue is unresolved for various reasons, chief among them the budget and disagreement on military policy. The outcome is likely to be of vast importance to the security of the United States and the peace of the world.

Thomas E. Murray, the maverick member of the Atomic Energy Commission who will not be reappointed when his term expires this month, has been arguing for "tens of thousands" of small nuclear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN

DEMAND INFLATION

AND

WAGE INFLATION

is to distinguish between a natural law and a man-made condition.

Prices go higher in a time of shortage when demand exceeds supply . . . *demand* inflation.

Prices go higher when people are paid more without producing more . . . *wage* inflation.

In either case somebody gets hurt: the buyer in the first case; the people who don't get a raise, in the second.

The antidote to *demand* inflation is increased production, to end shortages.

The antidote to *wage* inflation is increased productivity, to justify higher wages.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People's Capitalism:

Business with pleasure: General Electric's President Ralph J. Cordiner (left), Board Chairman Philip D. Reed. and Secretary Ray H. Luebbe enjoy a share owner's comment at the Annual Meeting. From as far away as California, about 4,000 people come each year to Schenectady, N. Y., to meet the men who represent them on the board of directors and to get acquainted with the managers of their company.

From all walks of life: General Electric owners are typical of America's capitalists. Many of them are also customers, suppliers, dealers, or neighbors in our plant communities. In addition, 129,000 General Electric employees are also owners, or becoming owners.

Owners get a close look: So they can participate more fully in company affairs, share owners have an opportunity to meet General Electric people and review current and future plans. Above, share owners are fitted with safety glasses before a plant tour (*right*).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 370,000 owners who have savings invested in General Electric are typical of America, where nearly every citizen is a capitalist

Owners disagree on a point of interest: Even though the young lady is counting on General Electric for part of her future, her attention can wander during the meeting.

Women capitalists: The ladies' viewpoint is significant: half of General Electric's owners are women — and to many, their investment can mean security now or in the future.

If a visitor from abroad had been able to sit down with the men and women at the General Electric Share Owners Meeting in April, he might have discovered a good deal about capitalism in this country.

The visitor could have learned, for instance, that millions of people from all walks of life—not just a wealthy handful—own America's businesses. There were about 4,000 men and women at the meeting. Some were housewives, some employees of the company, some businessmen, some retired folks—the kind of people you meet every day.

They are typical of the 370,000 men and women who have chosen to invest part of their savings in General Electric . . . of the 10 million Americans who own "a piece of the business" in other corporations . . . of the millions who have a stake in the small family businesses in every community . . . and of the 100 million capitalists who indirectly own shares in companies like General Electric through their insurance policies, mutual savings-bank accounts, pension plans, mutual funds or other forms of investment.

The visitor could have learned that in a People's Capitalism everyone benefits from profits. Profits which benefit the many are at the very heart of America's competitive economic system. You may benefit directly, for example, through dividends. Or you may benefit indirectly in many ways—in your pension fund, perhaps, or in the endowment that helps support your child's college, or even through the work of research foundations and charitable organizations which entrust capital to America's businesses.

And in a competitive People's Capitalism, everyone gains again because part of the profits are plowed back into business to spur growth that leads to new products, new jobs and new services.

The visitor could have learned that progress in America's capitalism is measured in terms of the individual. In this country, every man is encouraged to develop to his maximum ability. At General Electric, for instance, employees are given wide opportunities to develop their talents and add to their education and skills. Each year, the company spends some $40 million for training in everything from factory skills to advanced professional development, and over 25,000 men and women take advantage of these opportunities annually.

As General Electric sees it, the People's Capitalism of America is uniquely successful because it works on the basis of "something for something." This capitalism draws its strength from the voluntary participation of all free citizens, and it returns to all of them benefits unmatched anywhere else.

[*For our latest Annual Report, write to us at Dept. 211-113, Schenectady, N.Y.*]

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weapons. He starts from the assumption that not all wars are ruled out because of the Summit understanding. Hence, in his view, America must prepare to fight the "little wars" with modern — that is, nuclear — weapons, and the smaller the weapons the more it will be possible to limit such wars.

In a good many respects Murray's views fit with those of Donald Quarles, the new Deputy Under Secretary of Defense and former Air Force Secretary. But the Pentagon has not accepted the Murray thesis to the point of calling on the President to have such small weapons manufactured in vast numbers and varieties. There is a rather widespread public impression that the United States already has such weapons. The facts are otherwise, despite a few in stock of what might be called middle-range size.

One must remember that the now antiquated A-bomb which fell on Hiroshima was of the 15-kiloton range, or about 60,000 times more powerful than the largest conventional bomb of World War II. What has happened since is that the H-bomb's creation has brought weapons in the megaton range (with no upper limit to the size that can be produced) and has vastly improved, via the missiles, the methods of delivery.

When Murray speaks of tens of thousands of small nuclear weapons, he and others are talking of weapons in the one-kiloton range — in other words, a weapon perhaps one fifteenth the size of what was used on Hiroshima but still 4000 times more powerful than any single bomb of World War II vintage. How far down the scale the nuclear weapons can be made is as yet unknown. The Nevada tests this year are designed in part to find out. Pentagon officials have expressed interest down to about the two-kiloton range. But there is reason to believe that nuclear weapons could be made of only a fraction of such explosive power.

Big enough to do the job

The military naturally likes the most conclusive weapon for any job. This is true especially of the Air Force because of the aiming problem. It is certainly true in the case of the IRBM — for example, a hydrogen warhead which landed ten miles outside Moscow could still obliterate that city.

Long ago during the tensions over the Formosa Straits the President said that in any clash with Red China the United States would use nuclear weapons "like bullets." The simile certainly gives the wrong impression, in view of the state of small weapons development, but the military strategy implied in the remark is doubtless correct, in view of the cuts in our conventional forces these past four years.

According to highly competent sources here, the only way to manufacture large numbers of small nuclear weapons (assuming the tests demonstrate their feasibility) is to build a huge new plutonium plant which would cost approximately $3 billion. Such a figure on top of the present defense budget is something the Administration is not now willing to take on. This spring's budget-cutting climate in Congress, and the congressional-presidential feuding on the issue, make it clear that only an Eisenhower drive could put over such a request. And that would require a clear statement on the military necessity of a program which many people seem to think already exists.

Armament guessing game

As has occurred in the past in the manned-bomber and the submarine programs, news of Soviet advances may in itself force such a change. There is good evidence that the Soviets are revamping their military forces with the idea of using small nuclear weapons. But how small and how widespread remains a secret from Washington, as far as any outsider can now perceive.

One related issue — the disarmament talks — has a bearing on the problem. Harold Stassen proposed at London that all future nuclear production be channeled exclusively into peaceful uses. Such an agreement would greatly inhibit if not prevent a small weapons program, its advocates say. They point out that while some small weapons could be made from existing plutonium stockpiles (in or out of bomb form) the loss in the charge is very large. And the "bigger bang for the buck" thesis holds true only going up the kiloton-megaton scale, not going down, where the reverse is the fact.

The Soviet threats to our NATO partners and others as well are taken in Washington to be based on Russian fear of the development of intermediate-range missiles which, especially from European bases, could cover much of European Russia if not all of it. But it also may be based on the realization that the smaller weapons could negate the Soviet preponderance of manpower. What this might lead the Kremlin to do about an arms agreement is anyone's guess.

The net of all these interrelated scientific developments (even putting aside the political issues

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

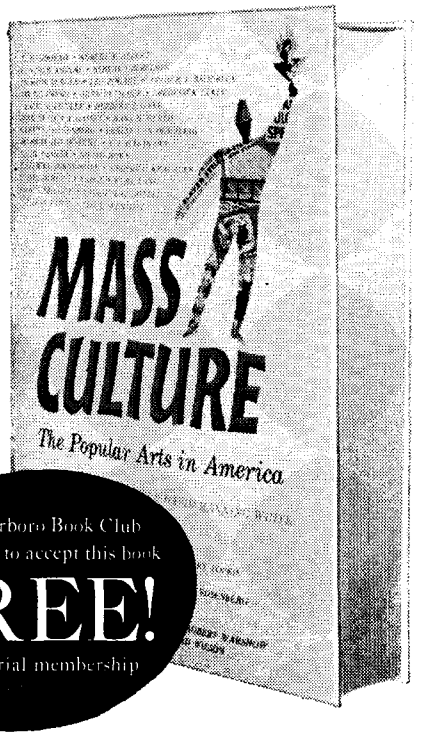
Another Marboro Book Club **Exclusive!**

THE MONUMENTAL STUDY OF

Mass Culture

A scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play

- From Mickey Spillane to Norman Vincent Peale
- From Kostelanetz to Rock-and-Roll
- From the "girlie" magazines to the "New Yorker"
- From the Cult of Sadism to the Rituals of Conformity



The Marboro Book Club invites you to accept this book **FREE!** with a trial membership

THIS IS A BOMBSHELL OF A BOOK... a thought-provoking, fight-provoking, mercilessly honest study of our brave new world of fish-tailed automobiles, embarrassingly Freudian comic strips, orgiastic "detective" stories, and dehydrated fresh-frozen "culture". By turns stinging, hilarious, and perversely hopeful, it is the most comprehensive and significant critique of mass culture ever published—a fitting successor to *The Lonely Crowd.*

$6.50 Everywhere — Yours Free

Never until now has the scholarly world descended upon the "popular" arts with such thoroughness, such diabolical zest, and such remorseless logic. The writers of this book are justly celebrated in the academic sphere (David Reisman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald, Christopher LaFarge, Clement Greenberg, and Charles J. Rolo are just a few of them). But here their scholarship is directed at some exceedingly down-to-earth questions. *For example:*

L'il Abner Psychoanalyzed

Is L'il Abner's mother over-protective and masculine? (And if so, why did Al Capp name her Pansy?) Why do "naughty" girls in Hollywood films turn out to be "good"? (And why do good girls in French films turn out to be naughty?) Was it just a coincidence that Spillane and McCarthy happened to the same country at the same time?

No aspect of American popular culture is neglected (or spared). The hagiology and demonology of Madison Avenue... the "culture-pill" therapy of the self-help books and the digest magazines... Hollywood's contributions to theology... the rage for "nearly-classical" music... the almost clinical portrayal of advanced schizophrenia in a popular song called *Paper Doll*... the bizarre "Orwellesque" implications of *Person to Person* and *This Is Your Life*... these are just a few of the other mass-phenomena studied, diagnosed, and dissected with delightful erudition (and with utterly fascinating results).

MASS CULTURE is typical of the kind of book the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes available regularly to its members at drastically reduced prices. It has just been published at $6.50. But it is yours *without charge* if you join now.

Trial Membership Is Cancellable

You are not obligated to order any books from the Club when you send for your free copy of MASS CULTURE. Read it, enjoy it, for 2 full weeks (it is almost 600 pages long). Then, if you are not absolutely certain that you wish to remain a member, simply return the book. You'll be under no obligation and your trial membership will be cancelled. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep the book as a Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no *ordinary* book club.

A Select Circle of Readers

Like a cooperative, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of *one-half* when they buy books.

For instance, members of the MARBORO BOOK CLUB paid only $3.95 for THE MANDARINS. (Everybody else paid $6.00.) Sartre's BEING AND NOTHINGNESS ($10.00 everywhere) cost members only $4.95. If you had been a member during the past year, you would have saved comparable sums on THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES, SEVEN BY COLETTE, PICASSO: THE SCANDAL OF HIS GENIUS, and many, many others.

Save 50% on Books You Want Most

You will find many of these titles still available if you join now—plus, of course, the important new books that you would otherwise buy this year at higher prices—and all at the Club's remarkably low *Members'* Prices. Moreover, you will receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choosing with every 4 books you select from the scores of new and recent titles always available to members at substantial savings.

Important to Act Quickly

Meanwhile, you'll want to send for your *free* copy of MASS CULTURE and make up your own mind later about membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. So mail this coupon today while copies are still available.

"Probably the best book on the subject now available. Ought to be read by everyone who still can read."
—GILBERT SELDES, *Saturday Review.*

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS COUPON

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of MASS CULTURE. If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the free book and remain a member, I agree to buy at least 4 books during the coming year. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. Every 4 books ordered through the Club at the low Members' Prices entitle me to a free **Bonus Book** of my choice.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

MA-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buy.... Sell.... or Hold?

Sometimes it *is* hard to make up your mind about certain securities, particular stocks.

Too many important facts just don't seem to add up.

In such confused times, almost every investor finds it more difficult to make clear-cut decisions—so a lot of them don't even try.

We think that's bad.

Because very often the right answer today means the difference between profit and loss tomorrow . . .

Because there are any number of places an investor can go for the help he needs in reaching the right answers—for him.

Here at Merrill Lynch, for instance, our Research Department gets a steady stream of facts and information from all over the country, works constantly to sort out the important ones, carefully evaluates them all in terms of the investor's interest. So maybe that's why Research can usually come up with a pretty good answer to any question concerning buy . . . sell . . . or hold.

If you'd like to know what that answer would be as regards any particular stock . . .

Or if you'd like to have a detailed analysis of your complete portfolio in the light of your over-all financial situation . . .

Just ask.

There's no charge or obligation. Simply address —

FRANK V. DEEGAN, *Department SR-76*

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 108 Cities

of which the division of Germany remains the foremost) is to force the world's political leaders to face up to new decisions. Many do so unwillingly, if only because of the constant public outcry, exclusive of Communist propaganda efforts, against more and more nuclear weapons and nuclear tests, and the overhanging dread of nuclear contamination.

Yet as long as the world remains the collection of mortals it is, the issues will have to be faced and somehow resolved. The process, for Washington at least, is likely to go on for years, unless some new development on the Soviet side of the Iron Curtain forces precipitate action. And that is surely not the best way to make national policy on an issue which so vitally affects national survival or even the continuation of the human race.

Apathy in the unions

The day that Dave Beck, the Teamsters Union boss, was invoking the Fifth Amendment over and over, the head of one of America's biggest unions (and one free from such contamination as has become apparent in the Teamsters case) was talking of the changing nature of unions and what the Senate investigation might mean to them.

"When I was a youngster in the mid-thirties helping to organize the union," he said, "I had a machine gun stuck in my face more than once by some company cop. But today when I recall that to the youngsters in our union, many of them babies twenty years ago, they only say to me: 'Hell, I fought in Korea.' "

This union leader and some of his top AFL-CIO colleagues have since been discussing how to set up a program to "get through," as they put it, to their rank-and-file membership. They feel that the old contacts do not work any more. Only a handful turn out for most union meetings. Union papers are not too well read. The public press (largely anti-union in the eyes of these leaders) and TV-radio competition is too strong. The present-day members, save for the old-timers who remember shedding blood for the right to organize, have it all too easy, they feel.

There is a good measure of truth in this kind of thinking, of course. Even some members of the Indiana legislature elected with strong union support voted for that state's "right to work" law, which prohibits the closed shop, the first yet enacted in a state with a sizable industrial base rather than an essentially agricultural one.

As the McClellan Committee probe has gone on, there have been differing opinions in Congress on whether it would (*a*) bring on restrictive national labor legislation, and (*b*) create a new political weapon for the Republicans in the 1958 congressional elections.

On the first question the prevailing view still is that Congress this year will not pass any really restrictive laws. This does not exclude a law regulating management of union welfare funds, a measure most unions would in fact welcome if they were sure that would be the only thing in such a bill. But once on the House and Senate floors, they fear, it might be loaded up with amendments which would be otherwise injurious to organized labor.

Political implications

A related issue even more feared both by labor leaders of the non-Beck type and by the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in Congress is legislation restricting union financial aid in elections. Democrats say frankly that without such help they would be at an even greater financial disadvantage than in the past, considering the business wealth which flows from individual business leaders into GOP coffers. Yet there is impressive public support for a "clean elections" bill, and it will be hard to beat off the type of amendment which GOP right-wingers such as Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona fully intend to press.

The political results of the Senate inquiry also are in dispute. The GOP high command — that is, the party machinery itself — headed by the new chairman, Meade Alcorn, has adopted a rule of public silence. But privately it is very clear that the Republicans expect to reap considerable political hay next year from the probe. They point out that organized labor is associated in the voters' minds with the Democratic Party. And they intend to make the most of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Democrats are aware of this and on the defensive. Some even believe that the hitherto bright chances of picking up as many as six to ten Senate seats next fall when the ultra-right-wing Republican senators (Malone, Jenner, Goldwater, Revercomb) come up for re-election may go glimmering.

Mood of the Capital

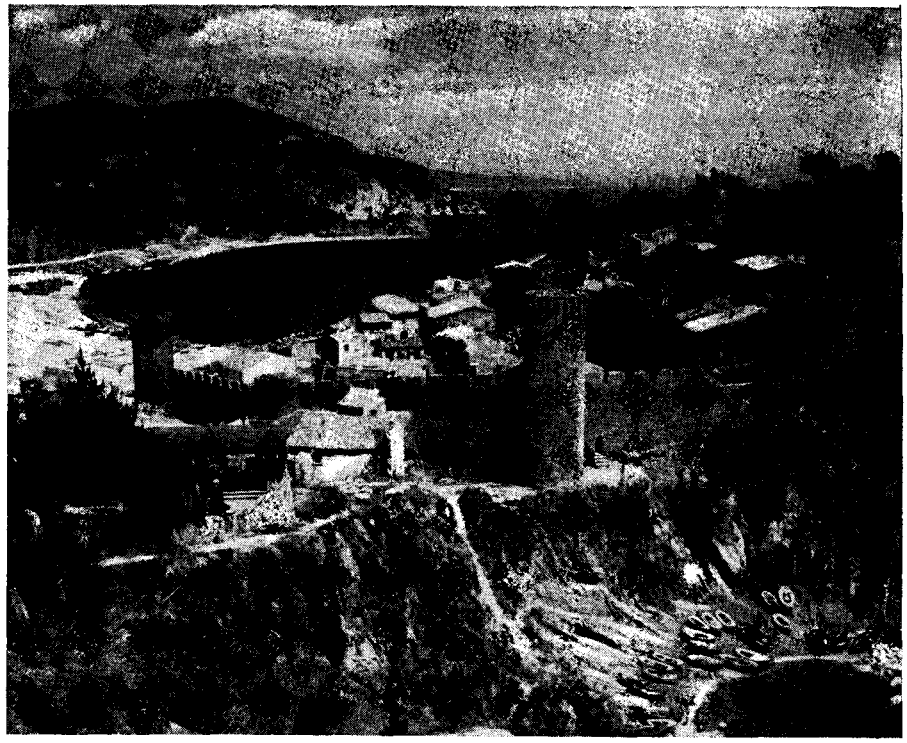
Spring came hard to Washington this year, what with unseasonal storms around the nation and more than usual cold and rainy spells. The weather seemed to fit the Capital's mood of uncertainty.

Above all, there is continuing uncertainty over the President's health and thus over his ability to carry on for nearly four more years. Eisenhower's sincere attempt to resolve the presidential disability issue not only is going nowhere but it prompted a rash of rumors that he would resign in favor of Vice President Nixon. The Eisenhower characterization of this as "rot" ended one spate of rumors but not the concern over the President's health.

On top of this the budget row set off by George Humphrey's "hair-curling depression" comments has turned the whole session of Congress away from more productive efforts to a high measure of political grandstanding. Up to the Easter recess practically nothing had been accomplished, for many of the budget cuts voted will have to be replaced in later "deficiency" measures.

The continuing uncertainty over the course of the domestic economy and the continuing Middle East crises irritated the city's edgy nerves. The forthcoming Senate Committee investigation of our Middle East policy just about obliterated any real chance of mending the breakdown in bipartisanship on foreign policy.

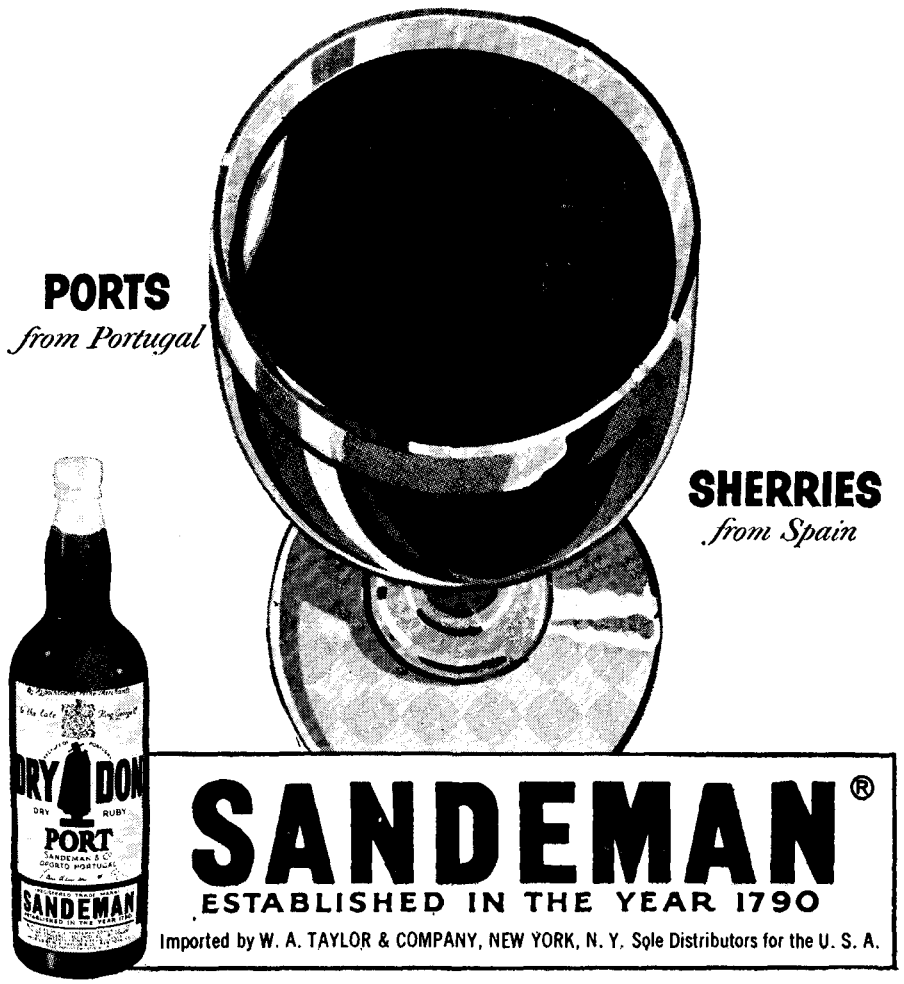
In short, the first session of the 85th Congress appears to be less than normally productive. At best it can act on two of the most important domestic issues, a civil rights package and a federal school-building measure, only after a massive public struggle and a Senate filibuster on the race issue. And that is hardly a prospect to gladden the hearts of any but the extremists in a period of our history when extremism is not popular.



Do you collect distant vistas ?

Pan Am is the airline of panorama. We bring six continents, 81 countries to the serious vista-viewer—all in glorious color. Geography is one of our gold-star subjects.

And the fine viewing starts right away, at the small amount of money it costs to go. (Our treasurer insists on *some*.) We offer a very human invention known as World-Wide Plan, Go Now—Pay Later. Be f-a-r sighted, see your optometrist, your Travel Agent or **PAN AMERICAN,** World's Most Experienced Airline.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London

In a few months Great Britain has changed. It is different in its own concept of itself, in its situation, in its size, in its mood, and in its relationship with America. It has become more dependent on the United States for its own nuclear defense, for the hope of peaceful progress under a wider Pax Americana, and for its trade (America is now the biggest single market for British exports).

Yet Britain sees itself growing more independent of America in policy. "We are prepared to wait, but only a little longer, to see whether by further effort we can proceed by agreement with the United States," said Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd in April as he outlined plans for extending Britain's trade with Communist China.

This is perhaps the lesson from Nasser: that when the extension of politics is no longer war, but more politics, there is merit in a policy of robust independence (or even righteous *intransigeance*). The main value of Bermuda may have resulted from an expression of this intent of independence and an understanding that there is a break-even point beyond which it would be foolish, if not disastrous, for Britain to go.

British optimism

At home the pattern of this new Britain is still somewhat incoherent. But a pattern exists. The Macmillan Government is proving tough, revolutionary, and optimistic. The public is uncertain, argumentative, and also optimistic.

This optimism may seem insecurely based. The Government has received some heavy blows in parliamentary by-elections. Polls show its popularity running well behind that of the Labor Opposition. Lord Salisbury, who was such a power in the selection of Macmillan as Prime Minister, has resigned. The "last-ditch reserves" of the sterling area have been called up to protect the pound. The country has been facing serious and widespread strikes.

Yet the optimism undoubtedly exists. It can be seen and felt in the streets. It is the very basis of the national budget that distributed its main benefits to the well-to-do. It is even implied in the strikes, for they have been caused by a conviction that Britain is booming and can well afford much larger wage increases than are offered.

The position of the country is something like that of a defeated heavyweight who has discovered that he need not after all ignominiously retire but by shedding a little superfluous weight can make a good living as champion of the middleweights.

Britain is shedding weight and making a good living. It is withdrawing from many of its overseas commitments. It is hastening the independence of a number of colonies — Ghana is already on its own; Singapore and Malaya will be next; the Caribbean after that. Britain is revolutionizing its defense — no draft after 1960, priority for the H-bomb, no more manned bombers and fighters, no more battleships, overseas garrisons to be progressively reduced, and a small mobile striking force to be maintained within the British Isles. With American aid in the shape of guided missiles, Britain is even this year saving $500 million on defense costs.

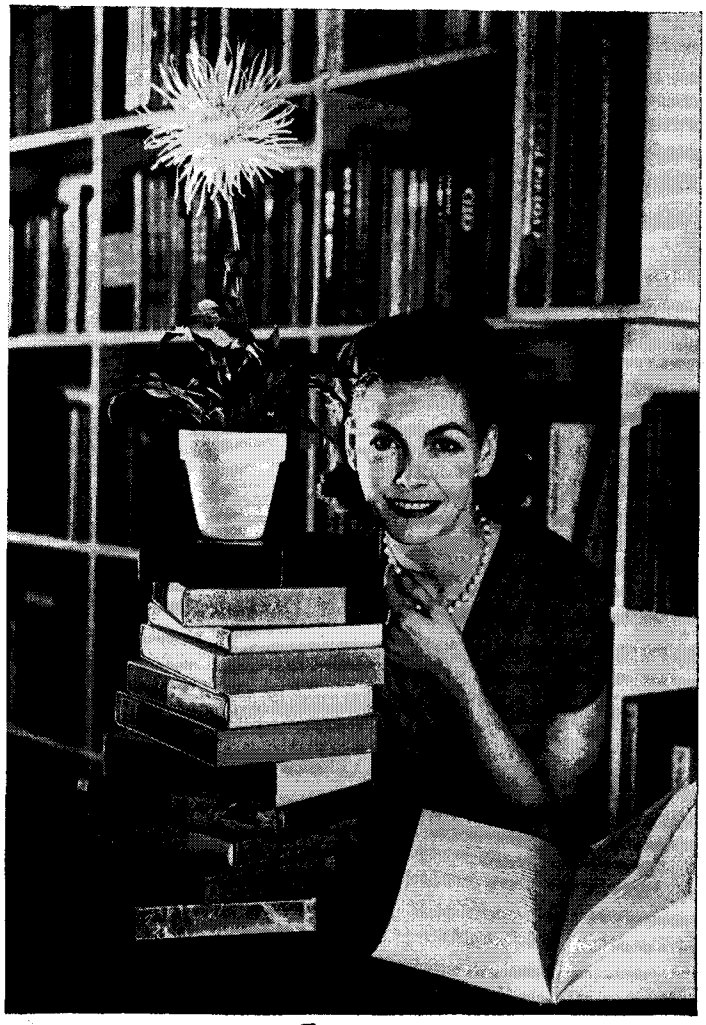
Banker to half the world

The main purpose of all this is to protect the pound sterling so that Britain can maintain its position as banker to half the world. The big unsettled question, however, is whether the financial defense of sterling will have to go the same way as the military defense of Britain. On the answer to it almost everything else depends, particularly the length of life of "Macmillan's England."

As yet no British Government since the war has managed to combine, for longer than a few months, an expanding economy with a surplus of the balance of payments. No Government has solved the paradox that when the country is doing well the people feel hard pressed, and when the people feel prosperous the country's overseas accounts are in the red.

The Conservative Government has indeed achieved a surplus of trade, but at the cost of two full years of stagnant production. Even while

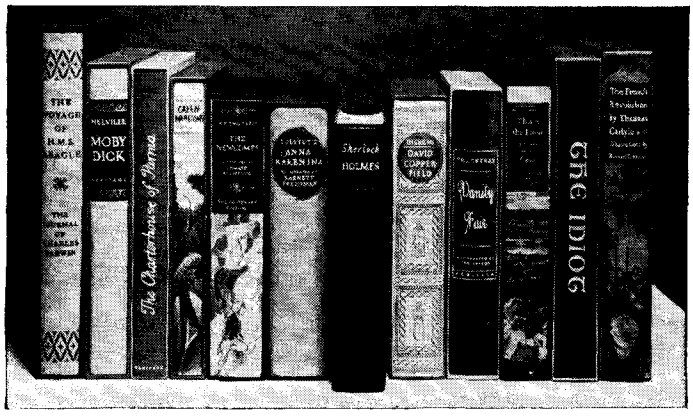
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How does your library grow?

A SAGE WE KNOW quipped wisely: "Be not bamboozled into burdening your bookshelves with short-lived books. The library you save may be your own." Naturally we are in accord. If you care about books, it's so satisfying to be adding editions of lasting worth to your collection. As a member of The Heritage Club you will receive each month a great classic that is also a beautiful, *beautiful* book to have and to hold.

EACH BOOK issued by The Heritage Club is a joy to read and reread. Each book is a constant source of pride and pleasure. It may be a book you've been meaning to read, or an old friend that you will welcome in a lasting and fine edition.



ALL HERITAGE CLUB books are rich with illustrations by world famous artists, handsomely bound in materials especially suited to capture the spirit of the text. The words themselves are set forth in a highly readable type on a quality of paper tested to insure a life of at least two centuries.

You may say, "Aren't such fine editions very costly?" Not so! The Heritage Club books, despite the richness of their dress, cost no more than ordinary novels—$3.95 to members and *only $3.55 if paid for in advance.* An added PLUS is the book you receive FREE with your membership. Here are a few of the books you can obtain, in this our Twenty-second Series, to make your library grow in a splendid and most resplendent manner:

"Sherlock Holmes: The Later and Final Adventures." Arrangements have been made with the Estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to complete our Sherlock Holmes in two volumes and this eagerly awaited set will then be available in its Heritage edition for the first time! It will be issued with the original drawings gathered from English and American sources.

"The Koran." A selection of the Suras translated for Western readers by Professor Arthur Jeffery. Embellished with decorations in color by Valenti Angelo.

"Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" by Henry Adams, illustrated with photographs by Samuel Chamberlain following the Adams itinerary.

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde, illustrated with drawings and portrait paintings in full color by Lucille Corcos.

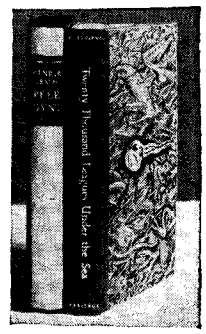
"Poems of Heinrich Heine." The selection and translation by Louis Untermeyer with illustrations in color by Fritz Kredel.

IF, FOR ANY REASON, you do not want a particular title, you are given a list of some three dozen Heritage books-in-print from which you may select a substitution.

FILL OUT the coupon below and mail it promptly to The Heritage Club. You will receive a Prospectus fully descriptive of all the books in the Twenty-second Series.

TO MAKE ALLUREMENT DOUBLY LURING

FREE! When you become a member, choose one of these books without cost: *"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"* by Jules Verne. Illustrated with colored gravures by that magnificent artist of the sea, Edward A. Wilson. OR: *"Peer Gynt"* by Henrik Ibsen in the authorized translation into English by William and Charles Archer. Illustrated with wonderfully imaginative paintings by the world famous Norwegian artist, Per Krohg.



TO: The Heritage Club
595 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me your Prospectus, describing the books which you will distribute to the Members in the coming twelve months and the substitution books I may choose from. I understand you will now reserve a membership for me awaiting my application and that if I become a member, I will be entitled to have a copy of either *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* or *Peer Gynt* without cost.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

AM-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pardon the intrusion... but if you're an engineer, Douglas needs you!

When your career lands in a trap, take a firm stance and write to Douglas.

Opportunities were never better for missiles-minded engineers.

You'll join experienced engineers with over 16 years in this specialized field.

You'll work on major long-range projects . . . set your own pace with the aviation industry leader for 37 years.

And if you'd like to settle permanently in your favorite part of the country, remember . . . Douglas spans the nation with plants and testing facilities.

Please write for complete information to:

E. C. KALIHER
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY
BOX 620-T
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Go further with DOUGLAS

achieving a surplus of trade, it has lost a vast proportion of its reserves of hard currency. The short-term reason was the loss of confidence in the pound following Suez. The long-term reason has been and still is capital outflow — withdrawal of sterling balances by Western European countries and Japan, and use of sterling for capital investments in or by present and former colonies.

If 1957 were the model for future years, Britain would need a regular trade surplus of $1 billion. This is a greater surplus than any nation except the United States has ever achieved — even including modern Germany. To achieve it, and at the same time to expand production (and consequently draw in imports), would be an unparalleled achievement on the part of Peter Thorneycroft, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not to achieve it would be either to court unemployment or to imperil the pound sterling as a world currency.

In this light the attitude of the trade unions seems to represent an unconscious retreat-wish, as if they believed Britain would find life easier and pleasanter if the final withdrawal from power were made and Britain ceased to be banker to half the world. In the last analysis the value of the pound — but not necessarily the feeling of individual prosperity — depends on production's keeping pace with wages. While production has been static, wages have increased by 10 per cent. In the engineering and shipbuilding dispute the demand of the unions has been for another nation-wide wage boost of 10 per cent. This trend also imperils sterling.

Macmillan's revolution

The tough attitude of the unions has not been softened by Thorneycroft's otherwise most promising budget. Contrary to some impressions, Thorneycroft has not distributed very much money. He has used only a third of his defense savings to give tax relief. He has budgeted for a revenue surplus of nearly $1 billion, more than any since the days of the austere Sir Stafford Cripps. But most of the $280 million he has distributed has gone to the payers of surtax, an additional graduated income tax that started after one had earned $5670. (The Russian $12,000-a-year family man keeps 87 per cent of his pay; the American 83.2 per cent; the British even now only 67.2 per cent.)

There are three main reasons for a "big brass" budget concession. In the first place, it has been given to those most likely to save it. Secondly, it has broken for the first time through the sound barrier of the surtax, whose low ceiling, compressed ever since 1919 by continually rising prices, made promotion almost valueless after the $5670 point had been reached. Thirdly, the decision fitted squarely into the concept of Macmillan's revolution.

This Government is tough. And it is pushing through its "Opportunity State" — a version of the American system of modified competitive capitalism — even against opposition within its own ranks. The Rent Bill, taking controls off the rents of privately owned unfurnished accommodation, is a case in point. The country, sheltered by rent control for nearly twenty years now, is afraid of this bill, and many Tory M.P.'s have fought it in private and public.

Another sign of toughness is the way Macmillan allowed Lord Salisbury, his patron and the greatest power in the House of Lords, to drop out of the Government. The Prime Minister now also seems to have firm control of the Suez "rebels." Their leader, the redoubtable Captain Waterhouse, has announced he will not stand again for Parliament. Their second-in-command, Julian Amery, is silenced by virtue of his appointment to the cabinet.

Tensions in the Labor Party

Aneurin Bevan remains, publicly and privately, convinced that inner tensions even yet will cause this Government to fall in a matter of months. But inner tensions inside the Labor Party — there has been almost a complete split over whether or not to demand immediate cessation of all H-bomb tests before Britain explodes her first — meanwhile serve to strengthen the Government. The most striking development in the Labor Party remains the growing stature of Bevan himself. He is now personally credited with dissuading India from leaving the Commonwealth, a step it was close to taking (against Nehru's weakening wishes) when Bevan arrived on a tour there in April.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tories believe that as far as reputations go that of Hugh Gaitskell has gone. Although the wish is father to the thought, it seems likely that Gaitskell has not yet won the leadership of the Labor Party for keeps. Bevan today is a more serious competitor than ever.

What kind of defense?

On the Government side, Iain Macleod, Minister of Labor, shows a kind of brilliance that the British admire, getting results without flamboyance. And Duncan Sandys has made a name for himself with his defense proposals. There is a growing feeling, however, that these proposals will later have to be modified. They may be too revolutionary. They seem to result from an "independence neurosis." But concentration on a British H-bomb does not make Britain any more independent than it has been before, and the eventual scrapping of orthodox forces could clearly make it less so.

Presumably it is taken for granted that a "Suez conflict" can never happen again. But difficult questions remain unanswered. What do you use in a limited war in which you wish to kill as few people as possible? Can aircraft and infantry everywhere in all situations be opposed by rockets and tactical nuclear weapons? The defense proposals are possibly most important not in detail but in general; in their tonic effect upon the economy, in the notice of acceptance of change that they give, and in the bold way they seek to make a new best of Britain's changed position in the world.

The Common Market

Equally bold, equally determined, and equally subject to the pressure of unplanned and possibly unwanted changes are Macmillan's proposals for British participation in a European Free Trade Area. The terms of this are already familiar — an area of free trade in manufactured goods surrounding a complete six-nation Common Market. Macmillan wishes to exclude food and farm products from the deal and to maintain the preferential tariffs Britain accords its colonies and Commonwealth partners. But already France has persuaded the Common Market six to include colonial possessions in the central plan, thus giving Continental European dependencies a marked advantage over those of Britain if the country does not change its mind.

And Macmillan's hopes are challenged in another way. The Common Market is intended as another step on the road to union. It is to have a legislative Assembly, a Council of Ministers, and a Court of Justice. The Free Trade Area is intended as a straight coöperative effort, with no relinquishment of sovereignty. Can the two combine?

The Economic Commission for Europe comments: "Some understanding seems to be required that persistent deficit countries will be willing to deflate . . . or to devalue . . . and that persistent surplus countries will be equally willing at least to keep up a steady rate of economic expansion and also to make some contribution to necessary exchange rate adjustments."

Germany, a persistent surplus country, is to be in one group, and Britain, a frequent deficit country, in the other. Something more than coöperation may be needed to bring them together. Here again Britain's addiction to "independence" is challenged.

Tunnel to Calais

Fortune has suddenly smiled upon the Channel Tunnel Company. The firm was founded in 1880 and then dug 2026 yards of a tunnel from Folkestone toward Calais. For the past fifty years the company has been kept alive by a handful of faithful servants and shareholders turning up year after year to the lonely annual meeting. This spring its shares jumped from bedrock bottom to ten shillings apiece almost overnight. Interest has been aroused by the investigations being made here into the possibilities of a modern tunnel by Technical Studies Inc. of America. Investors believe the tunnel will soon at last go all the way.

In the past, British Governments have opposed the tunnel on military grounds, the same grounds on which French Governments have persistently favored it. Government approval, which is confidently expected, would be striking testimony to the reality of the change that has come to Britain.

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hong Kong

THE British Crown Colony of Hong Kong is something of an Asian miracle. Tiny in area (391 square miles), with a population that is overwhelmingly Chinese, this free world outpost throbs with life, builds incessantly, and is undaunted though it borders Red China's Kwantung Province.

No one doubts that the massive military power of China could seize it almost at will. But for all that, Hong Kong is in the midst of a public housing program whose dimensions might dismay New York. Everywhere houses, hotels, and factories are going up, while amid the tall structures of Hong Kong's central district there are rising three sixteen-story buildings and one of nineteen stories: skyscrapers by Far Eastern standards.

Since the Colony seems to exist within the lion's mouth, its position appears extremely precarious to the foreign observer. Yet there is no panic and very little fear among either its Chinese or European citizens.

The island of Hong Kong, a rock in the ocean, has no more natural resources than Rockefeller Center. Its adjacent so-called New Territories — leased in 1898 from China for ninety-nine years — are physically part of the Chinese mainland. The Colony's water supply is dependent upon the summer rains, collected and stored in expensive reservoirs. Even in the luxury hotels — although new reservoirs will soon relieve the shortages — water flows only from 4:30 to 8:30 P.M.

Possessing less than 62 square miles of usable land, Hong Kong must wrest "new land" either from the sea or by leveling stony hills in order to accommodate its population of 2.5 million and to absorb a natural annual increase of 75,000 persons. (By contrast, in the Pacific, New Zealand with its 104,000 square miles has a population of approximately 2 million.)

The Colony seems to draw its very life from Red China — the source of more than half of its coal and of huge quantities of food. A constant supply of eggs, poultry, oil seeds, beans, garlic, fruits, fresh vegetables, live pigs, and canned edibles flows into Hong Kong from such Chinese centers as Tientsin, Tsingtao, Canton. Peiping permits substantial shipments of food to go to this market in order to accumulate foreign exchange, but it is careful to manipulate the supply in order to keep prices at high levels. And along with the food, to satisfy strong local demand, come Chinese window glass, silk yard goods, sawn timber, camphorwood chests, cotton textiles, drawn lacework, paper, and cement.

A Chinese city

Hong Kong, with its more than 2 million Chinese, is one of the world's great Chinese cities, and as you walk its streets, especially at night, you are strongly aware that this is how it was in the cities of China before the Reds stifled their brightness and liveliness and muted their voices. Long after the European shops have closed for the day, the indomitably industrious Chinese are at work, while others who are not working are affirming their joy in living.

The narrow, crowded streets swarm with people buying, selling, or making things in the open. Overhead lines of washing flap in the breeze; the fishy smell of Chinese cooking arises from the stalls; the sound of clattering mah-jongg counters comes from inside the houses; rickshaw boys doze beside their vehicles; children sleep soundly in slings on their mothers' backs while their mothers cook, shop, gossip, squat over their rice bowls, or work.

During the last world war when the Japanese captured Hong Kong, it even then appeared to be hopelessly overcrowded. Japan expelled a million Chinese to live as best they could in the villages and fields of South China. But since British rule was re-established only ten years ago, Hong Kong has taken in 700,000 refugees from Red China and has had to find jobs and housing for perhaps a million new people.

Hong Kong was faced with the question of caring for an enormously swollen population just when its once great trade with its giant neighbor shriveled, first under the American and later under the United Nations embargo on the export of strategic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See you at the rub-a-dub down the frog-and-toad!

(Cockney invitation to the pub down the road)

A COCKNEY's cheerful grin is easier to understand than his King's English. This happy breed has an ingenious slang which is a mystery to most of us. Here's a sixty-second course.

Roughly, you substitute a rhyming phrase for any familiar word. Thus: home becomes *Road-to-Rome;* kipper becomes *Jack-the-Ripper;* money becomes *Bees-and-honey*. But some rhymes are apt to change with the times. The bank recently became the *J. Arthur Rank!*

And that's not all. Cockneys often drop the last rhyme completely. Hat is *titfer* (short for tit-for-tat). Feet are *plates* (short for plates-of-meat).

If you're still puzzled, don't give up. Why not get on your plates, grab your titfer and see your travel agent?

He'll book you on a weasel-and-stoat (boat) or a sunshine-and-rain (plane). Remember, you can now get to Blighty *and back* for less than four hundred Oxford Scholars (your guess!).

Useful Cockney Glossary

WIFE . . . . *Trouble-and-strife*
SHOP . . . . *Lolly-pop*
CAB. . . . . *Flounder-and-dab*
TEA. . . . . *Rosie Lee*
DRINK. . . *Tumble-down-the-sink*
TABLE . . . *Cain-and-Abel*
SLEEP. . . . *Bo-peep*

For free illustrated literature, write British Travel Association, Box 161, 336 Madison Avenue, New York. In Canada: 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S.S. PRESIDENT HOOVER—UNDER THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE—OUTBOUND TO THE ORIENT

S. S. President Hoover...one of American President Lines' five passenger liners serving the Pacific and the World

OUTBOUND to the Orient, our newly-commissioned PRESIDENT HOOVER moves smoothly through the Golden Gate to the Pacific; sailing for Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe. Ideally-suited for this service, her modern stateroom accommodations and other fine passenger facilities are a welcome addition to American President Lines' passenger fleet—the Trans-Pacific Luxury Liners, PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND and WILSON; and the 'Round-the-World Cruise Liners PRESIDENTS POLK and MONROE.

Additional passenger service to world ports is provided by our fleet of some 35 cargoliners. Of particular interest to discriminating travelers are the ultramodern 'Round-the-World Mariners, whose inviting staterooms and attractive lounges offer superb shipboard facilities for those who prefer this type of travel. On all the "Presidents," you may expect the skilled service, the tempting meals, and the congenial company that are part of good living at sea.

Whether for business or pleasure, across the Pacific or around the world, you will find a voyage aboard any of these fine ships a pleasant and rewarding experience. The column opposite has certain details of routes, sailings and fares. For further particulars and descriptive literature, consult your travel agent.

American President Lines

SERVING FOUR MAJOR WORLD TRADE ROUTES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goods to China. Meanwhile, China's new trading methods were designed to bypass Hong Kong as much as possible.

The Colony's future then looked black. Foreign visitors called it a "dying city" and wondered how it could ever survive with a great part of its normal trade being sacrificed for the common good. But the political refugees, who constituted so large a part of Hong Kong's problem, made their own contribution to its solution.

On their own

Tens of thousands of them were an abundant source of labor. The businessmen, bankers, and industrialists among them had brought from northern China new techniques and business and organizational abilities and stubbornness of will which exceeded even those of the native southerners — Cantonese. They asked aid of no one, for they had their own capital.

Confident, vigorous, aggressive, they built factories that produce a wide variety of goods for local consumption and for export to Southeast Asia and the Western countries. (Complaints are now rising in the United States — on the part of manufacturers, not consumers — about the import of Hong Kong dress shirts.)

Today at least 50 per cent of the population is directly or indirectly dependent upon local industry. But here again the Western observer is likely to shake his head incredulously. For he sees that hardheaded businessmen who had lately fled from Red China to save their fortunes and their lives have chosen to resettle and invest their money in a tiny outpost of capitalism that is, at some points, within sight of Red China.

The Western observers, moreover, who are inclined to see political struggle in terms of black or white, are the more bewildered when they note the constant crossing of the frontier by Hong Kong Chinese who go to visit friends in Canton and other cities, or when they read in the local press such an item as this: "The motorship Tjiwangi arrived today from Singapore with 1400 Chinese en route to China."

This year the crossing at the great holiday of the Chinese New Year was especially heavy — approximating a Klondike gold rush. The returning visitors reported that the Chinese Customs at the border station of Shum Chun had been lenient with them and numerous persons had profited by selling watches, nylon stockings, and other luxuries they had smuggled into Canton.

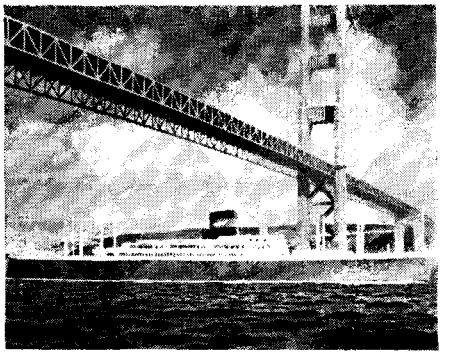
The news set off a stampede toward China. Many cooks and other domestics quit their jobs, invested their savings in luxury goods, and took the first train to China. But the gold rush was short-lived and the amateur smugglers returned to their jobs, as the Communists at Shum Chun tightened their controls.

Orderly calm

Hong Kong is one of the world's great Chinese cities. But among both its Chinese businessmen who wear conservative British dress and its coolies in black blouse and trousers, there is at least one common attitude. In the words once applied to it by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, Hong Kong maintains an "orderly calm." No nationalist fervors burn among its citizens. They are torn by no political ructions. The huge Chinese majority of the Colony remain there law-abiding and industrious for the compelling reason that they want to be there.

The Colony's government is autocratic. But it permits complete freedom of opinion, and Communist newspapers are freely published. The publisher of a local Chinese-language Communist newspaper recently gave a large cocktail party with much fanfare at one of the city's leading hotels — the Gloucester. It was attended by the local brethren, Communists from Southeast Asian countries, consular representatives, Western newspapermen, and many Westerners who detest Communism. One of them told his host that he had come only to drink Mao Tse-tung's wine to Chiang Kai-shek's health. "To Chiang Kai-shek's health," he said, and his friends around him joined him in the toast.

But the Communists perhaps had the last word, for they incessantly photographed the Communist-hating Westerners, and their photographs appear in the Red China press as "proof" that Westerners delight in fraternizing with Hong Kong Communists.



President Hoover

FROM SAN FRANCISCO on a direct 12-day cruise to Japan; 18 days to the Philippines; 3 weeks to Hong Kong. Return to San Francisco via Kobe and Yokohama, completing a leisurely 6-week cruise.

The luxury liners, PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND and WILSON, call on regular schedules at Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe and return to San Francisco via Yokohama and Honolulu.

Shore Excursion Programs are available in all ports. Extension programs may be arranged to Indonesia (Bali), Angkor Wat, India, the Mediterranean, Africa and all of Europe. Suggested itineraries with costs available on request.

Sea Air Combinations — Is time a factor? Cruise to the Orient and fly home at reduced round-trip fares. Choice of Canadian Pacific Airlines, Japan Airlines, Northwest Orient Airlines, Pan American World Airways.

New York to California and Round the World Cruises. Two weeks — or up to 100 days of sunshine and restful living aboard the Cruise Liners, S.S. PRESIDENT POLK or S.S. PRESIDENT MONROE.

•

BASIC CRUISE COSTS

6 week Orient Cruise . . . From $1147
First Class

Sea/Air R.T. to Japan . . From $1044
First Class throughout

New York to California . From $ 550
First Class

Round-the-World . . . . . From $2880
First Class

•

Ask for fares on *Cargoliner* travel, New York to California, to the Orient and 'Round-the-World.

For Low-Budget Travelers — Economy Tourist Class to Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines and Hong Kong on S.S. PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND and WILSON. Air-conditioned throughout; pleasant cosmopolitan traveling companions; splendid American and Oriental menus; movies, parties, deck sports and other shipboard vacation activities.

See Your Travel Agent for Full Details

American President Lines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wish I was dead!"

Terrible words to come from the lips of a little child...

SHOCKING, isn't it? But the little girl was simply expressing what countless thousands of other children feel... the forgotten children of the city slums, compelled to live in a world of dark hallways and filth-littered alleys, of rancid garbage smells and nameless fears. They sleep in musty rooms, sometimes three or four in a single bed. They are hungry so often that the ache has become habit. They see and hear things that no child should be permitted to see or hear.

For these children the worst time of all is the summer. Then the air is most poisonous with exhaust fumes and fetid smells. Tempers are shortest in the stifling heat. Wailing babies, blaring radios, the din of traffic fill the days and nights. The slum child is trapped between the sweltering walls of his tenement and the blazing street.

But every year, up at Nyack on the Hudson, there is a refuge for many of these children . . . a pleasant haven high on a hill where they may escape for two glorious weeks. Here they romp on wide green lawns among tall, shady trees . . . they take hikes through the woods . . . they go swimming in a beautiful modern pool. They eat nourishing meals three times a day. They sleep in their own beds, between clean, cool sheets.

Mont Lawn offers these children a real vacation from the heat and dirt of the slums . . . and it does more. Friendly, sympathetic counselors prove to them that not all adults are to be distrusted and feared. In the interdenominational chapel they learn of God's love. For most of these children, Mont Lawn is an experience that may spell the difference between a lifetime of poverty, bitterness, and even crime . . . and a happy, useful future guided by God.

This summer there are hundreds of children still waiting to go to Mont Lawn. Unless we receive immediate help, many of these children will not be able to go. The very tot in the picture is typical of these unfortunates . . . condemned to go on staring hopelessly at a world they have reason to hate, not only throughout the long, hot, weary summer months . . . but perhaps for the rest of their lives! Two weeks at Mont Lawn could make such a world of difference . . . but some one must make it possible.

Will *you* be the one to send a child such as this away from the slums for two weeks? Just $35 will pay the entire cost, but even the smallest contribution will help. Remember, one of these little ones is depending on your kindness. Mail your contribution now!

$500.00 ***endows a bed in perpetuity***
$35.00 ***gives a child two weeks at Mont Lawn***
$17.50 ***pays for one week*** • **$3.00** ***pays for one day***

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
BUSINESS OFFICE: 27 EAST 39TH STREET, ROOM 646
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Yes, I want to help some poor child spend two wonderful and inspiring weeks in God's outdoors. Here is my gift of $..... (I understand that the Christian Herald Children's Home is a completely non-profit organization, and my contribution is fully tax-deductible on my income tax return.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great port and one of the world's few free ports, Hong Kong is a so-called "tourist's paradise." Here one of some 6000 tailors will make you a dress or suit of clothes within twenty-four hours for a fraction of the price you would pay at home. Here French perfumes, Swiss watches, American typewriters sell for less than they do in their countries of origin.

While many currencies are shaky, Hong Kong's currency is freely convertible into any currency of the world. The street money-changers, as though by way of commentary upon our sometimes massive mismanagement of "aid," will give you 100 to 120 Laotian, Cambodian, or Vietnamese piastres for an American dollar, while the United States, to the enrichment of local speculators in these countries, is wasting $240 million a year supporting their musical-comedy currencies at the arbitrary rate of 35 to the dollar.

Foreign investors

Although Hong Kong is next door to Communist China, substantial quantities of capital are sent to this island Colony for investment from Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines, Singapore, Malaya, Indonesia. This inflow of capital reflects the stability of Hong Kong and the confidence that foreigners place in it. It also reflects the less stable conditions prevailing in some of the other Southeast Asian communities.

Overseas Chinese have invested heavily in Hong Kong. One Chinese businessman in Manila is reliably reported to have invested the large sum of H.K. $10 million in Hong Kong real estate, and it is estimated that in 1956 no less than H.K. $200 million (approximately U.S. $33 million) was transferred to Hong Kong from Southeast Asian countries.

The Colony's taxes are incomparably low. Its police force of about 6000 men is courteous, efficient, and honest. Its law courts, where the practice of the English courts is followed except as it has been modified by local legislation, administer the law swiftly and justly. Its public health, despite appalling overcrowding, is, by virtue of superb management, excellent. Its water is drinkable from the tap — a rarity in Asia. The island is free from epidemics of diseases that often plague much of Asia: cholera,

Why The Bible Alone Is Not Enough

To say such a thing may shock many good and sincere Christians.

For some believe . . . as they are free to believe . . . that the Bible is the sole, complete and final authority for Christians in all matters religious.

But the plain fact is that the Christian world is torn asunder by disagreement as to what the Bible means. This division is not merely between the Catholic Church and other church bodies, but exists in the form of conflicting doctrines among the many segments of Christendom.

It is not our intention here to discuss the merits of any particular doctrine or belief, nor to question the good conscience of anyone who disagrees with us. But if the Bible was intended to be our sole guide, how could so many sincere, Christ-seeking people draw such different and conflicting meanings from it? That, surely, was not Our Lord's intention.

Why should some of us, for example, accept Jesus as the God-Man and others believe He was only man? Why should there be differing "schools of thought" ranging from the literal to the liberal? Why should there be differences in the number and nature of the Sacraments? If all of Christendom was to be united in "one flock" with "one shepherd" . . . as the Bible itself says, why are we so tragically disunited?

It is suggested sometimes that Catholics are opposed to the Bible. This, of course, is not true for numerous reasons. The Catholic Church is, first of all, the mother of the Bible. It was the Catholic Church which preserved and perpetuated Holy Writ through 1,500 years when no other Christian body even claimed to be its custodian. And for nearly 2,000 years, the words of Holy Scripture have been at the very heart of Catholic ritual and worship the world over.

What Catholics *do* believe is that the Church, not the individual, must interpret and explain Christ's teachings, including those set forth in the Bible. Christians outside the Catholic fold do not, of course, accept this authority, but for Catholics it eliminates the doubts, confusion and misunderstanding which inevitably result from individual interpretations.

Even though you may not be interested in the Catholic Faith, you may be interested in knowing why Catholics believe as they do concerning the meanings of Holy Scripture. Write today and we will gladly send you free and without obligation, an interesting pamphlet on the subject. It will be sent in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-17.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Missouri

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled: "But How Can Educated People Be Catholics?" B-17

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSILE SYSTEMS

SCIENTISTS

Major achievement is required in the following areas:

Guidance and control systems analysis and synthesis, geophysics, applied mechanics, solid state physics, aerophysics, gas dynamics, electromagnetic wave propagation, communication theory, operations research, weapon systems analysis, microwave component research, instrumentation research, optics, infrared, high temperature physics, theoretical chemical physics.

Inquiries are invited.

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

research and engineering staff

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

PALO ALTO • SUNNYVALE • VAN NUYS

CALIFORNIA

If you are interested in

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

. . . or would like to learn about it—

—this is your opportunity. Nowhere are the exciting sounds and brilliant techniques of modern composers reproduced and interpreted as they are in exclusive **FIRST EDITION RECORDS.** These are first recordings of newly commissioned symphonic works by the world's master composers—played superbly and flawlessly recorded in high-fidelity by the renowned

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney, Conductor

These "collector's item" recordings are engineered by Columbia Masterworks technicians. All are *contemporary music,* with the composer working closely with the orchestra to achieve a true and sensitive interpretation. Available *from the Society only,* they represent a priceless collection of new, exciting music . . . the finest expressions of living composers the world over.

OFFER LIMITED—SEND TODAY FOR • • INFORMATION ON FREE TRIAL RECORDS • •

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Dept. A-5, 830 S. 4th St., Louisville 3, Ky.

Please send me free, complete information on exclusive First Edition Records and free record offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

typhus, smallpox. No other Asian city is as clean as Hong Kong.

Nowhere else in this part of the world are men so free to criticize their government without fear. The majority of them work overlong hours for small pay, and neither the Chinese nor the Europeans of the Colony have pretensions toward anything except a fierce, nineteenth-century kind of mercantilism.

One finds that men are free here, and none of the people of Hong Kong, with the exception of the Communists, are hankering to rid themselves of British rule. On the contrary, they are addressing constant petitions to Sir Alexander Grantham, the able, well-liked governor of the Colony, to continue in office, although he has served for an unprecedented period of ten years and would like to retire to Britain with his American-born wife.

Housing the refugees

Asia is now the principal field for American aid. Last year 70 per cent of our economic and technical aid went to Asia. Hong Kong was not among the beneficiaries. It has survived through its own efforts; it managed to accommodate 700,000 Chinese political refugees, and it has achieved the extraordinary feat of housing them. The tiny Colony not only gave immediate sanctuary to the refugees but then undertook on its own a herculean task of rehabilitation.

The problem became acute in 1953 when 300,000 squatters colonized slopes and ravines too steep for normal development, where they built huts of boards, pieces of tin, sacking flung on frames. Density was at the rate of 2000 persons per acre, accompanied by a large number of pigs, chickens, and ducks that shared the huts. Drugs were made and sold; brothels and gambling houses flourished; and every form of crime was bred amid the filth, the disease, and the darkness.

The Colony was required to provide decent, permanent, fireproof housing for several hundred thousand people. (On a comparable scale of population, New York suddenly would have to receive, house, and find jobs for more than 2 million people.) Hong Kong also had to find land for the housing — a problem that was partially and terribly solved by fires that swept the squatter settlements and made 70,000 people homeless.

The Colony did not wait for outside aid, although, as some of its residents say, the problem of 700,000 Chinese refugees was certainly as much a world problem as that of 700,000 Arab refugees who have lived miserably in the desert for years with most of their support coming from the United States and little of it from the Arab states. In any event, the Hong Kong government became financier, contractor, and landlord, and it has housed over 300,000 persons. But there still remain more than 300,000 squatters who are anxiously awaiting resettlement.

No place to hide

However difficult living may be for huge numbers of Hong Kong's Chinese, they do not want to become citizens of Red China. When you ask them whether China will one day reclaim Hong Kong for its own, they say yes. But they believe that the day lies in the vague future. Chinese and European businessmen, in reply to the same question, say that Hong Kong's fate will be decided by the play of international forces beyond their control, and since they cannot do anything about it there is no point in becoming upset by it.

It is true, they say, that they live next door to 600 million Red Chinese and that the Colony is indefensible. But how much safer, they ask, are London, Paris, Rome, Bonn, all of them only minutes removed from Russian air bases in the satellite states? They suggest that the world has been made one by the monstrous weapons of our nuclear age, and in such a world they see no greater safety in New York than in Hong Kong.

Hong Kong therefore goes about its daily business of making money and enjoying its blessings with a kind of purposeful fatalism, convinced that it is no nearer the possibility of holocaust than any of the great world capitals. It is not corroded by despair. It does not use tranquilizing pills. It does not read how-to-get-peace-of-mind books. It merely goes calmly about its workaday tasks, an orderly community in a region torn by conflict and a center of stability whatever the earthquakes that occur near it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In previous Public Interest Advertisements, Aluminium Limited, independent Canadian aluminum producer, has told the story of aluminum, its properties, the expansion here and in Canada, and the future of the metal. Now, it reports on four typical American enterprises which have helped make aluminum the "world's fastest growing metal."

Aluminum ingot for American customers starts on its way from Canadian smelter.

Aluminum:

a modern success story

LIKE many other servicemen, Milton Smith wanted to set up his own business when he got out of the Navy in 1945.

He had one advantage many veterans didn't have: He had built up a successful venetian blind manufacturing company in Youngstown, Ohio, only two years after getting out of college.

After the war ended and Smith moved to Boston, he became convinced there was a big future for aluminum in New England. His own survey had shown that there wasn't a manufacturer of aluminum trim in the region. So, in 1946, at the age of twenty-eight, he founded Trim Alloys, Inc.

Success didn't come easily. Milton admits that if in those early years he had taken as much as $20 a week for himself, he probably would have bankrupted the business.

Up until 1951, Trim Alloys bought their extrusions—the shapes formed by squeezing preheated aluminum, like toothpaste, through a die—and turned them into trim for table and stair edging, sink frames, and other products. But by 1951 business had grown enough for Smith to think about making his own extrusions. (Diagram, next page.)

Using a knowledge of hydraulics he had picked up aboard submarines during the war, plus a set of borrowed blueprints, he did something most extruders wouldn't attempt—he built his own extrusion press. The machine took more than a year to put together. But after a few kinks were ironed out, it ran smoothly. Later, as business continued to prosper, Mr. Smith bought two other presses.

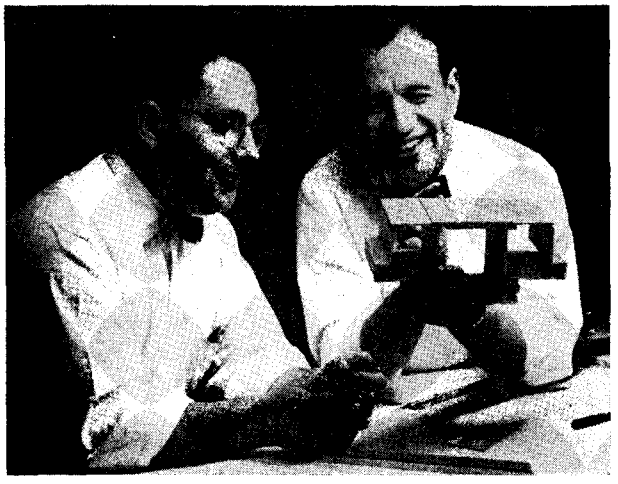
Today, Trim Alloys has more than 100 employees, an annual payroll of more than $370,000, and annual sales of better than $2,000,000. Its products are shipped as far as Kansas City and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dallas. Among other things, the Boston concern does a brisk trade in gold-colored "anodized" aluminum trim for kitchen table edges and other uses.

As to the future, President Smith has big plans: Possibly a new plant, equipment to remelt the metal scrap from his plant, and he may start casting his own billets from the primary ingot he buys from the aluminum producers.

Looking back, he says: "Our whole program was undertaken with more nerve than anything else." But a report written recently for a Boston



Plant engineer Sidney Hamel, left, and President Milton Smith discuss a production problem at Trim Alloys, Inc., Boston.

bank said the case of Trim Alloys proved there was a big potential for New England in aluminum fabricating. It commented that this potential was realized at Trim Alloys by "competent, aggressive management—despite little formal training or experience. . . ."

There are hundreds of other success stories in aluminum fabricating, one of the fastest growing industries in the nation. They're made up of many elements: daring, imagination, good business sense, and a growing public appreciation of aluminum's qualities—lightness and beauty, strength, corrosion-resistance, conductivity. One of the most important elements of all is a steady supply of primary ingot from aluminum smelters in this country and Canada.

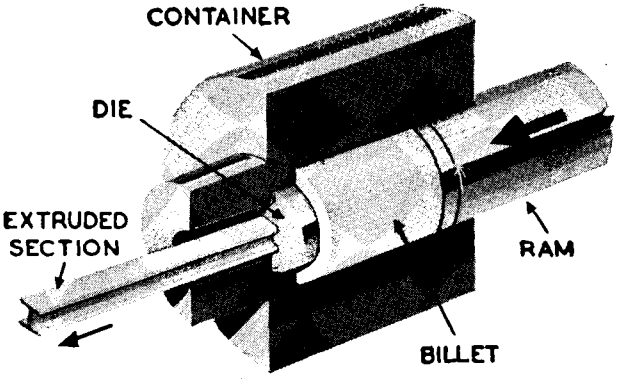
Another success story that combines all these elements is to be found in Carrollton, Georgia, a pleasant, quiet farm community southwest of Atlanta. This used to be one of the nation's leading cotton growing regions but the cotton industry has largely died out. Now, aluminum and its growing use in electrical transmission wire and cable are shaping men's lives in Carrollton.

Seven years ago, an alert Carrollton businessman, Mr. Roy Richards, aware of this trend, set up the Southwire Company. It opened for business in 1950 with a handful of employees housed in one small building. Sales that year amounted to about a half-million dollars.

Today, Southwire has nearly 300 employees, working in a half-dozen aluminum-clad buildings with the latest equipment, including a unique "continuous casting" machine. Last year, they turned out more than fifteen times as much as in 1950—33,000,000 pounds of wire and cable—and gross sales rose to $12,000,000.

Southwire's output in its first year represented only 1 per cent of the U.S. cable business. Now the company is one of the leaders in its field. And, following the nation-wide trend toward replacement of copper and other metals with aluminum, Southwire has turned more and more to the light metal. Aluminum wire and cable made up almost two-thirds of Southwire's production last year and copper's share was down to a third.

Even though his company has increased its plant facilities and sales volume 50 per cent each year since it opened, Richards sees even more growth ahead. "We think the South will more than double its consumption of electricity by 1965, and thus need more and more wire and cable," he says. "We're not afraid to expand to meet this demand."



The Extrusion Process

While the use of aluminum in electrical equipment has been skyrocketing, so has its use in building and construction. One of the most successful companies to capitalize on this development is the Michael Flynn Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, another independent fabricator which looks to Canada for a growing part of its primary ingot needs.

An old-timer in this young business, Michael Flynn was organized in 1935 to make steel windows. By 1949 the company management saw that aluminum windows were the coming thing. That year they made their first window of the light metal. Company officials soon learned, just as Milton Smith had, that it's cheaper to make extruded sections than to buy them, so a year later Michael Flynn put in its first extrusion press. A second was added in 1954.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, although steel windows still are an important part of Michael Flynn's business, more than half its windows are made of aluminum. The company now produces 10 per cent of all the aluminum residential and industrial windows made in the country. Last year gross sales of its "Lupton" windows and doors, and many other products, added up to $15,000,000. From an old plant and a handful of employees, Michael Flynn has grown to a modern factory in North Philadelphia employing 750 people.

One need only walk through the plant to sense the growth of aluminum in building and construction. The company is turning out big "curtain wall" sections, like those it installed in the 300 Park Avenue Building in New York and the Mall Building in Philadelphia. And it's extruding big sections and making castings for twenty bridge and highway projects under way around the country. Michael Flynn bridge railings are going into the Hampton Roads, Virginia, tunnel project, the Fitzgerald Expressway in Boston, the Walt Whitman Bridge in Philadelphia, and many others.

Michael Flynn officials see a tremendous potential in bridges and highways, and feel the market for aluminum in the building field is relatively untapped.

Variety of Products

It's a long way from urban Philadelphia to rural Bellefontaine, Ohio, but you'll find the aluminum fabricating business prospering there, too.

Bellefontaine, a pretty town of 11,000 population some sixty miles northwest of Columbus, is the home of National Extrusions and Manufacturing Company. National's story is that of a small company with a wide variety of quality products and an unusually strong technical background. It has shown solid growth since its birth seven years ago.

Joseph Schwerak, former chief engineer of a large aluminum company, struck out on his own in 1950. He founded National and put Jim Emmons, his former assistant, in charge as president. Schwerak, now National's board chairman, recalls that the company got under way with thirty employees, and that its first job was to make a batch of aluminum storm windows.

Today, seventy-five people work for National, gross sales run about $1,500,000 a year, and the company manufactures refrigerator parts, windows, bodies for model trains, license plate attachments, air conditioner louvers, stair treads, aircraft parts, and a hundred other items. During the Korean War, 80 per cent of National's output consisted of jet aircraft parts, but military business is now only 10 per cent of the total.

Schwerak's and Emmons' engineering backgrounds have paid off in several ways: The company is able to cast its own extrusion billets from primary ingot and it has the technical know-how to analyze its customers' products and give them valuable help.

President Roy Richards, shown here with employee Render Turner, has built the Southwire Company into one of the nation's leading wire and cable manufacturers.

What of the future? Schwerak sees almost unlimited opportunities for aluminum.

"We see a great potential in the automotive business, especially," he says. "We believe that a tremendous amount of aluminum interior trim will be used in cars—just as it's being used widely now in ambulances and other vehicles."

National Extrusions is a strong booster of Canadian primary aluminum as a supply source for independent fabricators like themselves. When National went into business in 1950 a shortage of primary ingot supplies—which has now eased—was just beginning. In its early years, although primary ingot was hard to come by, National was able to buy enough from Canada to keep going.

The story of these four companies symbolizes the boom in aluminum fabricating which began just after World War II. Now, the industry has grown to where there are nearly 200 companies like those described here, which make sheet, foil, extrusions and other "wrought" products. In addition, there are several thousand other concerns which remelt, cast, and work with aluminum in other ways.

Known in the industry as the independent non-integrated fabricators, these companies supply the tens of thousands of aluminum users throughout all of industry. In 1955, these independents bought an estimated 470,000 tons of primary aluminum. Last year their purchases were up to 560,000 tons. This year they'll need even more.

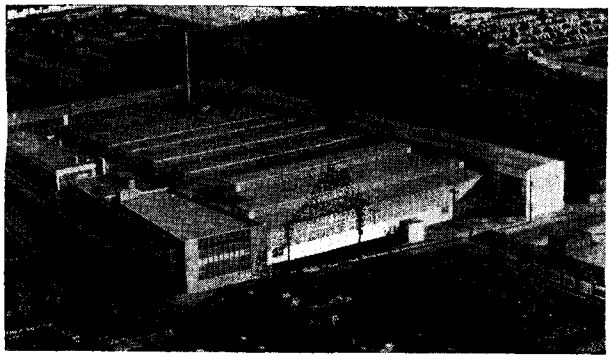
Aluminum is such a versatile metal that it is worked in many different ways. For example, in die casting, molten metal is pressure-molded into car and truck parts, kitchen utensils, appliances, instruments, and the like. In extruding, sections are squeezed out for car trim, doors, store fronts, trailers, airplanes, and a thousand other items.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thick extruded tubing is drawn through a series of dies and made into light-gauge tubing. Similarly, rod is pulled through dies and comes out as wire.

Airplane propellers and landing gear, truck wheels and other parts which have to stand a lot of stress are forged. In this method a piece of aluminum is hammered or pressed between a set of hard steel dies.

And aluminum sheet—used for roofing, siding, aircraft skin, and truck bodies—is made by passing a huge heated aluminum slab back and forth between rollers until it's squeezed down to the correct thickness. Familiar household foil used to wrap and protect so many products today is made by rolling sheet still thinner.



From small beginnings, the Michael Flynn Manufacturing Company has grown to where it now operates this modern plant in North Philadelphia.

A few figures gathered from government and trade sources show how the independent fabricators have developed over the past few years, and how they're likely to grow in the future.

Growth and Trends

The figures show, for example, a spectacular growth in extruding since World War II. Just ten years ago there were only eight extruders in the nation. But today, as a result of the boom in aluminum storm windows, doors, and other extruded shapes, there are nearly 150 of them scattered from coast to coast, many operating more than one press. These companies turned out nearly a quarter of a million tons of products last year.

The figures also show that the output of aluminum sheet, foil, and cable by independent fabricators doubled from 1950 to 1955. The production of aluminum cable by independents jumped 53 per cent from 1955 to 1956—the biggest single increase in aluminum fabricating by independents in that period.

While aluminum fabricating has been growing in the postwar years, Canada has been supplying more and more primary ingot to the industry.

Back in 1946, Aluminium Limited's shipments to independents in this country amounted to only 1,600 tons. Shipments have grown, with some ups and downs, to the point where last year the company supplied 100,000 tons of ingot to these fabricators, representing nearly 18 per cent of their total ingot supply.

This trend represents a conscious policy on the part of the company. Aluminium Limited's principal role in the United States is that of a supplier of aluminum ingot. It sells no end products in this country and, hence, does not compete with its own customers. The Canadian company also is able to give customers valuable technical help in fabricating and in developing new products and processes.

Last year a House of Representatives Small Business Subcommittee looking into the aluminum fabricating business said: "On balance, Alcan (the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., chief Aluminium Limited subsidiary) remains as potentially one of the most dependable sources of supply of small business in the United States."

President James Emmons, left, and Board Chairman Joseph Schwerak, surrounded by their products, talk shop at National Extrusions and Manufacturing Company.

All indications are that Trim Alloys, Southwire, Michael Flynn, National Extrusions, and other independents will consume more and more primary aluminum in the coming years.

Aluminium Limited is now investing $3,000,000 a week to expand smelter facilities in Quebec and British Columbia and ore resources abroad, in addition to putting a great deal of effort into research and new product development. It looks forward to supplying more of the needs of these independent businessmen and helping them to expand the market for products made of aluminum —the world's fastest growing metal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Age of Happy Problems"

SIR:

This very week, I have been trying to persuade one of my students in grade 13 that to be a millionaire by thirty-five is not a very worth-while ambition. This eighteen-year-old of unusual musical, literary, athletic, and mathematical talent cares not what he becomes as long as he has his million at thirty-five. While my efforts seem to have little effect, I feel Herbert Gold's "The Age of Happy Problems" (March *Atlantic*) is the answer to a sincere prayer of mine for this keen student. Seldom does an article strike at the "Great Average Gold-crusted Man" with persuasive force yet with spiritual and psychological sympathy.

JOHN ATKIN
Dundalk, Ont., Canada

SIR:

What I object to in Mr. Gold's article is the wholesale quality of his attack. I must come to the defense of my sons and daughters and their contemporaries. Although, like all older people, I feel that our children are forced to forgo many of the values and amenities of their parents' youth, I also feel that they are way ahead of us in wisdom and courage.

MRS. EDWARD C. TOLMAN
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

Herbert Gold should receive the outstanding yearly award in humanities for his clear depiction of a decadent generation which is the epitome of Philistinism.

EDWARD CASS
Shenandoah Heights, Pa.

SIR:

Fellow Silent Generationer Herbert Gold did not discuss causes of his Age of Happy Problems.

I submit that we refuse to take the reins of our atomic-oriented society because we have suffered a mass mental block that prevents our accepting the significance of the bomb and its consequences. To protect ourselves from guilt, fear, and responsibility for the future, we have formed a pact.

The man who in past eras would be considered "head and shoulders above the average" would in our view be just sticking his head above the parapet.

We dare not seek the "silence and space" Mr. Gold suggests. In church we no longer worship; we fellowship. Our houses, even to bedrooms, are designed with a minimum of interior doors. Our surveys tell us the most common reason for firing a man is not incompetence but failure to get along with others.

When an individual must travel even a few blocks he takes his car. Because he wants to save time? No — because he needs that steel shell around him.

Our gentle rejection of religion is not atheism; our churchgoing is not a seeking of God but mere therapy; our "dynamic" conservatism is not political conviction. We simply find it preferable to adopt the negative side of any argument rather than to put our heads out of that trench.

MICHAEL KERNAN
Redwood City, Calif.

SIR:

If Hemingway really said, when asked why he couldn't write just as good novels about people right at home, that he didn't see why he should write about people with broken legs, then Herbert Gold is the first person in the fifties to show just exactly how their legs are broken.

I think his essay is the most significant observation made on American spiritual-social life in this decade at least. Also it's very funny and I'm delighted you printed it.

CAROLYN MCLEAN BLY
Oslo, Norway

"God and Success"

SIR:

Having just read Curtis Cate's diatribe, written cleverly but in questionable taste, on "God and Success" in the April *Atlantic*, I wonder if Mr. Cate himself is necessary!

He is obviously no student of the Bible. From the Old Testament through the New, success in herds and flocks, in family power and influence, is intimately integrated with faith in following God's Word.

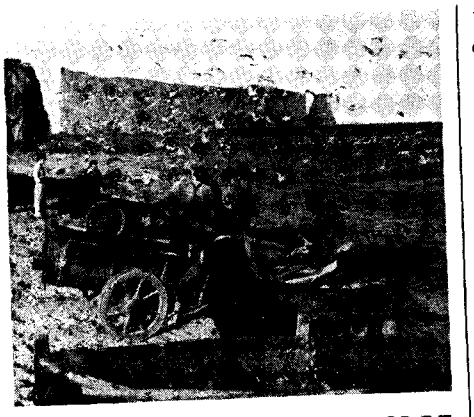
It is so easy to tear down what other (and better) men have laboriously built. Quite obviously, our supercilious friend has never stared alone into the black, bottomless pit created by the sudden tragic loss of a beloved companion. As a member of Dr. Peale's church for a number of years, I rise gladly to give my humble but sincere testimony.

MRS. GRACE M. ZIEGLER
Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR:

Mr. Cate writes like a Pharisee. What harm can come from trying to approach God? Why should we cower, like Adam and Eve, among the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS WILL BE THE HIGH SPOT OF YOUR Québec TRIP

The Rocher Percé of Gaspé is only one of countless beauty spots that you will enjoy on your holiday in picturesque, romantic, historic, Province de Québec.

For road maps and helpful information, write—Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE

Québec

New Books From Beacon Press

THOMAS MANN...

The World as Will and Representation
By FRITZ KAUFMANN

First authoritative study of the philosophy of Mann as a formative element of his creative artistry. $6.00

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 14

She fought HATE with LOVE

The Unforgotten
By ILSE STANLEY

In an age of suspicion, fear and hate — here is a woman who proved the power of creative love. $4.95

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 20

trees in the garden? It didn't work out for them.

What better way have we to test our advance than day-by-day success or failure?

Finally, did Mr. Cate go to Sunday School last Sunday?

C. A. ROBISON
Mt. Pleasant, Tex.

SIR:

It would help those of us who attempt to preach the Christian Gospel a great deal if these modern "Baalists" were to withdraw themselves from safety of the Christian camp and admit that they are guilty of presenting something less than Christian Truth. The Christian God is a God of History, who demands righteousness and morality. His actions are not bound by the dictates of the creatures He created, nor are His actions understandable.

A failure of modern American religion to interpret this God to people will lead, I'm convinced, to chaos which will put the Tower of Babel to shame.

REV. DUNCAN R. MCQUEEN
St. Mary's Church
Warwick, R. I.

SIR:

As an *Atlantic* enthusiast for thirty years (which, if it does not prove me an intellectual, must surely establish my cultural standing as above that of the comic book) I regret to see my favorite magazine attacking Norman Vincent Peale. Millions of people have been *helped* by Peale. Surely, that ought to count for something!

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Torrance, Calif.

SIR:

I found Mr. Cate's article very refreshing and stimulating reading.

ROYAL ROBBINS
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

May I commend the *Atlantic* for publishing the excellent article by Curtis Cate. Perhaps the so-called religion described in the article is a natural outgrowth of this age of "happy problems."

The ultimate result of the type of thought described in Mr. Cate's article is, I suppose, the destruction of the Judeo-Christian concept of God. After all, can this be a supreme, or even a superior, being who enters

"My daddy wants to keep me"

Motherless little Klaus — so sad-eyed and pensive — has known much misery since his family was forced to flee East Germany with only the clothes on their backs. After months of weary wandering, they found refuge in a West German village. Then his mother died.

Klaus' father, a fine, industrious man, is recuperating from a serious operation and can only do odd jobs. There is little money and often a shortage of food. The father is fighting valiantly to keep Klaus and to bring him up to be a good citizen. When Klaus' father recovers and resumes regular work, he can provide a better home and nourishing food. Until then, you can help keep them together, help make Klaus' future secure.

How You Can Help Klaus

You can help Klaus or another needy child through the Child Sponsoring Plan of **Save the Children Federation.** By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies — and other necessities — for "your" child in West Germany, or in Finland, France, Greece, Italy or Korea. The cost is only $120 a year, just $10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

Your contribution in any amount will help. Send what you can today!

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (a partial list): Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, James A. Farley, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Mrs. Spencer Tracy.

FOUNDED 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT INTERNATIONAL CENTER
UNITED NATIONS PLAZA, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

I would like to sponsor a child in ..... (West Germany, or in Finland, France, Greece, Italy or Korea, or where the need is greatest). I will pay $120 for one year, $30 per quarter, or $10 a month.

Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, 1st quarter ☐, first month ☐.

Please send me my child's name, story and picture. I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....AM 6-7

Contributions are deductible for Income Tax purposes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into partnerships with us to sell vacuum cleaners?

PETER L. ALBRECHT
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Mr. Cate's article deserves a great deal of praise. History repeats itself. To speak of God without reverence is a mockery.

Pseudolatry has disastrous consequences. All secular success has a way of vanishing sometimes without warning or reason.

I hope Mr. Cate will write more articles, candid and condemning the insane way of life these days. Our pioneer fathers would weep at the dishonor to our traditions.

JAMES C. HOYT
North Wales, Pa.

SIR:

Would it not be possible for a magazine of your reputed caliber to present more positive (nasty word) or constructive religious thinking? It is good that Mr. Cate et al. see through the shallowness of the "positive thinking cult," but with what do they fill the hole marked "Religion"?

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS
Concordia Seminary
St. Louis, Mo.

Greenwich Village

SIR:

Reading the prelude to "The Peripatetic Reviewer" as I always do, I was interested in Edward Weeks's comments on Greenwich Village (April *Atlantic*), and it struck me that you youngsters knew it only in its modern state. I suddenly realized that I am one of the few who can still recall it as it was in the nineties. My first real bachelor apartment is now a classroom of New York University. It was in the Benedict, and the original university building with its flower boxes in the windows still stood.

Prior to that I had rooms on the south side of Washington Square, and there I met Frank Norris. He had the rooms just above me, and I found his card tucked under my door saying he was having a small party and to come up. Thus I met my first real author. He looked the part, with that distinguished white lock in his dark hair.

When I moved cornerwise to the Benedict I had the suite on the fifth floor, looking down into the park through a triple window. The bath-

Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

This FREE BOOK will prove what your mind can do!

Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life.*

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write:
Scribe A.N.A.

USE THIS GIFT COUPON

SCRIBE A.N.A.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of *The Mastery of Life,* which I shall read as directed.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA • NOT A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic 1956 1957 *Prizes*

36th ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING CONTESTS

COLLEGES

ESSAY **STORY** **POETRY**

PRIZES: **Best Story — $100.00** Kristoffer Kristofferson, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor*

Best Poem — $100.00 Dolores Warwick, Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, Instructor*

Best Essay — $100.00 Carole O'Keefe, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Julie, Instructor*

2nd Places: Anthony W. Harris, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor* — Janet Fowler, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri; *Jack D. La Zebnik, Instructor* — Joanne M. Meyer, Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Elizabeth R. Hanlon, Instructor*

3rd Places: Kristoffer Kristofferson, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor* — Nancy Riggs, Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Elizabeth R. Hanlon, Instructor* — Marilyn Craig, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Julie, Instructor*

4th Places: Eleanor Buntag, Mount Mercy College, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Sister M. Aquinas, Instructor* — Dolores Warwick, Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, Instructor* — Eugene Peters, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine; *Robert Berkelman, Instructor.*

5th Places: Jan Ann Lawson, Midwestern University, Wichita Falls, Texas; *Saralyn R. Daley, Instructor* — Nanine Bilski, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Mary Jeremy, Instructor* — Sister Mary Kriston Morrison, Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles, California; *Joseph A. Feehan, Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS — Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1957 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Kristoffer Kristofferson, Pomona College, Claremont, California (for his story: A Rock), and one to Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor of Kristoffer Kristofferson.

HONORABLE MENTION

Albertus Magnus College, Kathleen Donnelly, Jeanne Huber — Bates College, Richard Dole, Jr. — Beaver College, Margaret Spare (2) — Beloit College, Joan Cecelia Byrne, Ted DuBois — Boston College, Thomas A. Lynch — Brooklyn College, Diana Posy, Shela Solomon — Colgate University, Donald Barker, David R. Matteson — Creighton University, Michael Sundermeier — Eastern Baptist College, Beverly Clark — Good Counsel College, Suzanne Smith — Hunter College, Chaim Fleischman — Lindenwood College, Karen Prewitt — Mount Mercy College, Pauline Wesley — Mount St. Mary's, Carron Vincent — Mount St. Scholastica College, Dolores Ready — Mundelein College, Marilyn Durkin — Nazareth College, Joan Korn — Notre Dame of Maryland College, Doris Frances Denning — Pomona College, Peter E. Hansen, Kristoffer Kristofferson (2) — Rosary College, Nanine Bilski, Judith Anne Henske (2) — Seton Hill, Mary Alice Heagarty — Siena Heights College, Mary Patricia O'Reilly — Simmons College, Janet Shapiro — Stephens College, Janet Fowler — St. Louis University, Joseph A. Dacovich, Jr. — St. Mary's University, John Sheeny — Tufts University, James A. Goodman — University of Cincinnati, Gladys L. Irwin — University of Houston, Elizabeth Broyles — University of New Hampshire, R. Frank Shackford, Robert Sullivan (2) — University of New Mexico, Tim Weeks — Wheaton College, Carl H. Harrison.

SCHOOLS

ESSAY **STORY** **POETRY**

PRIZES: **Best Essay — $100.00** Katherine Creelman, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Margaret A. Bretschneider, Instructor*

Best Story — $100.00 Roberta S. Smith, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Wilfred Freeman, Instructor*

Best Poem — $100.00 Martha Buell, Katherine Delmar Burke School, San Francisco, California; *Lelah Craig Brown, Instructor*

2nd Places: Gail Margolis, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Charlotte C. Whittaker, Instructor* — Sandra A. Fountain, Abilene High School, Abilene, Texas; *Delma L. Bishop, Instructor* — Ellen Gorman, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *Francis Newsom, Instructor*

3rd Places: Joan Rockey, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut; *Mabel Gilbert, Instructor* — Ellen Crowley, Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts; *Frances Ramsdell, Instructor* — Judith Lynn Bushong, Camp Hill High School, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania; *Nina Hamilton, Instructor*

4th Places: Betsy Baker, Miss Fine's School, Princeton, New Jersey; *Anne B. Shepherd, Instructor* — Donald M. Johnson, Santa Maria Union High School, Santa Monica, California; *D. O. Johnson, Instructor* — Ruth A. Morris, Scattergood School, West Branch, Iowa; *Leanore Goodenon, Instructor*

5th Places: John R. Wallace, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma; *Miss Tommie Barnes, Instructor* — Margaret Johnson, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Wilfred Freeman, Instructor* — Margie Calhoun, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Mary L. Taft, Instructor*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP — The University of Pittsburgh awards a four-year scholarship (free tuition) to Katherine Creelman, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio (for her essay: Fry and the Uncommon Man.)

HONORABLE MENTION

Anchorage Senior High School, Bill Fluegel — Arcata Union High School, Janice Cody — Beaverton Union High School, Douglas Graham — Chadwick School, Steven H. Schaefer — Chas. H. Milby Senior High School, Kathryn Pulley — Ellensburg High School, Kristin Bailey — Evanston Township High School, Helene G. Ettlinger, Anita Ruth Leichenger, Anne M. Zettelman — Friends Seminary, Wendy E. Weil — Grant High School, Adell Hansen, Marilyn R. Hood — Grant High School, Judith Dodge — George School, Wendy Coleman — Graham Eckes School, Doris Sparks — Incarnate Word Academy, Susan Kribs — Katharine Branson School, Susan Daniels, Mary Rand — Kingswood School Cranbrook, Kristine Gilmartin, Anne Sanders, Jill Shallcross — Kinkaid Preparatory School, Ruth Adams — Media High School, Richard Alan Davis — Northfield School for Girls, Mary F. Casey, Lorraine Perry, Sabra Sullivan — Oak Ridge High School, V. Ann Carter — Oberlin High School, Anthony M. J. Lanyi — Peekskill High School, Winfield A. Huppuch — Rochester Senior High School, Tobin Jones — S. F. Austin High School, John Alan Baker, Alice Elizabeth Cheavens, Sue Cocke, Diane Durrett — Hathaway Brown School, Patricia Klee — Thayer Academy, A. Sandra Knight — Tucson High School, Gretchen Mensch — Wakefield High School, Robert M. Torrance — Washington High School, Judy Lou Johnston — Wellesley Senior High School, Roger Bunker, Carol Brines, Dorothy Erlandson, Janet Hrones — West Seattle High School, Marilyn Helberg — Will Rogers High School, Margaret Greve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tub was of tin finished with wood on its upper rim, but my living room was 20 by 22 feet. Bert Boyden, then working on *McClure's* magazine, was on the same floor. At a little party in his rooms I met a girl who had just contributed to that magazine a series of stories about a woman drummer named Emma McChesney. As I was a tenant of one of the grander apartments, Bert and I escorted her in to see my view — the Square, the territory of all my early hopes and dreams. The girl was Edna Ferber.

Just three blocks up University Place was the best restaurant in New York, Martin's, known to later generations as the Lafayette. When I was in funds I ate there. At breakfast there I had *croissants*. Dinner was $1.25 and included a bottle of very ordinary *vin ordinaire*, but if one ordered a real wine, the dinner check was $1.00. The hotel was as French as you could get in New York. In the café at the corner, homesick Latins played dominoes on the marble-topped tables as they nursed their *apéritifs*.

Greenwich Village was a far more delightful spot when I knew it than it was in the twenties. I don't know why I write all this, except that I am 89 years old and have reached the age of reminiscence.

EARNEST CALKINS
New York City

SIR:

Edward Weeks's piece created a nostalgic mood because I too knew the neighborhood pretty well in the decade before his. That time produced a different sort of people there — queerer, more Bohemian, less stable than those Mr. Weeks describes. They truly lived from hand to mouth, and on more than one occasion I was able to buy a meal for one who was obviously starving. Some of them went on to better things, but others, however talented in their fashion, decayed into nothingness.

HAMILTON OWENS
Baltimore, Md.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, *8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.*

This is Georgia Melisova. The hovel before which she is standing is her Athenian home in Greece. Her mother occasionally works at straw chair weaving but is never able to find permanent employment. Her father just disappeared. She has four younger brothers. Georgia is amazingly intelligent for a ten-year-old child who hasn't had a dozen weeks in school. She should be given an education as she has great charm and potentialities. As it is, she hardly gets enough to eat.

There is severe unemployment and heart breaking, harsh poverty in Greece. Even many of the children who are helped have only one meal a day and go to bed hungry every night. The bed is some old rags on the dirt floor of a bleak shanty. There isn't much to do in the daytime except to sit and think how hungry they are. There's no use going through the garbage cans, for too many are doing that. And for lack of funds, the relief agency doesn't serve any meals at all on Saturdays and Sundays.

Children like Georgia can be "adopted" and properly fed, clothed and educated in Greece and all of the countries listed below. The cost to the contributor is the same in all—$10 a month. The child's name, address, picture and story is furnished the donor. The donor also can correspond with the "adopted" child.

For Information Write:
Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond 4, Virginia

I wish to "adopt" a boy.....girl.....
for one year in.....
(Name Country)
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year .....first month..... Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.
I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $.....
Please send me further information.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*Zone*.....
State.....
Gifts of any amount are welcome.
Gifts are deductible from income tax.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 231 affiliated orphanage-schools in 34 countries is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 22,000,000 meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the U. S. Government. It is experienced, economical and conscientious.

COUNTRIES:
Austria, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Western Germany. —Hungarian Refugees, American Indians.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet the men of atomic-electric power

These are two of the new "atomic men" in the business of producing electricity. In the photograph, they are studying a small-scale model of an atomic reactor designed for an atomic-electric power plant.

They, and hundreds of other electric company men, are learning how to harness the power of atomic energy to the job of producing electricity. Working with scientists and engineers of the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment makers and builders, they are helping develop the new tools, new machinery and new kinds of buildings needed for atomic-powered electric plants.

The nation's appetite for electric power is growing rapidly, and atomic energy promises a vast new source of fuel to make more electricity. That's why independent electric companies are studying, testing and comparing methods and equipment to find the best ways to put the atom to work for America.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet, was twenty-two years old when he married Caitlin Macnamara, the beautiful girl who was the love of his life. As Dame Edith Sitwell has said, "Their love was most touching to see." In her forthcoming book, Leftover Life to Kill, *from which this excerpt is drawn,* CAITLIN THOMAS *writes of their "long-growing years" together, with her deep understanding of "the changing man hidden inside the poet."*

THIS WAS DYLAN

by CAITLIN THOMAS

DYLAN was always about three jumps ahead of me, and had already put the argument backwards, inside out, and upside down by the time I had got it eventually standing up straight. And this trick of always demolishing, with the invaluable aid of ridicule, a perfectly adequate work or, just as soon, a masterpiece, then rebuilding it in his own freakish fashion, used to make me hopping cross, presumably because I was out of my depths. And he insisted, though I never agreed, that women have *no* sense of fun — verbal fun, I think he meant — and were a spewing mass of generalizations and clicks (as our highbrow poetess in Laugharne calls clichés), only fit for the bed and the kitchen.

When I wake in the morning, when it is still dark, before even the bells or hullabaloo below has started, with the tears streaming, uncalled for, down my face, and Colm sleeping so small and reminiscently against me; and remember who I am and where I am, and think of Dylan — Dylan in Laugharne, Dylan in this island, and Dylan wherever I am — and pine, as keenly as a sick cow for its calf just removed, for the feel of him, the smell of him, and go on daftly half waiting for him to come back, when I know he cannot . . . But it is not a bit of good for reason to tell me that; it cannot stop the wanting so badly, reasonable or not; and where can I put it, what can I do with it? It is not a chasm, it is an enormous fruit cake, of wanting. I am invaded with a stream of incessant babbling, jingly, jangling — oh, why can't it stop for a minute? — yesterdays. And the tomorrows stretch in somnolent torpor, paying no attention to my gnawing and prodding behind the shutters.

I go to the glass, look into the pin-pointed, criss-crossed holes which contain, a thousand fathoms back, my ensnared reproachful eyes, and think, "This is not the Rock Caitlin that Dylan loved — this damp, bedraggled string of seaweed." And he would flood me with a contempt of words. There is no fury like the weak against the weak, and he knew how to use words insultingly as well as poetically. But because of his own Welsh hypochondrias he hated to see any sign of them in others, and had no patience with any nervous ailments or manifestations in his children because they came from him, though prepared to nurse his own, or preferably be nursed if that were forthcoming, with loving care and wealth of descriptive detail.

He was never his proper self till there was something wrong with him; and if ever there was a danger of him becoming "whole," which was very remote, he would crack another of his chicken bones without delay and wander happily round in his sling, piling up plates with cucumber, pickled onions, tins of cod's roe, boiled sweets, to push into his mouth with an unseeing hand as they came, while he went on solidly reading his trash. His passion for lies was congenital, more a practice in invention than a lie. He would tell quite unnecessary ones, which did not in any way improve his situation — such as, when he had been to one cinema, saying it was another, and making up the

Copyright 1957, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film that was on; and the obvious ones, that only his mother pretended not to see through, like being carted off the bus into his home, and saying he had been having coffee in a café with a friend.

The reason we got along so well in the house was because of our mutually organic — meaning the organs were functioning but not much else — natures when off parade. The home was to Dylan, more especially, a private sanctum where for once he was not compelled, by himself admittedly, to put on an act, to be amusing, to perpetuate the myth of the *enfant terrible* — one of the most damaging myths, and a curse to grow out of. We lived almost separate lives, though physically close, and passed each other with a detached phrase on strictly practical matters, as though we were no more than familiar landmarks in the furniture of our minds — excluding the times, more frequent at night, when the house rattled and banged and thudded and groaned with our murder of each other.

But these fights, which were an essential part of our everyday life and became fiercer and more deadly at each onslaught, so that you could have sworn no two people reviled each other more, and could never, under any fabulous change of circumstances, come together again, were almost worth while because, when the reconciliation did take place, according to how long we could stick it out, it was so doubly, trebly, quadruply sweet, and we could never have ventured to conceive of such a thing happening again.

As far as the waiting game was concerned, I was the millimeter of an inch more adept than Dylan, owing to more false pride and, as I sadly see now, more time to play around, so that it was he who nearly always made the first move back to normality, while I was reluctantly persuaded. And thinking back now, I see he was in a great hurry to fit in so many things, and couldn't be bothered with the extra spadework that to most people is compulsory. And many afternoons he wanted me to go to bed with him, and I would not because of some ridiculous Upright principle that I chose to presume guided me.

He even kept saying he would die before me, would never reach forty, and I would be a flighty widow dancing on his grave. And I laughed, completely unmoved; for all the impression it made on me, he might as well have been talking to an elephant. And other things, to my discredit, come back to me: how he used to pursue me with the latest version of a poem in progress, and only ask me to stand still and let him read it to me; and how I would wriggle, do everything in my power to escape, block my ears (I hope without showing it), till in the end he could not but notice my surly unwillingness, and swore never to read to me again, but always did. And this behavior I find plain unforgivable, no two ways about it; and I can't account for my reaction, because I always had faith in Dylan as a poet, and even helped over choosing alternate words and on small points of preference; and he had a touching belief in my judgment. Putting it on the kindest level, I can say I must have subconsciously felt I had something of my own worth preserving, and did not want to be influenced by Dylan's highly disturbing stuff. On the unkindest: that I was spitefully jealous and resented, like any typical, man-swallowing woman, such a powerful rival to myself. But this I will not and do not believe, even now. And I did all I could to make him work at his own special work, and not public money-making work. And it was only with our kind of purely vegetable background, which entailed months on end of isolated, stodgy dullness and drudgery for me, that he was flattened out enough to be able to concentrate.

2

One of the most remarkable things about him, to me, was his singular gift for adapting himself to every kind of different, basically opposed, person and place. With no visible transition he would settle down among the new set as though he had been there all his life. And with equal ease cut off the old like dead leaves, though retaining surprising loyalties to old buddies and motherly bodies overlapping and spilling with fistfuls of fat. One of our favorite kill-times in Laugharne was to sit in the window of the Browns' and imagine these Colossi (with which Laugharne was well stocked) walking ten abreast up the street stark naked, and calculate how much money we would give to see such an impressive sight — nearly all we had.

So he was much better than me at contenting himself with the very simple, I might justly say moronic, life. Because (there is no other possible explanation) he lived in a world of his own — "out of this world," as they so succinctly put it in America. Thus: the best part of the morning in the kitchen of this same high-class establishment, putting bets on horses, listening — yes, actually listening for once — open-mouthed to local gossip and scandal while drinking slow consecutive pints of disgustingly flat, cold-tea, bitter beer. Muzzily back to late lunch, of one of our rich fatty brews, always eaten alone, apart from the children; and I can't blame him for that, as there is nothing worse than brawling children's meals. Then, blown up with muck and somnolence, up to his humble shed, nesting high above the estuary, and bang into intensive scribbling, muttering, whispering, intoning, bellowing, and juggling of words till seven o'clock prompt. Then straight back to one of the alternative dumps — we had long discussions as to which was the deadliest — to spend the rest of the evening in brilliant repartee. That was a sample day with all the innards and lights taken out.

How Dylan would have loathed this style of ab-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stract ranting, as he would have called it, of mine; but I should never have dared put it down if he was going to see it.

He had the same dislike, amounting to superstitious horror, of philosophy, psychology, analysis, criticism — all those vaguely termed ponderous tomes — but most of all, of the gentle art of discussing poetry. Not that I was likely to do that. We had a mutual agreement to keep off that touchy subject; and if well-meaning friends started an abstruse, intense interpretation of some of Dylan's most obscure lines, which he had long ago forgotten the meaning of himself, it was not long before Dylan was on the floor wrapped up in the carpet, scratching himself, like a flea-bitten hyena, in paroxysms of acute boredom, ending, happily for him, in snoring amnesia. Not that such a delicate hint deterred the everlasting friend, who had now, by devious, unrelenting routes, introduced his own verse, and a dash of existentialism as well, while I was left politely nodding over the soup, planning all the hells I would put Dylan through for this, and wishing I had not been so well brought up never to speed the parting guest — who, it was evident, had no intention of departing.

This very pronounced attitude of Dylan's against every type of flowery excursion into intellectualism made all the more surprising his extreme patience and tolerance in America when confronted with the full blast of their adulation. There is, it appears, no limit to the quantity of flattery that one person is prepared to take about themselves; and from whatever source, and however far-fetched, they show a remarkable indulgence on this, their pet topic. I am perfectly alive, from my own vain experience, to the large part vanity plays in the least suspected lives, quite apart from our shameless flamboyancy. But Dylan always seemed to me to stand right outside this poetical junketing, this clannish backbiting, these teaspoon-tongued, little-finger-extended, oh so too too, Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Poets — if only for the reason that he had no need to swim in those shallow babbling waters. So that when he succumbed, like a mesmerized bait — only in this case a short-legged one — to the multitudinous scavenging spawn of America, I knew, though I was too falsely proud to let myself know, it was the end of me; and not long after, the fatal end of him.

It is easy to understand that, when the unflagging, disarming American charm met Dylan's professional charm, it caused a general melting fudge of a sticky, syrupy, irresistible fluid, impossible for such as us — raw from the harsh Welsh backward blacknesses; starved of any public attention; accustomed to the half-said, half-swallowed greeting, the ever-present fear of a taint of effusion; both incapable of saying no to any invitation, in case we missed something — to extricate ourselves from intact. Because it got me, at second hand, as a thankless extension of Dylan; and even then, from that comparatively safe distance, barbed and horned as I was, it was too much for me, and I was left a soulless lump of inanimate meat. So what can Dylan have felt like, in spite of his incredible resistance and amazingly quick recovery powers? One moment he was flat out, in utter self-abandonment, coughing and heaving up his heart, down to the soles of his boots; the next, dolled up like a puppy's supper, dapper and spruce, or as near as he could get to it. But there was always a grotesque flaw in the tailor's dummy, which, if I mentioned, I was slaughtered; and if I did not, I was blamed for not being interested. Jocularly joking, as though that other prostrate negation, parody of a romantic poet in tubercular convulsions, had no connection in the narrow world with him. Then nervously twitching, and acrimoniously nagging me about tiny petty things, which neither of us took seriously but which outsiders were alarmed into thinking was at least the breaking up of our marriage. But our marriage was not a cobweb house drifting on sand, and we enjoyed the backchat if nobody else did.

So, with the last burning question, "Was he better with a hat on or off?" (to which I always answered "On"; but that did not please him either, because he thought I meant there would be less of him to see); the momentous decision between a bow tie and a long one, with the spotted bow a certain winner; and between two equally dirty, scrofulous pairs of trousers that had stood all night in concertina'd neatness at the foot of the bed, he was off to the Killer, poetry reading.

Dylan used to read to me in bed in our first, know-nothing, lamb-sappy days. To be more exact, Dylan may have been a skinny, springy lambkin, but I was more like its buxom mother then, and distinctly recollect carrying him across streams under one arm; till the roles were reversed and he blew out and I caved in, through the pressure of family life and the advent of holy-fire-destroying babies. He read interminable Dickens novels, to which he was loyally devoted; and when Dylan was loyally devoted, no sentimental verbosities would change him, though he did bog down somewhere in *Little Dorrit*. He categorically refused to look at Proust, Jane Austen, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and a lot of the obvious classics, though I furiously asked him how could he know he wouldn't like them, without bothering to look; but there is no doubt he knew all right. He probably knew, more than anybody, what he liked and what he didn't like, and what he wanted and what he didn't want — without, like most people, having to find out. Once again that fiendish element of his days being numbered comes into it; and all that sickly, stinking stuff about "It had to be, there was no other way"; the illogical, poets-must-die-young, ruthless reasoning that made him follow, nobly and foolishly, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exorable pattern. And it was not necessary at all, not without that baby-snatching seduction — there was no hope after that — to America.

3

In case my opinions reek of fanaticism, I should like to make clear two things: one, that had I been in Dylan's place I should have reacted far worse — had my head not only turned but swiveling in a thousand fascinating rotating directions, my roots waving riotously overhead; whereas Dylan was, even at his worst, Dylan; and there was one part of him that nobody could get at, that was impregnable, untouchable, not of his own making, but handed down from generations of close-tied, puritanical family tradition. Handed down from his father, that most unhappy of all men I have ever met; who did all the spadework of casting off the humble beginnings, bettering himself, assiduously cultivating the arts; and finished up a miserable finicky failure, while passing on to Dylan, on a heaped-up plate, the fruits of all his years of unrewarding labor. To an outsider his step up the social ladder might not seem so impressive: the transition from farmhouse and railwaymen standards to schoolmaster in a semidetached suburban matchbox. But it made the leaping change from lavish rough comforts to pinched penny-pricing gentility; to the taxing position of being looked up to by the neighbors — therefore having to keep up the most trussed-in, belted, camouflaged, and gloved system of appearances, instead of being so low you had not got to bother, and could wear and say what you liked, make as much noise, and enjoy yourself, without being stigmatized. No blue-blooded gentleman was a quarter as gentlemanly as Dylan's father. And though Dylan imagined himself to be completely emancipated from his family background, there was a very strong puritanical streak in him that his friends never suspected, but of which I got the disapproving benefit.

Those who only saw his bar-leaning, on and on and on storytelling, with no detectable end, would never credit that other punctilious, pettifogging niggler for detail, making such a fuss over the correct dress for me to wear for the Carmarthen market — I mean it, right down to gloves, stockings, shoes; and he would have preferred a hat, but knew that was too much, even for him, to ask of me. His ideal dress for a woman: black from head to foot, relieved with a touch of white as a concession; a neat starched collar and impeccable cuffs; and the shoes not *too* high nor *too* low — flaps, sandals, or boots the most offensive; inconspicuous the keyword — and tidily laced, with a prim bow. The final production the direct opposite of me: a politician's perfect secretary. And dandleable.

The other thing, in case there is any misapprehension of my attitude: the American people. To us of the frozen north, as I always think of our chilblained island, it is very hard at first not to suspect such a basketful of warmth, generosity, and hospitality; but whether it springs pristine from the heart or is a cultivated college art, it is equally pleasant and should be taken at face value, appreciated, and responded to, not carped at as some nasty people do.

I am a great believer in whatever you say and do often enough becoming true; on a lesser scale but the same line of thought as the Catholic religion. And the individuals, when you learn to distinguish them — but that is nonsense on my part, they are easily distinguishable — have all the initial too-good-to-be-trueness; and as though that weren't enough, they add intelligence — and I don't mean just bright wiffs, but an all-round, thorough, comprehensive education — and have not only read but made theses on all the books we should have, but never quite did, read. And this remarkable combination they cap with a boyish open enthusiasm and, what surely is the height of friendliness and tact, which the crustiest crank is not proof against, the genuine desire, or as near as it is possible to get to it, to hear *your* opinion; and a simply stupendous hearing — dripping with sympathy, listening ability. And very soon, in spite of your stubbornest self, you will imperceptibly start softening down into a cushiony pulp, airtight and hermetically corked, under the neutralizing influence.

This is known as the American breaking-in process, which has slaughtered the health and spirit of many a gallant adventurer. But where, I asked myself, is the fly, the itch, the scabies of contention that makes these people fly in all directions, on frivolous errands, and never be still — that makes them put such untiring energy, though not, I think, deep pleasure in the Latin sense, into their amusements and their zealous, touching quest for culture? Perhaps it is just that ant of dissatisfaction that crawls insidiously under the skin, that drives them on to such lengths of munificence, magnificence, grandiloquence; that glosses over poverty, gives the lie to suffering, and makes even of death a Grand Guignol travesty.

For Dylan, more than anybody, this was a poisonous atmosphere: he needed opposition; gentle but firm, constant curbing; and a steady dull, homely bed of straw to breed his fantasies in. Nobody ever needed encouragement less, and he was drowned in it. He gave to those wide-open-beaked readings the concentrated artillery of his flesh and blood and, above all, his breath. I used to come in late and hear, through the mikes, the breath-straining panting: making much too much wind for an actor, which he liked to fancy he was, but admitted he hammed unrestrainedly; booming blue thunder into the teen-agers' delighted bras and briefs. And I thought, "Jesus, why doesn't he pipe down? They would be just as pleased with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bacon rind of that rich tinker's spoils, sizzling over the flames."

Then the clustering round for autographs; the students' apple-polished, shining faces, with creaseless wonder. I should have been grateful for a pucker of consternation on those too smooth brows.

But this negligible element was swept aside by the sea of the matriarchs, surging glorious-plumed, perfumed, jeweled; chanting, exclaiming, declaiming; indomitably avalanching to drain the reflex twitches, faint spasms, from the exhausted corpse.

To the best, most patient, understanding wife, my position was not an easy one; but to me, stiff with rancor, my own teeming passions fermenting angrily inside me, it was a hanging execution of my all-important pride. I deliberately antagonized; said, almost inaudibly, the thing that hurt in the place that hurt — as though I was a rip-roaring delinquent, starved of love and light; when, as far as I can remember, what we suffered from most was too much freedom, running wild, and the consequent inability to discipline ourselves or join, with any aptitude, a regulated social group. Whether I was loved or not never occurred to me; children do not know that they need love, and only later feel the lack of it. And I am one of the renegades who think grownups need it more: that the older they get and the less love they get, the more they need it, the more they are willing to sell their nothing for it.

I did not for a second resent Dylan's success, except that it took him away from me; I wanted him to have everything that was good for him, made him happy. But an essential condition of his happiness must be me: I had to be the thing that made him happiest. So when he started taking notice of other women — they had never bothered him before seriously — I cannot pretend I was serenely sweet-tongued. In America they hunted singly, in pairs, and more often in packs; and as soon as one pack was downed and wiped out, from those limitless wide open spaces came fresh hordes, massing numberless, in the tracks of the old. They had never heard of that out-of-date claptrap that a woman should at least make a dissimulation of waiting for the man to make the first move. They conducted their courting with the ferocity and tenacity of caged amazons, and nothing less than the evaporation of their prey would make them let go.

These thieves of my love, which I was so presumptuously sure was mine only, I bitterly, jealously resented, with all the primitive catfish instincts that I didn't even know were there, and the vile, sinking, retching lurch that jealousy engenders.

Dylan felt as badly as me in this respect, at the inconceivability to him of me even distantly contemplating anybody else; and he reacted more abominably than me; no cruelty or physical mutilation was too much for such an unpardonable crime. It seems extraordinary to me now that we did not kill each other outright; we certainly got dangerously near to it on those bloodthirsty vengeances.

4

So now we must be dragged — though not much dragging was needed with Dylan and me — to the inevitable party after the reading. I do not know what I expected or wanted from a party, but ever since I was a child I thought, and still cannot rid myself of the idea, that the gates of some exotic scintillating world would open, diametrically disconnected with my own. So when they turned out to be more stolidly plebeian, humdrumly golden-hearted, in spite of the gallons of frozen fire water that were being consistently poured down, than any stability, security, continuity I had ever known, I had a sense of astonished anticlimax. I was always waiting for something stupendous to happen, to change the whole course of my life; at the back of my mind this stupendous happening was me rising to my feet and electrifying the company with a masterpiece of inspired dance, the like of which had never been seen before. But before I could get myself into the state of not caring what I did, of being bold enough to let myself go, without stint or concern for the ill-fitting dignity of my wifely position or the repercussing hereafter, I had to wolf down so many fast drinks that by the time I was ready to take the floor I could only turn in blind circles with my skirt over my head. Not very edifying.

When Dylan was the lion, he sat as though to the manner born and as though he had never sat otherwise; couched immovably in the guest-of-honor chair, with his disciples, mostly female, squatting at his feet, agoggedly eager — anyone who has seen a spaniel waiting the call of the gun will know what I mean — to devour his next words, which came stumbling, haltingly, one on top of the other, in a broken, stuttering rush. While I, pinioned as far away as possible, was being politely sought out by kind, pitying, neither one thing nor the other, friends and asked all about my children, their ages and sexes, etc. — to which I answered in surly monosyllables. I wanted so much to be gracious, and could put on a first-class Queen Mother act on demand; that was the silly contradiction of it; but not with Dylan, not with him monopolizing every ear in the room.

He had the same dislike of me receiving any attention or limelight — not that this happened so frequently. Was this due entirely to a husband and wife relationship, or were we worse than most?

Every now and then, through the indistinguishable waves of gush, came a clear-cut human being, as dear and familiar as a moth-eaten aunt, who had lain too long at the bottom of a trunk in the attic. No words were needed, the "understanding" was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immediate and mutual; we instinctively held together: a tiny oddly assorted oasis in a city of planes and blocks and sinister skyscrapers harboring millions of hiding lives, each with its separate fascinating drama to be unraveled. And these misfit friends of mine — yes, really mine as well — were not stereotyped or made to measure: they were the artists, the pariah dogs, and, though I hate to have to say it, the much maligned bohemians. But the bohemians in America are not, by a very long well-creased leg, the same as that original romantic Parisian article, starving in a garret, in an atmosphere reeking in equal proportions of beards, misunderstood genius, and plain filth.

Dylan and I fell between the two extremes; and though we both had a great loathing for poverty and squalor and did all we could — which was mostly talk — to get out of it and achieve that ideal state of bourgeois respectability and armchair comfort we both craved — or to be exact, Dylan did; to me there was nothing between the barn and the Salon — we never quite, though we got pretty near, achieved it. It was the same with money: we spent hours planning all the sensible, civilized things we would do with it, eking it out on *moderate* enjoyment like proper people; vowing and swearing before our Holy Maker never again to indulge in those racketing wastes that wrought such havoc in us and in which a good half of our lives was spent. But the valuable quality of moderation was totally lacking in both of us; in one it was bad enough, but in both it was fatal. So when the eventual lump came — as far back as I can remember, we were living in hopes of a usually mythical lump coming to solve all our troubles, past and future — the feel of a couple of crinklers was so foreign and so intoxicating to us that an immediate celebration and a riot of spending on all the things we had wanted so long — and a lot more we had not, but just could not resist — was one of those things that the best people simply *had* to do, and it never seriously occurred to us not to, in spite of the messes we got ourselves into. So the back debts went on pressing, only harder, getting steadily more voracious; and the future was laden with threats and wangling tortures — all the belittling intricacies of money worries. However, no more about dirty money: it is only important when you have none; and though it may not be everything, it goes a very long way towards blocking up the winter draft of age.

5

I CAN'T leave out that dim intermission of time which was neither life nor death, when Dylan was fighting for his life — or, to be more accurate, his life was being fought for; he was never that keen on life, and ready from the start to relinquish it — and I was fighting to the death to achieve death. I rumbled and quaked and erupted on the surface; yet my Caitlin volcano, snarling deep down, would not break, was too savage to crack. It was impossible to believe all those glaring, garish things that happened to me. From the mortuary I never got to, but said I *must* — it was one of the exceptional occasions when my nerve failed me — to the presentable deathhouse where the corpses are dressed up, made up, and pumped up, with some kind of chemical to color and preserve them. There I did get, but he was not there either; less there than anywhere. I looked and looked, and touched, but it was no good; he would not come to me. And however much I stare, however doggedly, into the idiotic mug of death, still I am unable, mentally incapable, of relating the dead thing, the broken body refusing to divulge why or where the occupant has gone, to the thing that was alive. There is no touchable link between the two.

The same endearing, childish hair; the heavy hulk-shaped head; the small, delicate, elongated, utterly useless hands that I used to call fins or mitts (there was a definite connection with the fish family). Perhaps they were the nearest, and hardest to understand, to bear; so placidly inactive. And all the innocence was back; he was unborn again; and the barnacled accumulations through the years of good and evil, and corruption, and salvation — the manure that makes a character — had gone. Entirely gone.

Dylan and dying, Dylan and dying, they don't go together; or is it that they were bound to go together? He said so often enough, but I did not heed him. I was as foolish as women are supposed to be, the traditional woman, paid no attention, took him for granted, was only concerned with how to express my own aggressive, demanding, frustrated, vile, jealous self. And look what he has done to me! How brutally cruelly am I punished; surely out of proportion to my misdoing. Let this be a lesson to all rebellious wives; but poor comfort to me.

If I waited a million years, I could not forget Dylan. He will not come blundering down the path again — all misshapen, bulgy lumpy shapes; his loaded head rolling with old unforgettable poems and growing miracles of tomorrow singing, stifled, out of them; his pockets sagging with bottles and goodies — and bang at the door impatiently and shout, "Cait, come down quick and let me in."

He said he loved me — that I was the only woman for him; and whatever the evidence to the contrary, I believed him, and still do; and I am grateful for that important bit of faith. There is, happily, no limit to the faith of human nature in believing what it wants to believe. But the sudden removal of such a love, such a special love, on such an immortal scale, and the only one, was bound to cause a dropping out of the bottom of my all-in-Dylan world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Scottish ancestry and a graduate of St. Andrews University, DR. ROBERT BLACKWOOD ROBERTSON *saw three years of action between Tripoli and El Alamein in World War II. For the last two years Dr. Robertson and his wife, the photographer Katharine Tweed Robertson, have been living in the sheep country of the Scottish Border, and while there came under the spell of Billy Graham. This is a chapter in his forthcoming book,* Of Sheep and Men, *to be published by Knopf this month.*

WHEN BILLY GRAHAM SAVED SCOTLAND

by R. B. ROBERTSON

1

DURING the closed season for sin, which synchronizes pretty exactly with the lengthening evenings and the end of the winter run of salmon, religion becomes the principal pastime of our parish, as it has always been the principal national pastime of the Scots. So, when Evangelist Billy Graham picked on our little country of Scotland for one of his biggest jamborees to date, he was not bringing an unknown commodity to our people.

It might have seemed that way on superficial examination. For example, only eight persons attended the morning service in our village kirk the Sunday before the Billy Graham All-Scotland Crusade began. This had always been about the average attendance, and it was a fair index of the strength and popularity of organized religion as presented by the Church of Scotland in our area today, but not of the religious interest of the people. The question "Are ye gaun tae Billy Graham?" showed that. My wife and I were asked that question one hundred and eighty-six times inside the week.

We already knew the official attitude toward the Graham Crusade of the Kirk of Scotland. There was a day when the "Sword of Gideon," as it calls itself, would have smitten, as only the Scottish Kirk could smite, anyone holding to doctrines differing from its own who tried to interfere on a national scale with the spiritual and religious life of Scotland. Yet here it was today saying: "Please, Billy, come and save Scotland!" Here was our world-famous band of clergy voluntarily and gladly taking back seats to a foreign preacher who was by no means an intellectual theologian, assisted by a trombonist, a crooner, and a stunt organizer. Truly the Sword of Gideon had crumbled into rust!

But what was "oor Meenister" going to do? We soon found out.

"Oor Meenister" is not of the Kirk of Scotland, but of that dissident and fiercer body, the *Free* Church of Scotland, which is so strictly Calvinistic that it believes the national church is "halfway to Rome."

But, like his "high church" colleagues, he was going to admit that his eight years' training for, and fifteen years in, the ministry had been in vain. He was going to admit his incompetence and his inability to attend to the spiritual welfare and salvation of the small group of souls in the parish committed to his care. He was going to Billy Graham, and he was taking along with him as many of us, church members and sinners alike, as he could persuade to accompany him on his bus to Glasgow, there to have done on us in an hour and a half the job we had been paying him to do for fifteen years. A special bus would leave at two thirty on Tuesday. We were to bring sandwiches and a flask of tea, or such refreshment as we required on the three-hour journey. A collection would be taken on the bus, which would be our parish contribution to the All-Scotland Crusade.

My wife and I were first on the bus. We sat, as sinners do on such occasions, in the back seat and watched the salvation-seekers from our village arrive.

There came first Hamish Dundas. Hamish is perhaps our most solid parishioner. He keeps the local smithy six days a week and haggles over the price of a shoe nail as though it were made of uranium. But on Sunday a metamorphosis takes place and Hamish changes from his old overalls into dark suit, high stiff collar, and black tie, his uniform as leading member of the kirk session. He keeps the seventh day holy as only an elder of the Free Scottish Church can keep it, carrying out his elderly offices for the adults, teaching Sunday school to our fourteen village children and Bible class for our five adolescents. Between times on the Sabbath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he conducts family worship for his wife and mother and sister, provided, that is, that no godless Englishman, breaking the Sabbath by jaunting over the Border, needs his horse shod — and provided the salmon are "no' runnin'."

A Scottish elder's womenfolk follow him around with a dumb apathy and self-effacement similar to that of Oriental women cowed through the ages by their lords. So when the black-hatted, black-coated Hamish entered the bus and took, as befitted his station, the front seat, two silent purdahed figures, his wife and daughter, slipped unobtrusively in behind him.

Next came Auld Kenneth's two sisters, staunch kirkwomen both, the elder the leader of the parish temperance movement and the younger the secretary of the parochial branch of every society for the abolition of everything else. They negotiated their skirts up the three steps into the bus with the practiced dexterity of legless nuns and succeeded in making the two well-upholstered and luxurious seats directly behind the Dundas family look like uncomfortable pews.

Auld Kenneth himself arrived a minute later, easing his weather-beaten neck in its unaccustomed collar, but carrying as always his battered old lambin' stick, and accompanied by his two scrawny collie bitches. These, at the words "Come by, Meg! Come by, Tim!" leaped onto the bus and stood motionless in the aisle, awaiting their master's instructions on how to deal with the few sheep already collected in this peculiar pen.

"Ye canna bring your dogs, Kenneth," came Hamish's elderly edict from the front seat.

"An' why for no'?" expostulated Auld Kenneth in bewilderment. "They aye come tae kirk wi' me. Can they no come tae Billy Graham?"

"Ye canna bring your dogs, Kenneth," the kirk session repeated its decree. Kenneth glanced from his collies to Hamish, then back again, as if of two minds whether to order them to "haud that ane oot o' here!" (which they would have done at a flick of Kenneth's calloused hand). But instead he submitted to ecclesiastical authority, and at a toss of his head and the traditional "That'll do," his dogs bounded out of the bus and away back up the glen to his cottage five miles away.

Then the village adolescents burst into the bus — all five of them. Headed by Flossie, Tam's sixteen-year-old, and her pal, the diker's daughter, they giggled their way aboard, throwing loud "hellos" in all directions, and scrambled toward the rear seats, as far from respectability as they could get. There was some jostling among the three lads following the girls, for each of them had the idea of spending the next three hours in the seat next to Flossie. But she outmaneuvered them all and settled in the back corner opposite us, with the diker's daughter as a barrier between herself and the thrustful young males. Two of these dived into the seat in front of the girls and immediately turned around to kneel on the seat.

The third lad, the little red-headed gowk, Wee Ecky, was forgotten by the others and sat farther forward alone, feeling as far out of things as only a fifteen-year-old tagging along with sixteen-year-olds can feel.

Mrs. Chisholm came next. Nobody in the village really knows Mrs. Chisholm. She speaks only to the Minister and to the village children, always calling the latter "my poor wee things" and weeping over them even when she encounters them in the midst of their boisterous enjoyment. The children, in defense, call her "Greetin' Gertie," because of her proclivity for weeping, and clam up at her approach. The more charitable adult villagers have tried to be kind to her and to find out how they can help her to bear the ghastly and apparently uncommunicable sorrow that is bespoken by her every gesture. They have been obliged to desist and to admit that she is "a wee bit nervous," but they excuse this euphemistically described Border condition by pointing out that "of course she's at a difficult time o' life."

Mrs. Chisholm hurried into the bus with a pseudo-tense jerkiness and slumped silently into the loneliest seat she could find, more oblivious to than oblivious of the thirteen pairs of eyes watching her. All of us fell silent too, even Flossie and her noisy friends, for they, of course, had been "poor wee things" only two or three lambing seasons before.

Hamish Dundas' clearing his throat in his dignified elderly way was insufficient to bring life back to the bus after Greetin' Gertie's arrival, and we all hoped that the next to come would be somebody less deflating.

It was. But unfortunately it was so explosive that we became if possible even more silent. For it was none other than Old Jerry Nolan.

2

Now this was a Scottish bus, organized by the Free Church of Scotland, under the personal supervision of the Minister (it was high time he appeared, with people such as Jerry stepping aboard!) and it was proceeding to the All-Scotland Crusade meeting, the main purpose of which was to save Scotland from Sin and bring it back into the arms of the True Kirk. And here was this Nolan, getting on the bus with a friendly smile and a greeting from everybody, from the elder in the front seat to the sinners in the back, and sitting down near Auld Kenneth Lindsay without any apology or explanation at all. It was outrageous!

For Jerry, I should explain, is an Irishman. Nobody can blame him for that, of course, and no doubt there are some good Irishmen, the same as there are good Russians and even, they say, good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Englishmen. But he's not only an Irishman, he's the *barman* at the House of Sin. The chief wrecker of homes in the parish. The man who provides the Minister with excoriative material, spoken under ecclesiastical privilege, for at least fifty sermons every year. Where does this man Nolan think our bus is going? To Phil the Fluter's Ball, or Finnegan's Wake, or somewhere? Because, far worse than being a barman, the man's a Catholic! Indeed, this was Saladin walking into the tent of the King Richard of the All-Scotland Crusade. *Where* was the Minister?

The next comer, fortunately for the peace of Christendom and the safety of her Majesty's lieges in Scotland, was not the Minister but (we all breathed again) Barry Caven.

I don't think Barry had any advance intention of "gaun tae Billy Graham," for Barry's religion, as far as anybody knows, is something akin to early Druidism. But as he passed down the lane where the bus was filling up, some Pictish instinct told him that here was just the kind of human tangle which, by adding his mysterious presence, he liked to complicate still further. So he took a seat.

Like us and the adolescents, but for a different reason, he sat far back.

One of Barry Caven's most disconcerting traits is making people talk about the subject that is uppermost in their minds but which they think it would be tactless and in bad taste to discuss. If Barry goes to a funeral, he talks about death all the time. In the presence of millionaires, he always talks about money, and if he entered a convent he would immediately open a discussion on sex.

This being a religious excursion on which we were embarking, it seemed to Barry that we should discuss modern ritual, and with a dead-pan face he inquired of Hamish Dundas his opinion concerning total immersion of the adult as opposed to baptism of the infant as a necessary prelude to salvation. Hamish, whose ancestors had fought and died on the Border hills in attack on and defense of minor liturgical issues, reddened slightly, but gave the Free Kirk's present party-line reply concerning its doctrinal differences with Billy Graham: that the Kirk did not want to stress the incongruities of its association with the Baptists, for Billy was an honorable man, and his team of evangelists . . . "So are they all, all honorable men!" concluded Barry Caven for him; then turning to Jerry Nolan, to whom nobody had yet spoken, he inquired whether Old Jerry thought that there was at least a psychological if not a doctrinal resemblance between the Roman confessional and Graham's technique of collecting penitents before him and remitting their sins.

Jerry's reply, which might have caused an uproar in our predominantly Presbyterian bus, was fortunately lost in the bustle attending the arrival, only half an hour late, of the Minister.

"Good day, everybody! Good day!" The Minister beamed. "What a fine turnout! Billy will be proud of the response of our parish to his Crusade. Now let me see how many we are. . . . Counting myself, I make it seventeen souls and the driver."

"That makes eighteen," said Barry in a loud, clear voice.

"Nearly a tithe of the parish! Now let me see who we are. Mr. Dundas, and of course Mrs. Dundas, and Miss Dundas, and the Miss Lindsays — all my old faithfuls — and you too, Kenneth, though I haven't seen you in kirk for a week or two." (The old herd fidgeted uncomfortably and gazed glumly at his feet like a reproved ten-year-old.) "Now who have we here? . . . Oh! . . ." His shortsighted eyes had focused on Jerry. They blinked slowly three times, then passed quickly on to Mrs. Chisholm. "Ah! Dear lady. I thought you would answer the call. And there's Flossie, and the other young people. I hope you've all brought your Bibles with you. Billy Graham teaches that we should base even our everyday lives on the Bible."

"Jack Calvin and good old Johnnie Knox had the same idea a while ago," remarked Barry Caven, thereby bringing the ministerial gaze to bear on him at last.

"Now who have we here? Why! By . . . by . . . hookey! It's Mr. Caven!" The shock of finding Jerry Nolan on the bus had not yet worn off, and this time the poor Minister could not conceal his amazement. "I didn't know, Mr. Caven, that you . . . ah . . . that you . . . well, anyway, welcome to our company! Billy has asked us to bring anybody and everybody. And many outside the Church may have their lives changed this evening. I hear that even an actress heard Billy's call last night, and forsook her disgraceful way of life, so there's no reason why a . . . ah . . ."

"Tramp?" suggested Barry helpfully.

". . . why other unconventional souls shouldn't hear the call," the Minister finished hurriedly.

"If the Billy Graham Evangelical Association, Inc., is calling on us to forsake this world's goods, tell 'em I heard the call at Capernaum two thousand years ago," said Barry, but the Minister evaded this dangerous topic by turning to my wife and myself with a brief nod of recognition, then ordered the driver to start his bus. But there were two further incidents before we got out of the village.

3

Down the lane a ragged, trousered, but obviously female figure, well known to us all, stepped out and held the bus for a few moments. This was Mrs. Tam. She spoke to Flossie through the window, ignoring the Minister's obvious irritation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"After the meetin' gang oot tae the shops, Flossie, an' get me a jar o' potted shrimps."

"Okay, Mither," replied Flossie; then added, to the amusement of all those in the rear seats, "But what if I get convairted tae Christ, Mither? Then I'll hae to stay behind and get coonseled, an' the shops'll a' be shut."

"Ye can get convairted tae ony bluidy thing ye like, but dinna come hame withoot they potted shrimps," admonished our village doyenne.

"Wouldn't you care to join us, Mrs. Elliot?" It was not the Minister, but Barry Caven, who issued the invitation. "We may all have our lives changed tonight."

"Ye're a' bluidy daft, that's what ye are," replied the doyenne, and waved the bus on.

The second interruption occurred at the House of Sin. Passing that establishment, the Minister, the elder, and the church members, as is their custom, all averted their eyes and found something very interesting to engage their attention in the blank empty field on the other side of the road, so they did not see the aging red-faced citizen in a greasy old tweed cap and plus fours who dashed out of the bar door waving a battered blue paper-backed book with as much vehemence as an evangelist waves a Bible. The driver saw him, however, and braked hard to allow him to jump aboard and slump down, breathing heavily, in the seat beside Auld Kenneth. We were finally off.

None of us knew Old Greasy Cap, which was rather astonishing, for we know everybody within ten miles of our village. The respectable folk in the front seats turned to take one look at him, noted with obvious horror his choice of attire for church-going, and turned back quickly. The rear seats began a whispered colloquy in an effort to diagnose him. Even Barry Caven was stumped. It was agreed that if we could see the name of the unusual-looking scripture he was clutching, that would furnish the main clue, so my wife was detailed to find out the nature of this well-thumbed tract before we reached Billy Graham.

Interest in our latest-joined pilgrim was temporarily banished when the Minister announced that, as there would be no time for attending to the inner man when we arrived in Glasgow, we had better all partake of the sustenance he hoped we had brought with us. Owing to the unusual circumstances, he would dispense with the saying of grace and the blessing of food, but before we opened our flasks of tea, Mr. Dundas would take up a collection, which would be our parish contribution to the All-Scotland Crusade.

Hamish removed his black hat with alacrity and moved around the bus. When he came to Barry Caven, with mute but irresistible demand, I tried to slip Barry a shilling under the seat. But Barry pushed it away and announced with quiet dignity and without excuse, "I have no money."

It then transpired that the Minister, owing to the pressure of work connected with the evangelical revival in our parish, had omitted to bring his own sustenance.

"But," he said, fixing my wife with a look of Pickwickian benevolence, "I have no doubt that one of the ladies will allow me a sip of tea from her flask."

I was the only person on the bus who knew how awkward was this particular situation, for the flask was filled, not with tea, but with a pint of exquisitely cold and very dry martinis. Barry saved the day by telling the Minister that my wife had already promised *him* a cup from her flask; and as soon as the reverend gentleman had gone scrounging elsewhere, Barry reached over the back of the seat for his cup of tea, which he had great difficulty in holding steadily for the next two minutes.

When we had munched our sandwiches and emptied our flasks, a somnolent silence settled over the bus awhile. It was broken by the unknown pilgrim, who leaned his greasy cap close to Auld Kenneth's well-brushed Sunday bowler and shouted in his ear:

"It should be a guid meetin'."

"Aye!" Kenneth allowed that it would. "I hear they're expectin' fifteen thoosand."

"Are they noo! I didna ken it held that many."

"Oh, aye!" maintained Kenneth. "An' it's tae be on the televeesion as weel."

"Is it indeed! If I'd kent that, I'd hae bided at hame. It micht hae been cheaper."

Bowler Hat looked at Greasy Cap reprovingly, and Hamish the elder turned half around in his seat.

"I dinna think it's oor money they're after," they both said together, and Hamish added: "I think the success o' the meetin' is tae be judged by the number that gaes up."

"Oh, aye! That's so," conceded Greasy Cap. "And there should be a lot of stairters the day. There's twa-three young 'uns I'm interested in, an' if they dinna gae up the day, it'll brak my heart."

The trend of this conversation had me puzzled, so I turned to my wife, only to find her equally perplexed. But I noted a look of delighted comprehension coming over the face of Barry Caven, so I raised my eyebrows in inquiry.

"The book," whispered Barry with huge glee. "That blue Bible! I can guess now what it is!"

Barry refused to explain further, and the remainder of the journey to Glasgow passed somewhat tediously.

4

At Kelvin Hall, which is Scotland's largest place of assembly, we found hundreds of buses exactly like our own, but bearing the names of widely dispersed villages all over the country. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each bus arrived, the bodies, if not yet the souls, of its occupants were immediately grabbed by the Billy Graham Evangelical Association, Inc., and we found ourselves under a discipline as strict as that of the barrack square or the stockyard. Our group was placed under the command of a ferociously cordial young Christian who handed each of us a yellow ticket before marching us into the hall to our appointed seats near the front. "Watch Greasy Cap," Barry whispered to me.

Our unknown pilgrim had grabbed his yellow ticket from the young man, glanced down at it covertly behind his hand, then looked wonderingly back into the innocent face of the steward.

"He's looking at it as though it were a half-crown tip he'd got at the entrance to the racecourse," I commented, and Barry burst into a long-pent-up laugh.

"And that's exactly what he thinks it is! He thought he was getting on the bus for the Lanark Races, and he's never heard of the All-Scotland Handicap. I wouldn't be surprised if that book under his arm is —"

"It's *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*," announced my wife, who had sidled up as instructed to read the title.

Inside the hall we were surrounded by ferociously cordial stewards, or "Collie Dogs" as they had already been named by Barry Caven.

"We're outnumbered about three to one," he said anxiously, "and I don't want to sit right up in the middle of the pen with the others. But there's always one or two sheep get through the line of dogs, so come on!" and, grabbing my wife and myself by the arms, he doubled on his tracks and we managed to retreat about ten rows before we were borne down by reinforcements of Collies.

From our new position we had a better view of the thousands of Scottish villagers being herded in toward the pound, and we could see better the props and effects which were to assist in their redemption. Some fifteen thousand people were soon collected under the roof, but a thousand or two who had failed to pass the screening to which we were all subjected on entering had been penned in annexes to watch the proceedings on television, perhaps because they were bad security risks who might try to contradict Billy, or perhaps because their souls were such that even Billy in the flesh could not save them. Curiously enough, the only member of our party wheeled into the annex was Jerry Nolan, the Catholic barman, whom one of the Collie Dogs had spotted with unerring instinct. Greasy Cap had got through the screen, probably because he would be a magnificent showpiece on the sinners' parade at the finale; but two of the Collies had been specially detailed to keep an eye on him.

In the center of the fifteen thousand gaping Scots was a large, solid-looking, black-draped rostrum. "Just like the Kaaba!" commented Barry Caven, who had no doubt seen that famous shrine in his wanderings.

Behind this was a choir of two thousand, the males on the left all dressed like Hamish Dundas and the females on the right dressed in white like Aimee McPherson's Angels. Some attempt had been made to ease the eye a bit by putting the younger choristers at the front and sides, like icing around a cake, but the choral core was a few hundred middle-aged songsters, collected from the Glasgow churches, over whom the lights had been arranged in such a way as to dim their appearance though not their voices.

The choir was already in action when we arrived. They were being led, or energetically followed, by an athletic young man who seemed to be throwing an imaginary medicine ball to basses, tenors, then altos, but most often to the sopranos.

The other scenery of interest included sundry cranes, trolleys, scaffoldings, traffic lights, and all the impedimenta one would normally expect to find on a Clydeside wharf rather than in the House of God. This, we were told by another sinner whom Barry had instinctively selected as a conversational companion, was the TV, moving-picture, and land-line apparatus, which was going to carry "The Message" to about fifteen per cent of the population of Scotland, assembled in town halls, village churches, and schoolhouses in highlands and lowlands and islands.

But our fifteen thousand fellow Scots interested us even more than the evangelistic paraphernalia. The uniformity of the types represented was frightening. "I can see at least five hundred Flossies between me and the Kaaba," my wife whispered. "Each one accompanied by one or more gawky boy friends. And there's at least fifty Greetin' Gerties sprinkled among them."

The beginning of the service then interrupted our audience analysis.

5

A Billy Graham gospel gathering need be described only to the incurious and sensible few who have never left the Plain of Philistia, for the procedure, the music, and often enough the sermon, are identical, whether the performance takes place in Glasgow, or Paris, or London, or Delhi, or Madison Square Garden. At the sound of the last tone of some unseen time machine, the Medicine Ball Man faces about smartly and orders us all to Rise and Pray.

"Every head bowed! Every eye closed!"

"And keep the barrel of the rifle on the toe of the right boot, not in the bluidy mud!" muttered Barry Caven as he rose, causing some unseemly mirth among a few ex-service sinners around us who had paraded under Sergeants in Charge of Funeral Parties in the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We were kept standing during a long prayer, a Bible reading, a bit of community singing, and an admonition to be good and not whisper or cough — about twenty-five minutes in all — and then, having been advised to reach into our hip pockets for our wallets before sitting down, we were allowed to slump gratefully into our seats.

"Here comes the Sunday-school superintendent," whispered Barry as the leading man made his blatantly unobtrusive entry on stage and sat down modestly in a corner of the Kaaba.

The collection was then taken up by the Collie Dogs so smoothly and efficiently that there were men staggering out the doors of the hall laden with sackfuls of money almost before the organist had reached the second bar of his palliative music; then the chief crooner of the Crusade gave us a number; and then, at last, the main act was on.

The sermon is a sort of national institution in Scotland, and it is expected to fit a pattern which has been precisely defined since John Knox preached the first. It must consist of six parts: the Text, followed by a Firstly (explanation), a Secondly (theology), a Thirdly (illustration), and two Finally Brethrens, the first of which should give us a brief tantalizing glimpse of the Heaven we have undoubtedly forfeited because of our sins or because we are not of the Elect, and the second a much longer description of the Hell we are undoubtedly doomed to for all eternity.

Graham, perhaps because he is at least partly of our race, followed the pattern pretty closely. For good measure he gave us three Texts, a sort of triple dip, then fifteen minutes of explanation which would have satisfied those with an IQ even as high as 80. His Secondly, or theological argument, was that the Bible said so, and if we did not accept that as a good enough authority, Billy Graham said so too, and we could come to him and say, "But look, Billy —" if we wanted to. (Already I could see several little Flossies around us deciding to take him up on this offer.) His Thirdly was a masterly bit of soap opera, well relayed through the electronic pulpit, during which we met the Graham family in cozy intimacy. At the end we loved the beautiful wife even more than we love Lucy, and we felt we had known the wonderful children, especially "little Ruth, whom we always call Bonny," all their lives.

The first, or glimpse-of-Heaven, peroration was rather vague, leaving us with the impression that Heaven, if not actually in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina, bears a distinct resemblance to that balmy district. But the second peroration was the masterpiece. Hell, we gathered, was an even worse place than Glasgow on a wet March night, and we were given such a vivid impression of it that some of us could not help thinking if ever BGEA, Inc., goes bust, one at least of its sermon writers has a job ready waiting for him as a contributor to horror stories.

But, unlike the Scots ministers, Billy gave us a letout. If, he invited us, we would get up now out of our seats and come forward, while the choir sang softly, and stand reverently before him, it was North Carolina for us, and hundred-year-long chats with big blond Billy Graham. If we didn't — and here he looked directly at Barry Caven and raised the big Bible which was his principal prop as though to bang all the sinners in the hall over the head — if we didn't, it would be Glasgow, and all the additional horrors he had mentioned, for all eternity. And we would never have the chance to choose again.

"Come . . ." he went on, in a voice Coué would have envied. "Come . . . *God* is speaking to you now, right at this very moment. Come . . . *you* come and talk to God, just as you would talk to *me*. Come, all of you. *Jesus* is here, right *here* . . ."

A hush, a low humming noise from the choir, the Bible is slowly lowered to the lectern, and the splendid golden head is lowered in prayer. There is a smothered snuffling from a thousand young female nasopharynges within earshot of us, the owners of which are probably dreaming of an eternity in Heaven, N.C., with this godlike male — and then!

"*Jesus Christ!*"

Every Collie within a hundred yards of us looked sharply up in our direction, and to my horror I realized the ejaculation had come from my wife.

"Jesus Christ!" she repeated, less audibly this time. "There goes Flossie!"

And sure enough, there went Flossie, weeping and stumbling down the aisle to get to the Throne of Grace before her contemporaries stole all the best places.

They were not long in following her lead. From all parts of the hall a hundred Flossies surged forward, not screaming and kicking and shouting "Love me, Billy!" as they had no doubt all done on other occasions, but this time trying to outdo each other in reverence, though elbowing each other as reverently as they could to get into the front row.

We felt almost proud of the initiative shown by our parish, especially when we saw Greetin' Gertie make the next move. With both hands clutched to her breasts, she leaped from her seat, pushed away a Collie Dog who tried to head her off, and *ran* down the aisle. As soon as she was under the arc light in front of the Kaaba and within speaking distance of the Muezzin calling to her, she tried, unconsciously no *doubt*, to outsmart the Flossies. A stumble, a shudder of obvious agony, an earsplitting noise which yet succeeded in remaining a moan rather than a shriek, and she assumed a moderately comfortable horizontal position behind the assembled adolescents.

At this moment I admired Graham's pulpit technique, or audience know-how, or whatever it is. He did not move a muscle. The piercing blue eyes were closed; the well-coiffured head was bowed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And just as well!

For there were already fifty more Greetin' Gerties staggering down the aisles, like boxers unconscious on their feet. And, had Graham shown a flicker of Christlike compassion for our poor Mrs. Chisholm, there would have been so many women of menopausal age littering the deck that the hundreds of ambulance men present would not have been able to carry out the wounded quick enough. But Graham, by his immobility, let them know that reverence would gain his attention quicker than released repressions, so the Greetin' Gerties braked hard.

And then, perhaps because he peeked, or perhaps because he knew from previous experience, he seemed to realize that there was, as Barry put it, "a much higher proportion of yowe-lambs than tup-hoggs in the pen so far," for the next appeal went out to the males. The therapeutic monotone rose again above the music.

"Come . . . there are many in this hall carrying a burden of secret sin . . . come and cast it down here . . . here, before me . . . old and young, men and boys . . ."

No elderly gentlemen answered this call, but again our village was in the van. This time it was fifteen-year-old Wee Ecky, Flossie's youngest and gawkiest suitor. With a face as red as it was determined, and trying to make himself even less conspicuous than he was, Ecky slipped into the ring, and several score other young lads made their embarrassed way forward to lay their secret sin at the feet of this Hero of the Christian Union.

"That's a damned shame," was Barry's rather angry comment this time. "Five minutes' chat with an intelligent schoolmaster or the village doctor would have solved the problems of any of these laddies."

Next came the call for those who had already made the "Decision" but wanted to take the opportunity to rededicate their lives. This was Hamish Dundas' signal. At an approving nod from the Minister, he arose and strode down the aisle "in solemn sanctimonious state," his dutiful women behind him. And, lest there be any of the fifteen thousand observers so undiscerning as to mistake this for a repentant sinner instead of a rededicating kirk elder, he withdrew his large Bible from under his armpit and clutched it to his tummy, rather as Moses must have clutched the second edition of the Tablets as he came down the mountain.

Other Moses-like figures, followed by their grim odalisques, were converging from all directions. The crowd around the Kaaba now began to look as though the queues for a Roy Rogers film, the outpatient department of a psychiatric clinic, and the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland had become unaccountably commingled.

But Billy hadn't scraped the bottom of Scotland's hallelujah barrel yet. He knew that there were several hundred Auld Kenneth Lindsays in his audience, and again I admired his craft as he urged their women to bring them forward. Auld Kenneth, I am sure, had no more intention of declaring for Christ than for Confucius, but his women hauled him up. Halfway down the aisle, he "minded that he'd left his hat and stick on the seat" and had to go back for them — more, I feel, to gain time to cover his embarrassment than because he wanted to appear before his Saviour properly dressed.

That left only four in the parish pew ahead of us. The Minister at one end, Greasy Cap at the other, and the two sixteen-year-old boys in the middle. Billy had slipped up badly in his attempt to lure those boys into the fold. He had told them that if they came forward, they would be "Babes in Christ," and no sixteen-year-old was going to stand for that, however much he loved Flossie and wanted to accompany her into the mysterious inner room of the temple, where she was going to be "coonseled."

The night's quota had now been reached, so the handsome gospeler swung himself off the rostrum and disappeared. The Babes in Christ, now guarded by a veritable regiment of Collie Dogs, were paraded ostentatiously before the thousands of us who had missed forever our chance of salvation, and then led on into eternal life, which lay somewhere through a rather dingy door at the back of Kelvin Hall. Then, as a sort of sublime *non sequitur*, a minister of the Kirk blessed all of us who were left, "now, henceforth, and forever more," and the show was over.

The pubs in the vicinity of Kelvin Hall were crowded that night as they had not been since the Cup Final.

Billy Graham has gone from Scotland now.

The Kirk's assessment of the results of the All-Scotland Crusade have not yet been published, but the report and statistics of the effect on our Free Kirk parish are available. Here they are:

Total number of Crusaders	15
Decisions	4
Rededications	5
Unconverted	6

The Minister preached to a congregation of eight souls the Sunday after the Crusade, and none of the "convairted" showed up, even though, I am told, he preached in an attempted American accent with a hint of a Southern drawl, and banged his Bible on the pulpit four times.

The All-Scotland Crusade had made its assault on our parish, as it had on the rest of the country, and had passed on elsewhere.

"I tellt ye ye were a' bluidy daft," commented Mrs. Tam.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World-renowned composer who was born in St. Petersburg seventy-five years ago, IGOR STRAVINSKY *studied composition under Rimsky-Korsakov and made his reputation with the* Firebird *ballet produced by Diaghilev in Paris in 1910. In this anniversary month we are happy to present the following self-portrait of the composer which emerges from his recent talk with Robert Craft.*

COMPOSING

by IGOR STRAVINSKY

ROBERT CRAFT. — When did you become aware of your vocation as a composer?

IGOR STRAVINSKY. — I do not remember when and how I first thought of myself as a composer. All I remember is that these thoughts started very early in my childhood, long before any serious musical study.

R.C. — Would you describe Rimsky-Korsakov as a teacher?

I.S. — He was a most unusual teacher. Though a professor at the St. Petersburg Conservatory himself, he advised me not to enter it; instead he made me the most precious gift of his unforgettable lessons (1903–1906). These usually lasted a little more than an hour and took place twice a week. Schooling and training in orchestration was their main subject. He gave me Beethoven piano sonatas and quartets and Schubert marches to orchestrate, and sometimes his own music the orchestration of which was not yet published. Then, as I brought him the work I did, he showed me his own orchestra score, which he compared with mine explaining his reasons for doing it differently.

In addition to these lessons I continued my contrapuntal exercises, but by myself, as I could not stand the boring lessons in harmony and counterpoint I had had with a former pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov.

R.C. — What music of yours did Rimsky-Korsakov know? What did he say about it? What were his relations with new music: Debussy, Strauss, Scriabin?

I.S. — He knew well my *Symphony in E-flat* dedicated to him, and also my vocal suite *Faune et Bergère*, both performed in a concert arranged with his help and supervision. He had seen the manuscript of my *Scherzo Fantastique* but his death prevented him from hearing it. He never complimented me; he was always very close-mouthed and stingy in praising his pupils. But I was told by his friends after his death that he spoke with great praise of the *Scherzo* score.

When asked to go to a concert to hear Debussy's music he said, "I have already heard it. I had better not go: I will start to get accustomed to it and finally might like it." He hated Richard Strauss but probably for the wrong reasons. His attitude toward Scriabin was different. He didn't like Scriabin's music at all, but to those people who were indignant about it his answer was: "I like Scriabin's music very much."

R.C. — When you were a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, did you esteem Tchaikovsky as much as you did later, in the twenties and thirties?

I.S. — Then as later in my life I was annoyed by the too frequent vulgarity of his music — annoyed in the same measure as I enjoyed the real freshness of Tchaikovsky's talent (and his instrumental inventiveness), especially when I compared it with the stale naturalism and amateurism of the "Five" (Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, Balakirev, and Moussorgsky).

R.C. — Of your early contemporaries, to whom do you owe the most? Debussy? Do you think Debussy changed from his contact with you?

I.S. — I was handicapped in my earliest years by influences that restrained the growth of my composer's technique. I refer to the St. Petersburg Conservatory's formalism, from which, however — and fortunately — I was soon free. But the musicians of my generation and I myself owe the most to Debussy.

I don't think there was a change in Debussy as a result of our contact. Reading his friendly and commendatory letters to me (he liked *Petrouchka* very much) I was puzzled to find quite a different feeling concerning my music in some of his letters to his musical friends of the same period. Was it duplicity, or was he annoyed at his incapacity to digest the music of the *Sacre* when the younger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generation enthusiastically voted for it? This is difficult to judge now at a distance of more than forty years.

R.C. — What were Diaghilev's powers of musical judgment? What, for example, was his response to *Le Sacre du Printemps* when he first heard it?

I.S. — Diaghilev did not have so much a good musical judgment as an immense flair for recognizing the potentiality of success in a piece of music or a work of art in general. In spite of his surprise when I played him the beginning of the *Sacre* ("Les Augures Printanières") at the piano, in spite of his at first ironical attitude to the long line of repeated chords, he quickly realized that the reason was something other than my inability to compose more diversified music; he realized at once the seriousness of my new musical speech, its importance, and the advantage of capitalizing on it. That, it seems to me, is what he thought on first hearing the *Sacre*.

R.C. — Will you describe your meeting with Schoenberg in Berlin in 1912? Did you speak German with him? Was he cordial or aloof? Was he an able conductor of *Pierrot?* Webern [the Viennese composer and conductor] was present at the Berlin rehearsals of *Pierrot;* do you have any recollection of him? You wrote about the instrumentation of *Pierrot* but not about its use of strict contrapuntal devices or its atonal polyphony; how did you feel about these innovations at the time?

I.S. — Diaghilev invited Schoenberg to hear my ballets, *Firebird* and *Petrouchka*, and Schoenberg invited us to hear his *Pierrot Lunaire*. I do not remember whether Schoenberg or Scherchen or Webern conducted the rehearsals I heard. Diaghilev and I spoke German with Schoenberg and he was friendly and warm and I had the feeling that he was interested in my music, especially in *Petrouchka*. It is difficult to recollect one's impression at a distance of forty-five years; but this I remember very clearly: the instrumental substance of *Pierrot Lunaire* impressed me immensely. And by saying "instrumental" I mean not simply the instrumentation of this music but the whole contrapuntal and polyphonic structure of this brilliant instrumental masterpiece. Unfortunately I do not remember Webern — if I did meet him.

R.C. — And Berg, did you know him?

I.S. — I met him only once, in Venice in September, 1934. He came to see me in the greenroom at La Fenice, where I conducted my *Capriccio* in a Biennale concert with my son Soulima at the piano. Although it was my first sight of him and I saw him for only a few minutes, I remember I was quite taken by his famous charm and subtlety.

R.C. — While you are reminiscing, would you describe your last meeting with Proust?

I.S. — After the premières of *Mavra* and *Renard* in June, 1922, I went up to a party given by a friend of mine, Princess Violette Murat. Marcel Proust was there also. Most of the people came to that party from my première at the Grand Opera, but Proust came directly from his bed, getting up as usual very late in the evening. He was a pale man, elegantly and Frenchly dressed, wearing gloves and carrying a cane. I talked to him about music and he expressed much enthusiasm for the late Beethoven quartets — enthusiasm I certainly would have shared were it not a commonplace among the intellectuals of that time and not a musical judgment but a literary pose.

R.C. — Klee, Kandinsky, and Busoni attended the 1923 Weimar performances of *Histoire du Soldat*. Do you remember anything about these gentlemen at the time?

I.S. — I was only a very short time at Weimar — just time enough for the rehearsals and the performance of *Histoire* conducted by Hermann Scherchen. Of the three artists you mention, I met only Ferruccio Busoni, who was sitting at this performance in the same box as I was. He seemed to be very much touched by the work. But whether it was the play of Ramuz, my music, or the whole thing, was not easy to determine, especially since I knew that I was his bête noire in music. Unfortunately I did not meet Paul Klee there or later in my life. I did have the good fortune to know Kandinsky in Paris in the 1930s and I will always remember him as an aristocrat, *un homme de choix*.

R.C. — Do you agree with Schoenberg's premise that a good composition is playable in only one tempo? (Schoenberg's example of a piece of music of uncertain tempo was the Austrian hymn from Haydn's *Emperor Quartet*).

I.S. — I think that any musical composition must necessarily possess its unique tempo (pulsation); the variety of tempi comes from performers who often are not very familiar with the composition they perform or feel a personal interest in interpreting it. In the case of Haydn's famous melody, if there is any uncertainty in the tempo the fault is in the alarming behavior of its numerous interpreters.

R.C. — You protest that you are a doer, not a thinker; that composing is not a department of conceptual thinking; that your nature is to compose music and you compose it naturally, not by acts of thought or will. A few hours of work on about one third of the days of the last fifty years have produced a catalogue which testifies that composing is indeed natural to you. But how is nature approached?

I.S. — When my main theme has been decided I know in general lines what kind of musical material it will require. I start to look for this material, sometimes playing old masters (to put myself in motion), sometimes starting directly to improvise rhythmic units on a provisional series of notes (which can become a final series). I thus form my building material.

R.C. — When you achieve the music you have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been working to create, are you always sure of it, do you always instantly recognize it as finished, or do you sometimes have to try it for a greater period of time?

I.S. — Usually I recognize my find. But when I am unsure of it I feel uncomfortable in postponing a solution and in relying on the future. The future never gives me the assurance of reality I receive from the present.

R.C. — You have often remarked that the period of harmonic discovery is over, that harmony is no longer open to exploration and exploitation. Would you explain?

I.S. — Harmony, a doctrine dealing with chords and chord relations, has had a brilliant but a short history. This history shows that chords gradually abandoned their direct function of harmonic guidance and began to seduce with the individual splendors of their harmonic effects. Today harmonic novelty is at an end. As a medium of musical construction, harmony offers no further resources in which to inquire and from which to seek profit. The contemporary ear (and brain) requires a completely different approach to music. It is one of nature's ways that we often feel closer to distant generations than to the generation immediately preceding us. Therefore, the present generation's interests are directed toward music before the "harmonic age." Rhythm, rhythmic polyphony, melodic or intervallic construction are the elements of musical building to be explored today.

R.C. — How has composing with a series affected your own harmonic thinking? Do you work in the same way — that is, hear relationships and then compose them?

I.S. — I hear certain possibilities and I choose. I can create my choice in serial composition just as I can in any tonal contrapuntal form. I hear harmonically, of course, and I compose in the same way I always have.

R.C. — Nevertheless, the Gigue from your *Septet* and the choral canons in the *Canticum Sacrum* are radically more difficult to hear harmonically than any earlier music of yours. Hasn't composing with series therefore affected your harmonic scope?

I.S. — The serial technique I use impels me to greater discipline. It is certainly more difficult to hear harmonically the music you speak of than my earlier music; but any serial music intended to be heard vertically is more difficult to hear.

The rules and restrictions of serial writing differ little from the rigidity of the great contrapuntal schools of old. At the same time they widen and enrich harmonic scope: one starts to hear more things and differently than before.

R.C. — The musical idea: when do you recognize it as an idea?

I.S. — I recognize musical ideas when they start to exert a certain kind of auditive sense. But long before ideas take shape I begin work by relating intervals rhythmically. This exploration of possibilities is always conducted, in my case as well as in Webern's, at the piano. Only after I have established my melodic or harmonic relationships do I pass to composition. Composition is a later expansion and organization of materials.

R.C. — Is it always clear in your mind from the inception of the idea what form of composition will develop? And the idea itself: is it clear what instrumental sound will produce it?

I.S. — You should not suppose that once the musical idea is in your mind you will see more or less distinctly the form your composition may evolve. Nor will the sound (timbre) always be present. But if the musical idea is merely a group of notes, a motive coming suddenly to your mind, it very often comes together with its sound.

R.C. — In your own music, identity is established by melodic, rhythmic, and other means, but especially by tonality. Do you think you will ever abandon the tonal identification?

I.S. — Possibly. We can still create a sense of return to exactly the same place without tonality: musical rhyme can accomplish the same thing as poetic rhyme. But form cannot exist without identity of some sort.

R.C. — Do you think of the intervals in your series as tonal intervals; that is, do your intervals always exert tonal pull?

I.S. — The intervals of my series are attracted by tonality; I compose vertically and that is, in one sense at least, to compose tonally.

R.C. — Do you work with a dialectical conception of form? Is the word meaningful in musical terms?

I.S. — Yes to both questions, insofar as the art of dialectics is, according to the dictionaries, the art of logical discussion. Musical form is the result of the logical discussion of musical materials.

R.C. — Your music always has an element of repetition, of *ostinato*. What is the function of *ostinato?*

I.S. — It is static; that is, antidevelopment. And sometimes we need a contradiction to development. However, it became a vitiating device and was at one time overemployed by many of us.

R.C. — While composing do you ever think of an audience? Is there such a thing as a problem of communication?

I.S. — When I compose something, I cannot conceive that it should fail to be recognized for what it is, and understood. I use the language of music, and my statement in my grammar will be clear to the musician who has followed music up to where I and my contemporaries have brought it.

R.C. — How do you understand Anton Webern's remark: "Don't write music entirely by ear. Your ears will always guide you aright, but you must know why"?

I.S. — Webern was not satisfied with the, from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one point of view, passive act of hearing; he requires that the hearer, whether composer or listener, make cognizant relations of what he hears: "you must know why." He obliges the hearer to become a listener, summons him to active relations with music, without which there are in any case no real relations with music whatever.

R.C. — Paul Valéry said, "We can construct in orderly fashion only by means of a group of conventions." How do we recognize those conventions in, say, Webern's songs for clarinet and guitar?

I.S. — We don't. An entirely new principle of order is found in the Webern songs which in time will be recognized and conventionalized. But Valéry's essentially classical dicta do not foresee that new conventions can be created.

R.C. — In your Greek-subject pieces *Apollo, Oedipus, Orpheus, Persephone,* dotted rhythms are of great importance (the opening of *Apollo;* the canonic interlude in *Orpheus;* the "Underworld" music in *Persephone;* the *Oedipus* F major aria). Is the use of these rhythms conscious stylistic reference to the eighteenth century?

I.S. — Dotted rhythms are characteristic eighteenth-century rhythms. My uses of them in these and other works of that period, such as the introduction to my *Piano Concerto,* are conscious stylistic references. I attempted to build a new music on eighteenth-century classicism using the constructive principles of that classicism (which I cannot define here) and even evoking it stylistically by such means as dotted rhythms.

R.C. — A novelist (Isherwood) once complained to you of his difficulties in a technical question of narration. You advised him to find a model. How do you model in music?

I.S. — As I have just described in the case of eighteenth-century dotted rhythms; I have modeled this conventional rhythmic device so that I could "construct in orderly fashion."

R.C. — Isn't Busoni's famous "attempted definition of melody" (1922) a fairly accurate prophecy of the melodic conception of many young composers today? Melody, he said, is "a series of repeated rising and falling intervals, which are subdivided and given movement by rhythm; containing a latent harmony within itself and giving out a mood-feeling; it can and does exist independently of words as an expression and independently of accompanying parts as a form; in its performance the choice of pitch and of the instrument makes no difference to its essence."

I.S. — The last two points are the most remarkable coming from Busoni. The idea that the actual pitch of the note is not so important in an absolute sense has been supplanted, to my mind, by the idea that pitch matters only because of the interval. Today the composer does not think of notes in isolation but of notes in their intervallic position in the series, in their dynamic, their octave, and their timbre. Apart from the series, notes are nothing; but in the series their recurrence, their pitch, their dynamic, their timbre, and their rhythmic relation determine form.

R.C. — What piece of music has most attracted you from a composer of the younger generation?

I.S. — *Le Marteau sans Maître* by Pierre Boulez. The ordinary musician's trouble in judging composers like Boulez and the young German Stockhausen is that he doesn't see their roots. These composers have sprung full-grown. With Webern, for example, we trace his origins back to the musical traditions of the nineteenth and earlier centuries. But the ordinary musician is not aware of Webern. He asks questions like "What sort of music would Boulez and Stockhausen write if they were asked to write tonal music?" It will be a considerable time before the value of *Le Marteau sans Maître* is recognized. Meanwhile I shall not explain my admiration for it but adapt Gertrude Stein's answer when asked why she liked Picasso's paintings: "I like to look at them" — I like to listen to Boulez.

R.C. — Do you know the present status of your music east of NATO?

I.S. — Friends who attended the Warsaw conference of contemporary music last October say that my music was officially boycotted there but enthusiastically received nevertheless by composers from the Soviet sphere. My music is unobtainable, all of it and in any form, disc or printed score, east of NATO; not only my music but Webern's, Schoenberg's, Berg's as well. Russia's musical isolation — she will call it our isolation — is at least thirty years old. We hear much about Russian virtuoso violinists, pianists, orchestras. The point is, of what are they virtuosi? Instruments are nothing in themselves; the literature they play creates them. The mandolin and guitar, for instance, did not exist until Schoenberg imagined them in an entirely new way in his *Serenade.* A new musical masterpiece of that kind is a demand that musicians be created to play it. The Soviet virtuoso has no literature beyond the nineteenth century.

I am often asked if I would consent to conduct in the Soviet Union. For purely musical reasons I could not. Their orchestras do not perform the music of the three Viennese and myself, and they would be, I am sure, unable to cope with the simple problems of rhythmic execution that we introduced to music fifty years ago. The style of my music would also be alien to them. These difficulties are not to be overcome in a few rehearsals; they require a twenty- or thirty-year tradition. I discovered something of the same situation in Germany at the end of the war. After so many years of Hitler in which my *Histoire du Soldat,* Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire,* Berg's and Webern's music were banned, the musicians were unable for a long time to play the new music, though they have certainly made up for it since. It is the same thing with ballet. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ballet exists in its repertoire as much as, or more than, in the technical perfection of its dancers. The repertoire is a few nineteenth-century ballets. These and sentimental, realist, Technicolor *Kitsch* are all the Soviets do. Ballet in this century means the Diaghilev repertoire and the creations of the very few good choreographers since.

R.C. — Isn't the general public everywhere just as isolated from contemporary music since about 1909 as the Soviet Union?

I.S. — Not everywhere; not in Germany where, for example, Schoenberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces* are performed as much for the general public as *Till Eulenspiegel* is in the U.S. The year 1909 means atonality, and atonality did create a hiatus for a long time. But Marxists do not explain that atonality was an irresistible pull within the art. Any explanation based on outside pressures or social incubation is no more than a metaphor. You can't explain musical evolution from without.

R.C. — Do you wish to say anything about patronage?

I.S. — Haphazard patronage, whether or not it is better than systematic patronage, is extremely inadequate. It called into being all of the music of Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, Bartók, and myself, though most of our music was not called into being at all, but only written and left to compete against more conventional types of music in the commercial market. This is part of the reason why four of those composers died in the mid-twentieth century in humiliating circumstances, or at least in circumstances that were far from affluent. Patronage has not changed in one hundred and fifty years except that today there seems to be less of it.

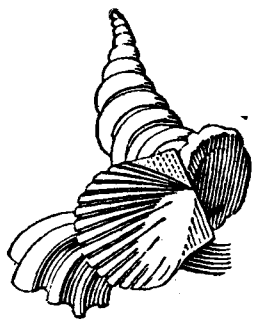
R.C. — What do you mean when you say that critics are incompetent?

I.S. — I mean that they are not even equipped to judge one's grammar. They do not see how a musical phrase is constructed, do not know how music is written; they are incompetent in the technique of the contemporary musical language. Critics misinform the public and delay comprehension. Because of critics many valuable things come too late. Also, how often we read criticisms of first performances of unknown music in which the critic praises or blames (but usually praises) performance. Performances are of something; they do not exist in the abstract, apart from the music they purport to perform. How can the critic know whether a piece of music he does not know is well or ill performed?

R.C. — What music delights you most today?

I.S. — I play the English virginalists with never-failing delight. I also play the Brahms-Chrysander Couperin. Bach cantatas too numerous to distinguish, Italian madrigals even more numerous, Schütz sinfoniae sacrae pieces, masses by Josquin, Ockeghem, Obrecht, and others are always delightful to me. Haydn quartets and symphonies, Beethoven quartets, sonatas, and especially symphonies like the Second, Fourth, and Eighth, are sometimes wholly fresh and delightful to me. Of the music of this century I am still most attracted by two periods of Webern: the later instrumental works and the songs he wrote after the first twelve opus numbers and before the *Trio* — music which escaped the danger of the too great preciosity of the earlier pieces, and which is perhaps the richest Webern ever wrote. I do not say that the late cantatas are a decline — quite the contrary — but their sentiment is alien to me and I prefer the instrumental works.

We finish our conversation, as I notice, on the music of Webern. People who do not share my feeling for this music will wonder at my attitude. So I explain: Webern is for me "just before music" (as man can be "just before God"), and I do not hesitate to shelter myself by the beneficent protection of the Muse of his not yet canonized art.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is an assortment of Press Association news stories from distant and often foreign sources a proper substitute for local news? If so, JOHN GOULD *argues from his years of experience as proprietor of the Lisbon Falls, Maine,* Enterprise, *the smaller newspapers will lose their identity and become carbon copies of one another. The carbon becomes all the fainter when the "news" proves to be an unquestioning paraphrasing of a publicity handout.*

LAZY JOURNALISM

by JOHN GOULD

1

IN RECENT years the journalists of our great Free Press have held frequent conventions with a prevailing wail. The managing editors of the Associated Press recently finished one in Philadelphia. "A press is not free," declared V. M. Newton, Jr., managing editor of the Tampa *Tribune*, "if the politician deprives it of the right of printing the facts of government."

I have long held a fanciful conjecture that a press is not free if it subscribes to the press associations — a notion I expect will stir up animosity and which I have kept to myself until now. Not that I wish to impugn the hallowed reputation of the wire services alone; I hope to impugn with equal diligence feature syndicates, most foreign correspondents, nearly all our editors and publishers, and in general the modern breed of journalist.

I think it's a shame to jump on the poor, self-seeking politician and blame him for suppressing news, undermining the First Amendment, and clipping the wings of the soaring eagle. Within the journalistic profession, AP and all, are mitigating and contributing factors which should be acknowledged. Anybody knows, from the earliest tribal organization, what a politician will do if you give him a chance, and up to a certain historical moment you could tell what a journalist would do. That historical moment coincides somewhat with the rise and amalgamation of the news circuit; and while politicians ran true to form, the journalist became beset with confusion. The guided missive, the professional publicity handout, for one thing, became legal tender, one link in a fetter; and if Mr. Newton, casting his stone, is without journalistic sin himself I shall be agreeably astonished.

This is a topic of magnitude, and a discerning professor of journalism could spend semesters on the nuances. The principal problem in expatiating helpfully lies in the modern loss of definitions. The definitions belong to an earlier day. One grievous change came when journalists assumed that a galley of type was, willy-nilly, equivalent to a galley of reading matter. The old editor who, in my youth, handed back a story about a broken arm and said, "Which arm, and was he right-handed?" is largely gone. This editor knew what would give the item universal appeal. Against that deep and penetrating wisdom of an old editor we now have the false theory of equality of intellect, and in a unionized culture two men at adjoining desks are said to "do the same work." Such idiocy is accepted axiomatically, recalling the man who said he believed in infant baptism because he'd seen it done. The press, encumbered thus, is careless about discernment and discrimination, and while columns are filled, nobody much bothers to ask, "With what?"

As copy provider, the wire services have grown great while local editing tapered off. If you study the rise of the "bobtailed" story you can see the change. The bobtailed story is one which tells you the Iowa corn crop is 106 per cent of the five-year average. The AP, as the foremost service, has become as Caesar's wife; and all over the country, editors feel this is good enough for them if the AP sends it. The next morning readers are "informed" that the Iowa corn crop is 106 per cent of the five-year average. Probably not a single editor on the whole circuit said, "Now, wait a minute — let's convert this to bushels, or cereal prices, or something intelligible to my readers."

Editors who capably guide their local staffs in covering fires and accidents will take AP bobtails without a flicker. You can find them in any paper. A million gallons of beer dumped in the Sacramento River. Why? Nobody tells us. A truckload of rotten eggs tipped on an innocent passing motorist. Nobody backtracks to learn why rotten eggs are moved by the truckload, or what an innocent passing motorist says when he is thus honored. When

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Lucy tried to get into college, the miles of dispassionate copy ticked off by the wire services astutely avoided the crux of the yarn: that an organized, subsidized, professionally promoted campaign was as big an issue as her personal desire for culture. You can look it up. Where was the editor who said, "Hold on, let's not bobtail this — we've got paying customers."

When the government handout became standard procedure the bobtailed story took on a halo. The "prepared release" met the reporter more than halfway and gave him something to print without necessarily giving him any information. There arose the "White House Spokesman" and similar double-talkers. Taxpayers support thousands of hired tub-thumpers whose purpose is to infiltrate the American press with artfully contrived bobtailed stories designed to deceive. I was in Washington once on pure frivolity and went with some newspaper friends to hear a Jenner Committee spokesman. "Then you mean so-and-so," said a reporter. "Now, I didn't say that," said the spokesman. Free of entangling restraint, and being amused, I lifted a rebel voice and said, "Look, Buster, you just like Tar Baby, you ain't say nuffin'." The great American press could only stand there and be insulted by this gibberish from a public servant who was selling them invisible cloth, and they took his evasions and made "news" from them! Front page, too.

It should be a function of the press to explain and interpret — to report. But the prepared releases get printed. When Boston University proudly announced that its school of journalism would now operate under the department of "Public Relations," I suppose the bobtailed publicity release gained academic stature and came of age. Any paper which ever printed a government handout should think again before it belabors the politician who withholds news.

Some years ago the editor of the Bath, Maine, *Daily Times*, Harry Webber, decided to give up his expensive afternoon telegraph loop from the AP, and arranged instead to be telephoned by the AP each noontime with the ten leading stories of the day. His stenographer took them in shorthand and transcribed them. He had a small paper and relied mostly on local news, but he liked a few wire stories to give his front page some headlines. And Harry noticed, from day to day, that two, three — as many as seven — of these AP lead stories were nothing but mimeographed handouts he had received in the mail that morning. Being a wise and good editor, Harry had filed them in his wastebasket, but now they were coming to him again with the august approbation of the world's greatest news-gathering organization! Now, you can't blame that on the politicians.

In all fairness, we might ask where the wire service editors were when vital statistics were eliminated. While the American press was blithely picking up prepared releases and transfusing them into the lifeblood of journalism, the politicians yanked the public record from under them. Vital statistics, by the very term, are in the public domain. From earliest town meeting days they were scrupulously kept so that people could know the facts. But in an artfully conducted invasion of the rights of the people and of the press our federal government in Washington successfully eliminated vital statistics in state after state. It was done by the welfare boys because they didn't want anybody checking. They worked through town and city clerk associations, which in turn went to legislative hearings and pressured the laws. They sold the clerks on the idea of lofty dignity, holding that the sanctity of the archives should not be violated by just anybody. Busybodies, particularly newspapers, they argued, should not have access to such secrets to embarrass unwed mothers and their hapless chicks. Nobody pointed out that newspapers don't print such details, and would get their pants sued off if they did; so with scarcely any notice at all the laws went sailing through. Where were the liberty-loving editors then? Which one of them sent a lawyer to court with his principles afire? You can even find managing editors today who believe a reporter can still go to city hall and look up the birth records. Yammering at politicians in Washington is big stuff, but putting a local town clerk in his place is silly.

2

Now, all this goes together. Long ago editors built their own fires and split their own wood and kept their fingers on the local pulse. Once in a while, if a paper got big, it would send a man off to write stories from far places, but they were written for the home town in home-town terms. Then the invention of the wire service gave a new dimension, with excitement over a novelty, and editors began to think a story was good just because it came from a long ways off. The technique of relating such stories to immediate readerships was neglected and then lost. And now the wire services are so all-fired important in the American newspaper scene that nobody can think in any other terms. Everybody concedes that the AP is so important that nobody smirks, or even smiles, when the AP itself, in convention assembled, openly admits that it doesn't know what to do about politicians who withhold news!

It is a fundamental psychological truism that a man's interests lie within himself. Me, first. His interests radiate from his own periphery in lessening degrees. This is the basic fact on which journalism, and all writing, is predicated. General Taylor told his editors at the Boston *Globe* to print the name of each subscriber at least once every two years —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the simplest and most inexpensive way of catering to the customer. This was not a joke or a gesture of bonhomie: it was good business and sound publishing. The perfect paper would probably print all the names in its territory every day, but such perfection is impossible. The next best thing is to come reasonably close to everybody as often as possible — and while everybody doesn't break an arm every day, at least write the item so that it applies indirectly to any reader who has or has not an arm, broken or whole. It's as simple as that, except that the variables are complex and call for talent, knowledge, work, and constant devotion to purpose. And above all else a paper needs a readership so carefully nurtured that a loyalty sets in, and a solid, perhaps paternal, authority accrues which makes people believe in the paper and look to it for leadership, information, amusement, and — not the least — news.

What modern journalism needs most of all is a workable distinction between local and nonlocal material. Localness can be arrived at variously. The little back-country weekly prints items about a new heifer calf at the Small farm, or how Grandpa Bleaker is better after a bad back. Any editor who laughs at these items (and editors do) is a fool, for they are the digested essence of true news. When Ernie Pyle began writing war news American journalism was amazed. The war he fought was right smack at home, because he used the heifer-calf and bad-back technique — although probably nobody ever called it such. War news is not necessarily foreign correspondence; Ernie Pyle can be readable and the Secretary of Defense not. Editors who consider Walter Winchell a big-shot Broadway columnist need to realize that he is actually one of the best small-town item writers in the business; his births, marriages, deaths, gossip are exactly what rural weekly editors have lived on these many years. So how do you tell if something is local or foreign, regional or national?

One fellow, hearing my exegesis extempore on this phenomenon of reasoning, spoke as follows: "If this is true, the national news magazine would be impossible." Editors today will think like this and never come to the great truth that a national news magazine is one of our best examples of localized reporting. *Time* and *Newsweek* are edited to the exclusion of millions of readers. They do not saturate a given area, as daily papers do, or try to. Their readership is selected, and it takes the great mass of 160 million Americans to produce readers enough to make up their circulation. If they relied on a single subdivision, such as Greater Boston or Greater Cleveland, where would they be? In short, they have aimed at relatively few, although numerically a large number, and have established that readership by adhering to their own style. They subscribe to the Associated Press too, but how often do they print the exact wording of the AP dispatch? The localness of such reading material may be more easily seen if you switch the consideration to something like the *Cotton and Wool Reporter*, and look at a national publication which has a single readership interest. They print only what can be woven in.

The Associated Press has within its organization a kind of denial of its own system. As stories proceed from point of origin to regional loops they are rewritten, cut down or enlarged, and tailored for local use. Theoretically, an editor has the right to query the AP over and beyond the routine dispatch if a special interest lies in his area. In practice, this isn't done much; for if it were, the AP would collapse with internal confusion — every editor would be yelling for an exclusive coverage. When the Brinks robbery came off, how many editors called back to AP with the obvious query, "How come an expressman has so much dough?" All over the United States there were uninformed readers who had never heard of Brinks and didn't know about the contract hauling of big money. When, months after the robbery, the *Saturday Evening Post* ran an article on Brinks Express, countless Americans said, "There, I've been wondering about that." So, while the AP shows that it respects regional differences of interest, the thing fails to come off mostly through indifference in the local editorial sanctum.

The false presumption that a story about Nasser, originated on the Nile, is per se news because it concerns the security of the world and may cause most of us to die sooner than we ought may have its absurdity demonstrated by the coincident competition, back in somebody's home town, of a basketball game. That doesn't mean Nasser is unimportant in the field of information. It means that if Nasser is that important, he must be presented to home-town readerships in competitive terms. He's got to show up at least as big as basketball. When the AP ticks out the evening's dispatch from the Nile, and strings of papers are made from telegraphic typesetters, all alike and none different, what chance has Nasser got? But if Kansas City can relate him to pork and grain, Boston to shipping and finances, and Lisbon Falls to woolen textiles, you've got a Nasser who means something.

It doesn't do much good nowadays to look at the little back-country dailies and weeklies to see how local news is covered. The little papers, their convictions dissipated, now try to look like the big papers. When you see a banner headline on the Crossroads *Courier* announcing a new fund drive by the Red Cross, you are correct in supposing that rural journalism is also confused.

I would suggest that Mr. Newton of the Tampa *Tribune*, instead of making speeches, roll up his sleeves and go to work. What good will a speech do? Editors will cheer a little, and politicians will smile. What has become of our great journalistic fraternity that it needs laws to protect it from lawmakers? I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggest Mr. Newton send a reporter to city hall and look up the mayor's birth certificate. Maybe the mayor is under age. Then, when the reporter comes back and says vital statistics are closed to the press, he can undertake reform right in Tampa. And when he comes out of court with Freedom of the Press secure and intact in his old home town, he'll feel a good deal better than a speech in Philadelphia ever made him. And the horrid pols in Washington will seem far away and that much less important. And I'll bet him a free editorial on mince pie that once all the local papers of this great nation mow their own lawns the Washington threat will dissolve. Just as soon as member editors get, once more, close enough to their readers to carry some weight, the AP will have less trouble getting through to the real news. The AP may even begin using it.

And if I should lose this bet, which I doubt, I'll wager further that my editorial on "Mince Pie As a Secret Weapon" will draw more mail than any other single pontification in the Tampa *Tribune* in ten years. Everybody eats. I wish we had an editor somewhere who would startle the AP by inquiring some dull evening if Nasser does. Or is this information withheld?

THAT'S FUNNY, WASN'T IT? NO, IT WON'T BE

by OGDEN NASH

STRANGER, ignore yon loud bassoon
And harken, ere thou departest,
To the plaintive notes of a minor tune,
The wail of the comic artist.
The shadows lengthen across his career,
Each day is a new conundrum,
As the wingèd horses of yesteryear
Are progressively shot from under him.

His predecessors had ready themes,
Dependable sturdy stanchions,
And never foresaw in their direst dreams
The birth of a social conscience.
A permanent company they employed
Of dramatis personae;
There were Abie and Ike, and Pat and Mike,
And Rastus, Ole, and Tony.

But the humor that once raised mirthful
whoops
Grew more and more precarious;
The facetious baiting of minor groups
Seemed less and less hilarious.
So the artist discarded the racial joke
And packed it away in camphor,
And assembled a group of risible folk
That nobody gives a damn for.

There's the couple marooned on the desert isle
With a caption faintly risqué,
And the portly sultan with lecherous smile
And entourage odalisqué,
The fakir complete with his bag of tricks,
The witch-doctor, his cousin-german,
The felon reviewing his awkward fix,
And the khan on the flying Kirman.

So far, so good, but the world is filled
With sensitive True Believers,
There may come a complaint from the Sultans'
Guild
Or the Magic Carpet Weavers.
How long can the ink-stained wretch rely
On his file of new side-splitters
In the face of a logical outraged cry
From the Union of Counterfeiters?

Stranger, the wedding feast is done,
But linger, ere thou departest,
To murmur a prayer, just a little one,
For the soul of the comic artist.
May he sit secure on a laughing star
And cartoon on heavenly ceilings
The saints, who so superior are
That nothing can hurt their feelings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Story

Now in his early thirties, MITCHELL J. STRUCINSKI *was born on Chicago's south side, where he went through grade school and then worked at several odd jobs in packing houses and stock rooms. During World War II he served with the Merchant Marine. It was at this time that his literary interests were aroused; and with the tutoring of a fellow officer, he spent three years catching up on the education he had missed. He has been writing seriously for the past six years. His first published story appeared in the* Atlantic *last November.*

A KELLY GREEN SWEATER

by MITCHELL J. STRUCINSKI

DURING the winter it was miserable work, but one of the first things we did on taking over was to put the stove into condition, so that at least we did not freeze. Burton, the yard owner, would sputter about the fire hazard and disclaim all responsibility, but we didn't let his fretting trouble us. There weren't any boats near enough to be harmed, and if we lost the *Beguine* we wouldn't be losing a heck of a lot. Ted and I had convinced Burton that the fifteen hundred we offered would be his best price. The way Burton snapped it up suggested he agreed with us.

She was in terrible shape. There wasn't much we could do with the hull that winter, except locate the more obvious rotten spots. But we could and did strip the layers of paint some oaf had slapped on the rich mahogany paneling of her cabins. We cleaned her, dropped in a new engine, and waited for milder weather to give us a crack at the outside.

Getting a part of that ketch was a break for me. I wouldn't have been able to afford any part of a sixty-five-foot boat if Ted hadn't been able to pay two thirds of the expenses we were sharing. During the war I'd saved enough at sea to make me feel reasonably well off, for a punk not yet twenty-five, but I wasn't a rich man by any definition.

It gave me a big bang to ask the toolroom guys at Danly's, where I worked, if they'd like to work on my boat some weekend. Expecting, as they did, a Star or a Comet, they were stunned when I led them up the ladder and into the cockpit. The guilt they felt made them work just a little harder grinding the Gray's valves, or ironing out kinks in the windlass, and I let them do it as a measure of retribution for their initial doubts.

When the weather got better we had five or six guys and their wives or girl friends scraping paint, sanding woodwork, or calking. About two thirty Ted would drive up to North Avenue, pick up some smoked fish, a case of beer, some bread and cheese, and we'd knock off for lunch. We had some pretty good times there in the yard before we put her in the water. This was due to a great extent to our helpers, who were more than a little patient and entertaining. They knew summer wasn't far off, and were counting on at least one weekend on the *Beguine.* Under those conditions, it's surprising how much work you can get out of people. The nice thing about it was that if they stopped showing up after the third or fourth time they forfeited any claims on us. Perhaps we weren't being too nice, but neither were the people who came out, with the exception of old man Nelson, and he didn't count. They wanted a lot of fun, with a minimum of work, and we wanted the reverse.

With the old man, however, it was different. The day the *Beguine* was to be launched, we discovered a bad pipe in the head, enough to cause a bilge problem. Ted and I were working on it when this old character offered to help. He was a little man, five four, maybe an inch or so over, who looked as if he'd just about had it. Dried up, the way small-boned people become when they start pushing seventy.

Ted was ready to give Burton the job. We were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tired of fooling with her and wanted to get on the lake. But after the old man said he was a plumber, had been one all his life, before lead poisoning or something of that sort got the best of him, Ted decided to let him go ahead. He had some tools in the back seat of a Model A parked outside the yard, and the way he hurried made you want to pat the old guy on the head and tell him to take it easy. He finished quickly, and we offered to pay him, but he wouldn't take any money.

Around one thirty Burton put her in the water. She floated true and trim. A sweet boat, a sailor's boat. The old man stood by as we fueled and prepared to cast off. His eyes were bright, and you could see the admiration shining there like a diamond in the dust. I felt sorry for him. He'd worked his butt off, and all we'd given him was a can of beer and some fish. Half joking, but wanting him to know how I felt, I asked him if he wanted a ride.

"Oh," he said, the way a kid might. Just "Oh." No more.

"You ready?" Ted was fiddling restlessly with the starter button. "It's getting late."

"How about it?" I don't know why, but I felt I ought to get some definite answer from the old man.

He jumped aboard. Burton got off his fanny long enough to cast our lines free.

Ted gave me one of those cold looks. "You sure you want to come?" he said to the old man. "We're taking her up to Evanston." That was news. Last time I'd heard anything we were supposed to head for the Monroe Street mooring.

"If you don't mind." Nelson looked ready to jump back ashore, but we'd already drifted eight or ten feet from the dock.

"Glad to have you aboard," Ted answered, and he hit the starter.

She fired up nice and sweet. We came around and headed downriver, past all that terrific scenery they've got up there near Division: the factories, the slum buildings, and Monkey Ward's. The old man just stood in the cockpit, watching the shoreline slip by, getting a big boot from the way traffic stopped at the drawbridges when they opened to let us slip between their towering leaves. After a bit, when we got down to where the two branches meet, below Grand Avenue, he wandered up forward and I had a chance to talk to Ted.

"What's this Evanston thing? I thought we were headed for the mooring."

"You don't mind if we take a couple of girls out for a run, do you? First trip. We ought to celebrate a little."

Ted usually plans these things carefully, and all we had on board was a few scraps of our lunch and a little beer. I shrugged. What the hell, if he didn't want the old man aboard he could have said so, instead of dreaming up a sudden party.

"What about stores?"

Any time we were in hailing distance of the boat we'd fall into that lingo, something we never used away from the boatyard. It made us feel a little like old times, when we were shipping out on those crummy Liberties during the war. That's really all Ted and I had in common; those few trips, and that torpedoing. The *Beguine* was an afterthought, a memento to a past I think we knew even then was dead.

"We can pick up some stuff downtown."

He tied up at the Wabash bridge and we left the old man to watch her while we hustled down to the Stop & Shop. It was midafternoon of a warm, late-April day, and when we came back we found the usual crowd leaning on the concrete railing watching our boat. I'd seen it a hundred times, been a part of a crowd like that, and I felt sorry for them when we pulled out. I knew that feeling of being left behind.

2

We cleared the locks and hoisted sail. She came alive in the six-knot breeze blowing over her port quarter. I took the wheel, and Ted went below to clean up.

She was a sweet ship. Sixty-five feet at the waterline, another ten added on deck by a long counter, and she had a bowsprit that jutted practically to the horizon, it seemed like. I've been on a lot of ships, before and since, some of them among the biggest afloat, but there's nothing to equal the feeling of immensity and at-seaness you get in the cockpit of a good-sized ketch running before the wind. We had a racing suit, but were only using three sails. From the way she dug her nose in, not sounding, just digging in the way a good miler does with every stride, I wondered why, in her younger days, she hadn't won more than that one Mackinac thrash. I wished she were all mine, so I wouldn't have to share her; not with Ted, not with anyone.

I let the old man take her for a while. He handled her like he would that Model A of his. Once I grabbed the wheel to keep him from jibing her. After a few minutes he got the feel, and didn't do too badly. For an old codger he knew enough to listen when he was supposed to. He didn't look much like a sailor, standing there in those filthy overalls, a thin ruff of gray hair plastered across his bony skull, sweat marks on his face and dirt on his hands where he'd been grubbing in her bowels.

When Ted came up, spruce, clean, and crew-cut, I took the old man below while I cleaned up. I had to hurry, because we were nearing Evanston, and before I was ready Ted called me to help tie up. He left as soon as he could, to do some telephoning, I guessed. Most people you invite on a boat like the *Beguine*, even if they do live in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evanston or Winnetka, will be waiting on the dock when you come in. It didn't matter, but I was still a little sore. I know I shouldn't have been, yet I often found myself getting angry with Ted for things I would have overlooked before we got the boat.

I didn't know how long we'd have to wait, so I opened some beer, made some sandwiches, and the old man and I ate in the cockpit. Nelson was still excited.

"What does a boat like this cost?" he asked.

"You couldn't touch one new for under twenty-five."

His face lit up. "Well, now. That doesn't sound so bad. Twenty-five hundred, eh?"

"Grand."

The light went out. "Oh."

"Planning on getting one?"

"I . . . I couldn't afford anything this big."

"You could always fix it yourself, the way we did."

I didn't want him to think we had such a hot-shot boat. She looked good, all right, but she was old and tired, and her biggest charm for me was that she was partly mine. Alongside one of the boats they turn out in Maine she would have looked sick.

He nodded. "How big a boat do you think I could get for . . ." He paused momentarily. You could see him doing the math work, balancing living expenses against the bank account, pruning, trimming, cutting, compromising. ". . . for twenty-seven hundred?"

"Does it have to be sail?"

"No. Just something a man could live on."

"There's some pretty fair buys in twenty-foot cruisers, if you scout around."

"Yes. I think I'd like something like that."

Usually I'm not very nosy. I'm not interested enough in people to pry into their business. If they want to tell me something, I'll listen, but I don't generally ask. But this guy got under my skin.

It's a long, sad story notable only in that it's so damned undifferent from any story any old man in any big town can tell, except that where other men want a home or a trip around the world, Nelson wanted a boat. I thought of the little guy making a living installing water closets and pipes and sewer lines, and all the other stuff it takes to get rid of other people's filth, and, in all those dank basements, on those cold and noisy construction jobs, dreaming all the time about this boat he would, maybe, own before he died.

I've never met anybody who hated the city as Nelson did. Hate isn't the word. There isn't one to describe it.

"Filth, that's what it is," he said, his gray eyes flaring. "Cold and filthy and inhuman, a sewer I'll get away from if it kills me."

What makes people feel that way can be almost anything, but mostly it's loneliness. I've never seen a guy who was alone for very long turn into a humanitarian. Why it is, I don't know. Something in them sours. Maybe they're bitter because they're lonely, and maybe they're lonely because they started out bitter, who knows? It's like the chicken and the egg. The terrible thing is that they keep hoping. Every once in a while they drop their guard, the scared and lonely ones, and sure as hell somebody sneaks in a punch that only makes them more unhappy and distrustful.

Ted finally showed up, with five girls and a couple of guys. They all looked alike, college stuff. Tall, quiet, and snotty as hell. I got ready for an evening of being ignored. I've never been able to hit it off with a bunch like that. I'm a Polak, and for a Polak a good time means lots of noise. Their idea of noise wouldn't pass for a Sunday afternoon ping-pong game in Brighton Park. If I started off all right with one of those dames, inside of an hour I could be sure she'd be looking and acting as if I were something that had wandered out of the stockyards. The thing is, I *do* belong down in the yards, so I suppose I shouldn't be too unhappy. But it does get on a guy's nerves after a while.

They looked at Nelson as if we'd just pulled him out of the water, then ignored him. The sun had turned a deep orange just above the trees, and a cool wind was pushing the *Beguine* away from her dock. I saw the old man shiver, and noticed he wasn't wearing anything under his overalls. I went below, found an old Kelly High sweater in a locker where I'd tossed it during the winter, and gave it to the old man. He looked at the big white K on the green material, turned it inside out, and pulled it over his head. It was way the hell too big, but it would keep him warm.

"Thanks for helping," I said, letting him know this was the end of the line for him.

"It wasn't anything. I like working around boats. I enjoyed myself." We shook hands, and he was halfway up the pier before I snapped.

"Hey, Nelson," I called, and hurried up to him.

He stopped.

"You got carfare?"

"Well . . . I'm all right. Good night."

I grabbed his arm and shoved a fin into his pocket. His hand dove after it, and he looked angry. "This is too much," he protested.

"Forget it. Let me know how you make out with the boat." He started to beef some more, but I walked away. What the hell was I to do, let him walk all the way back to Division Street?

3

THAT virgin trip was a real blowout. We took the *Beguine* out into the middle of the lake and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let her fend for herself. In the morning we pulled into Saugatuck, and didn't get back to the west shore until practically daylight Monday. Ted said he'd take her down to Monroe Street alone, which was great with me, because I had to hustle to work. If Danly's wasn't near the elevated out there in Cicero I never would have made it that day. I was in bad shape and, as it was, nearly an hour late.

We had a good time on the *Beguine* that summer. Just about the kind of time you'd expect from a couple of guys like Ted and me. That's a summer I'm not likely to forget very soon, both for the pleasure I had and for what happened later.

Nelson showed up in the bar at Monroe Street one Friday afternoon. That was before they redid the place, when they had that tiny warren of a bar that always reminded me of the saloon on a Mexican tanker Ted and I sailed on the Aruba to Rio run. Nelson had the sweater with him.

"I suppose it's all right for me to come here," he said, after we shook hands and I introduced him to this girl from my neighborhood. "I'm an owner now."

"Great. What did you find?"

"Twenty-six feet. Inboard, too."

I nodded. "In the water yet?"

"Well . . . no, not yet. She needs a little work."

That could mean anything from a replanking to a paint job, so I let it slide. I wasn't too eager to press the conversation. I mean, I was glad to see him, and it was nice of him to bring the sweater, although I never wore it again, but I had this broad who'd spent four years at the state university, a dentist's daughter from my part of town, and she was about as much at home in Ted's bunch as I was, so we were hitting it off pretty good even that early in the weekend.

"When you taking me out?"

"Soon as she's in. I'd like you to see her." He took a deep breath. "I'm doing it, Stan. I'm getting away." He said it as if he thought it mattered to me, and I smiled politely.

How can I tell you about the pleasure in his face when he said that? I can't, so I won't try, except to say a guy in a death cell must have that look when the warden shows up with a commutation instead of the green-room key five minutes before it's time to go.

To be honest, I couldn't figure out what he was talking about for a minute. I kept quiet and looked as interested as I could, what with the gal pressing her knee against my leg.

"It's all set. I've got a job lined up in Florida, selling plumbing. It's not much, bread and butter, and maybe a beer, but I can live on the boat. Figure I'll take the boat around the long way."

That meant going up the Lakes, down the canal and the intracoastal to Florida. A nice trip.

"I'll see you before you leave, won't I?"

"You damn betcha," he grinned. "We'll throw a party."

4

Ted and I wound up the summer in good shape. I forgot Nelson, he wasn't the kind of person you remember, and would have forgotten about his boat if we hadn't decided to put the *Beguine* into storage early.

We took her upriver one Saturday late in September. Indian summer was with us, and the black-brown river water, loaded with the excretions of a thousand factories and a million homes, roiled and tumbled as the gases worked their way to the surface in huge belches that burst with a stench you could almost feel. Ted was aboard only because he would never trust me to pilot in constricted waters, and he pushed her. He was always in a hurry. This time he had to be in Evanston by two.

It wasn't until we put out a couple of light lines at the boatyard dock that I realized Nelson was launching his boat. He was hovering around the war surplus crane Burton uses for lowering light boats into the water. He waved to us, but not with much enthusiasm. He was busy trying to get Burton to finish the job.

Ted and I walked over. All we could see was Burton's big rump bent over the engine.

"How soon can you get to us, Burt?" It was our tacit agreement that Ted would handle things like this. People would listen to him, where they'd start an argument with me.

Burton stuck his head up over his shoulder. "Take it easy," he rasped. "I got him in the sling right now. One thing at a time." He dove back into the engine. I watched Ted's face grow red. We looked at Nelson.

"The crane engine keeps stalling. He's been working on it all morning."

Ted crawled into the cab to have a look.

"Well," Nelson said, giving me a grin and pointing. "There she is."

I remembered the boat as soon as I saw it. Burton had been shoving it around the yard for years, hoping some simp would come along and fall for it. She was an old work boat with lines like a log boom, and looked to be nearly as heavy. No wonder it had taken Nelson all summer to put her in shape. When I'd looked her over a couple of years earlier, back when Ted and I first started shopping for a boat, she had been no more than a husk of dry-rotted timbers. The deckhouse Nelson had built — square-topped and slab-sided — was no improvement. It made her look like a floating privy.

"I did all the work myself," he bragged. "What do you think?"

She looked to me like one good sea would rip her to pieces. "She's roomy enough," I finally said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That made him happy. He spent the next fifteen minutes taking me around, showing how he'd fitted in an extra bunk and rigged a water tank. It was all right. Plain and simple, and ready to be lived in if you were an old man who didn't want or expect too much.

He'd changed his mind about taking the long way around, when he saw it would take the better part of the summer to finish the boat. "Have to be in St. Pete before the middle of October. So I figure to go down the river and along the Gulf Coast. Won't have much time for fiddling around, but she'll make it in plenty of time."

That was a sensible idea. I couldn't see her in any part of the Atlantic, however sheltered, not during winter. She wouldn't have had much chance in the Lakes either, not even in a summer blow. The river was a much better idea.

We heard the crane grumble a couple of times and sputter into life. By the time we were on the ground she'd stalled again. It sounded like plugs to me, but I didn't say anything, figuring if Burton didn't know — and even if he did — Ted would have told him by now. After another half hour they had the engine running on most of its cylinders.

Burton took up the strain slowly. The sling tightened; Nelson's boat resisted for a second or two, then left her cradle. The wire sling stretched and grew taut, quivering a little, and I got nervous. She was a lot of boat for a crane that size. Burton eased her around to the water and started lowering away. Everything was moving along nicely, although I stayed well clear of the load.

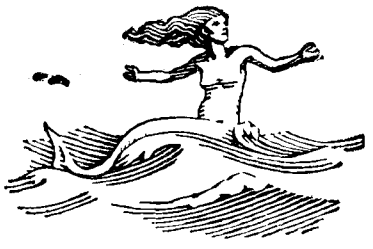
As the boat came down to dock level Nelson grabbed a boat hook and jumped aboard. That started the boat swaying like a pendulum. Just then the motor backfired and stalled with a violent jerk. The boat bounced once at the end of the boom, then one line on the sling snapped with that hard, zinging sound wire makes when it goes. The other one went right after that — *zing, zang.* I ducked.

The shock flipped Nelson out of the boat and into the water as if he were a paper doll. The boat slammed down, hitting a piling before striking the water. She threw up a big splash, and the backwash put a heavy strain on the half-inch line we'd used to tie up the *Beguine.* I heard it go with a soft pop. We jumped for our boat, Ted and I, and hit the deck just as our stern line parted. She wasn't going anyplace, and there wasn't any traffic to worry about, but it became instinct after a while to keep your boat under control, and we were acting on that impulse. The current carried us sluggishly into midstream while we were starting the motor, and the *Beguine* was nosing back toward the boatyard before I had a chance to look around at what had happened.

Nelson's boat was down by the bow so much the stern was four feet out of the water. She was a goner. I couldn't understand why she was going down so quickly, until I saw about twenty board feet of rotten planking, ripped out of her side when she brushed the piling, floating a few feet downstream. One second we were watching her in the sling, and the old man jumping aboard; the next she was going under, and we were out in midstream watching it.

I looked around but couldn't see the old man. They didn't find him until nearly midnight, when they grappled in the muck near Division Street. It looked as if he'd been hit in the head by a flailing sling. I suppose somebody should have jumped in after him, when the sling broke, but Ted and I were busy with our boat. Burton was too scared to do anything but yelp and toss a life ring into the river, where it did nobody any good.

It was a hell of a way to go, for anybody, but especially bad for the old man. I wondered if he were conscious when he hit the water, if he knew he was ending up in all the filth he'd been trying all his life to escape. I hoped not. I hoped it wasn't true, as much for his sake as mine. Ted probably didn't care one way or the other. He wasn't given to worrying about other people very much. Burton at least had tossed that useless life ring. But I'd been busy with the boat. The only thing I'd ever done for the old man was to give him a moth-eaten sweater, and a five-dollar bill he didn't need. None of us ever thought to give him the thing he needed most. Maybe it was because we didn't have it to give.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Metallic meteorites," says N. J. BERRILL, *"have long puzzled mankind. Stony ones have not always been recognized. Now we can add a third kind, the small glass meteorites known as tektites found scattered over wide areas of the Australian desert and various other naked regions of the earth. What are they made of, and by what means could they have become what they are? The answer seems to point to a planet that once existed not too far away but no longer exists." Professor of Zoology at McGill University, Mr. Berrill is the author of several books, including* Journey Into Wonder, Sex and the Nature of Things, *and* Man's Emerging Mind.

THE LOST PLANET

by N. J. BERRILL

1

A FEW years ago, having seen some aerial photos of a craterlike rim showing through the snow in the Ungava region of northern Quebec, Arctic prospector Fred Chubb and Ben Meen of the Royal Ontario Museum flew north to look it over. Within a year, in 1951, they returned to Quebec as part of an expedition sent jointly by the Museum and the National Geographic Society of the U.S. Their findings are now history. The crater is 11,500 feet from rim to rim, and the depth from the rim to the bottom of the lake more than 1300 feet, but the exciting find was evidence of a great metallic meteorite possibly a mile in diameter lying shattered deep beneath the surface. Until the Chubb crater was discovered, the famous meteoritic crater in Arizona, less than half the diameter and depth of Chubb, was the largest known. In both cases the meteorite struck the earth's surface at a sharp angle, blasting a circular hole but coming to rest in rock below the rim of one side. Some idea of the impact is given by the granite ridges which spread like ripples away from the crater rim, and scientists have estimated that the meteorite struck at a speed somewhere between 30,000 and 150,000 miles an hour.

A very large lump of metal evidently descended from outer space at a very considerable speed. The question is, Where did it come from? Where have they all come from, the large and the small, the metallic meteorites and the stony ones, not to mention the shooting stars that flare through the upper atmosphere but never reach the earth's surface? And the comets that give us a near miss once in a while? Space, at least in our neighborhood, seems a little cluttered up with small odds and ends. Are they leftovers from something or are they the result of a celestial smashup not too far away? Put them all together and we get a story.

Metallic meteorites have long puzzled mankind. Stony ones have not always been recognized. Now we can add a third kind, the small glass meteorites known as tektites found scattered over wide areas of the Australian desert and various other naked regions of the earth. All of them are of interest, for they are the only samples of matter which we can touch and investigate in the laboratory that are not part of our own planet. They are fragments, to be sure, but they are fragments with a history that can to some extent be deciphered, just as we can find meaning in a clay tablet from Mesopotamia or in a fossil skull of subhuman shape. For each kind of meteorite the first questions are, What are they made of, and by what means could they have become what they are? The answer in each case seems to point to a planet that once existed not too far away but no longer exists. In fact there is room for one between Mars and Jupiter, and that is where it may well have been.

Mars, the only planet besides the earth with any visible sign of life, has been the brightest object in the sky apart from the moon during recent months. The earth, traveling faster on its inner track, has bypassed the smaller planet at a distance of about 35 million miles, which it does after every sixteen years. Working out from the sun, the distances between the planets increase with each step. The rule was stated as long ago as 1772, by Johann Bode, and assigns the following numbers as closely representing the distances from the sun: Mercury 4, Venus 7, Earth 10, Mars 16, —— 28, Jupiter 52, Saturn 100, —— 196. Within ten years the outer of the two vacant places was discovered to be occupied by Uranus; and within another ten years, in 1801, a tiny planet less than 500 miles across and only one fifth the diameter of the moon was found circling in the inner of the two vacant orbits,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between Mars and Jupiter. Such a minute planet, which was called Ceres, was too little to make sense among its larger neighbors and yet too big to be ignored.

Others soon turned up, none of them as large as the first but in astonishing numbers. By 1942 as many as 1539 had been plotted and numbered, while the number seen now is close to 2000. We may call them planets out of courtesy, but they are remarkable in several ways. Only 4 exceed one hundred miles in diameter; 195 are between twenty-five and sixty; 193 are between ten and twenty-five miles across; while the vast majority are of even smaller dimensions. Moreover, most of them have queer irregular shapes. One of them, Eros, is fourteen miles long and four in diameter. Put them all together — all those that are known and the host that probably exist but are too small to see — and you still have a collection amounting to no more than one five-hundredth of the bulk of the earth. The majority circle the sun in the orbit between Mars and Jupiter, but many are decidedly erratic and swing all the way across the paths of the earth and Venus as well. In recent years two of these, about a mile across, have come within one million miles of the earth, which is just a little close for comfort. The Arizona and Chubb craters with their buried meteorites show that once in a while they do collide, for these meteorites are similar in size to those that have been spotted passing by. The wonder is that we have as little traffic trouble as we do.

What happened out there beyond Mars to account for the multitude of fragments that are flying about? Either a planet in the making failed to be put together properly or else a well-made planet exploded or in some other way smashed up. Could such a planet have supported living beings intelligent enough, though dumb enough, to have started an atomic bomb chain reaction powerful enough to have blown their planet apart? It is extremely unlikely, but considering our own recent and continuing state of jitters it is natural to ask the question. If the planet belonged where we think it did — roughly 100 million miles further from the sun than Mars — the answer is no. At that distance water would never be liquid; and as we cannot imagine life in any other terms, such an explanation appears to be ruled out. What then?

The answer, such as it is, lies at our feet. The several kinds of meteorites scattered over the earth's surface have been carefully examined and analyzed, particularly during the last few years, and the facts seem to fit together remarkably well. The heavy metallic meteorites have naturally received attention for the longest time, for their weight and circumstance make them rather obviously out of place. Whenever they land, the general story is that of a fiery mass suddenly appearing in the sky and accompanied by sound like the thunder of guns. Throughout the ages the larger ones have usually been worshiped as having been sent by the gods, and even primitive man seems to have recognized their celestial origin. The "Black Stone" of the Kaaba, the holiest of holies of the Mohammedans, is undoubtedly a meteorite with its strange black crust.

The likelihood that meteorites are fragments of one or more planets has opened up the exciting opportunity to find out just how planets are made, quite apart from curiosity concerning what happened to break one into small pieces. We know a lot about the earth, it is true, but mostly by indirect measurement and calculation. Even the deepest mines are but scratches in the crust, and we have no chance of exploring the deep interior, let alone taking it all apart and still being around after the event to look at the bits.

2

The largest meteorite on display weighs thirty-three tons, was found in Greenland by Robert Peary in 1897, and may be seen in the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. In general the metallic meteorites are composed of iron and nickel. This in itself is significant, for it shows that matter in space is similar to matter on earth. The iron-nickel lumps, however, are peculiar. When a meteorite is cut and polished, and the cut surface etched, crystal structures appear which alternate between nickel-rich and nickel-poor bands of a special kind. The same kind of pattern has been produced by Dr. H. H. Uhlig in his laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, though on a much smaller scale, by very slow cooling of a hot mixture of the two metals. The size and pattern of the crystals in the meteorites, however, show that the cooling process must have taken millions of years and that they were produced under pressures of many thousand atmospheres. So what can we think except that the crystalline metallic meteorites were formed from the liquid metal deep in the interior of a fairly large planet? For only there would pressures be great enough and the cooling process slow enough to produce the particular structure that we see. As a matter of fact metallurgists who have examined meteoritic crystals microscopically have found evidence of a sudden release of the tremendous pressure, as if there had been an explosive disruption.

So much for the chemist. Now the nuclear physicist enters the picture. Iron meteorites contain extremely small amounts of uranium; and as we all know, uranium is a radioactive element. As such it not only is a basis for bombs and atomic power but serves as a clock for timing events as old as the universe itself. The uranium breaks down into a special form of lead and produces helium in the process, but at an astonishingly low rate. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rate of decay is so slow and at the same time so constant that if the proportions of these substances are determined, the age of the rock containing them can be stated with a certain amount of accuracy. Some of the oldest rock in Canada, for instance, which even shows traces of microscopic fossil plants, is found by this method to be two billion years old, or about half as old as the planet itself is thought to be. Employing the same method, in particular the proportion of uranium to lead, Dr. Harrison Brown of the University of Chicago has estimated that uranium in the Bethany meteorite now at Harvard University has been decaying for about 4.5 billion years. In other words, the meteoritic metal solidified from the liquid state as long ago as that, presumably during the early days of the planet of which it was a part. Accordingly the planet of the meteorites came into existence at much the same time as the earth and by much the same sort of process.

That was the beginning, but there was also an end, and here again the meteorites tell their own story. Not all the helium produced within the meteorites comes from the decay of uranium. Much of it comes, apparently, as the result of bombardment of the iron by cosmic rays. When the quantity of helium present is known, the length of time the meteorites have been flying about, as fragments incessantly subjected to the action of high-energy cosmic rays, can be calculated. According to Dr. Fred Singer of the University of Maryland this period, for the four meteorites analyzed, turns out to be about 300 million years — a long time, to be sure, but pretty recent compared with the 4500 million years the meteorite substance has existed in solid form. It comes to this: that the planet which first congealed 4.5 billion years ago broke up with a bang a few hundred million years ago at the most, sometime during the great age of reptiles on the earth.

3

What kind of planet was it and how did it come to get smashed? According to Dr. G. P. Kuiper of Yerkes Observatory it never really became a planet, but remained half put together right from the first. His theory is that four to five billion years ago a group of small planets 30 to 500 miles in diameter formed from collections of dust between Mars and Jupiter. Internal radioactivity caused them to heat up and melt, only to solidify again, and during this process of solidification the stony and metallic materials separated into stony crusts and metallic cores. Eventually they collided and broke into smaller pieces, to give us meteorites on earth, asteroids in their orbits, and comets that travel on the wildest courses. Yet other scientists believe that at least one planet must have been almost as large as the earth. For even a planet as large as Mars, with a diameter of over 4000 miles, or more than half the diameter of the earth, appears to have no core of heavy metal and is little heavier than stone throughout.

A planet apparently must be almost as large as the earth before its own pull of gravity is great enough to cause the original mixture of heavy and light materials to separate out to form a stony crust and metallic center. Yet this is what the various kinds of meteorites forcibly suggest. Some are nickel-iron similar to what we believe the central core of the earth to be; some are stony like our oldest rocks; and some are glassy, the lightest of all. So the odds are in favor of a fairly large planet, although one is not enough. It takes at least two planets to make a collision, though not necessarily two planets of the same size.

All we know is that there is planetary debris flying around that looks as though it had been part of a large planet which somehow had a smashup. Supposing a pair of planets, one of them something like the earth and the other perhaps not much larger than the moon, had been born within the belt between Jupiter and Mars, why should they have had such an accident? Planets are not likely to collide unless there is interference from a third party. Here lies the answer; for whether or not we are right in thinking there must have been two planets traveling much the same circuit, the giant Jupiter circling near by like a great magnet would have made its presence felt. Jupiter would have continually changed their individual orbits, and differently in the two cases. Sooner or later their paths would cross, and it was later rather than sooner when they did. For more than four billion years they kept apart, with how many near misses no one will ever know, only to crash together in relatively recent solar system times.

Supposing this combination of facts and conjecture is reasonably correct, what kind of planet came to its premature end? The several kinds of meteorites combine to fill in some detail. Meteorites may be iron, stony-iron, or stone, a series which grade one into the other and all with certain complex minerals which are not found on the earth. It certainly seems that they have come from one source despite their obvious differences. According to Dr. Paneth the three kinds — iron, iron and stone mixtures, and stone — probably separated from an originally homogeneous mixture when the planet was first forming, just as in the case of the earth with its metallic core and stony crust. For if the earth should blow up or otherwise come apart at its seams in an explosive fashion, it would strew the space it travels in with stony, stony-iron, and iron meteorites just as surely. The lost planet therefore most likely had a more or less metallic core, a stony crust, and a mixture in between. Unless a planet is large enough the power of gravity within it is not strong enough to bring about such a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separation. The earth is big enough, as we know, but Mars is not, for Mars has been weighed by astrophysicists, by their own peculiar methods, and found wanting. The missing planet accordingly was considerably larger than Mars but smaller than the earth, for the shape and mechanical strength of the iron meteorites are such that the core they came from was not a single spherical mass of metal but was intermingled with stone.

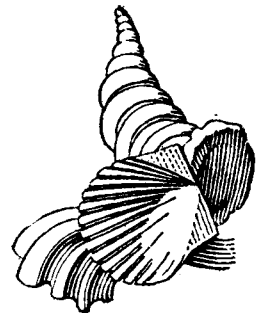
Apart from this question of size, we know something about its crust. In the first place the minerals which are peculiar to the meteorites, especially in the stony kind, do not exist on earth for the reason that in the presence of water and oxygen they would soon be changed to other kinds. So water and oxygen almost certainly were absent from the crust and surface of the planet.

4

In addition to stone and iron meteorites, another kind lies widely scattered and shattered on the face of the earth. They are the small and glassy tektites which are strewn over the Australian desert, over an area of more than two million square miles, far from any volcanoes that might possibly have produced them. Only their descent from space seems to fit all the facts, and it seems reasonable to suppose they came from the same general region as the rest of the meteorites. If so, then in all probability they represent the glassy surface of the broken planet. For just as metal sinks toward the center of a large planet in the making, and stone is left as the crust, so the lightest material, which is glass, spills onto the surface to form a brittle skin. There is little doubt that the earth itself possessed such a glistening surface at a very early stage in its career, but water erosion has long since destroyed it. But without water as such, the lost planet retained its original coat until the time of its destruction. How such showers of meteoritic glass reached the earth is another question, though one that carries us one step further in reconstructing the planet.

The tiny meteors that burn out as shooting stars as they enter our atmosphere and the larger meteorites that land with much of their substance still intact are not the only wanderers in near-by space. There are also the comets, more than 100,000 of them, each showing its tail as it nears the sun on its wild flight from far outer space and back. They are considered to have had their origin within the solar system no matter how far into the void they travel before they return again. At the same time the orbits of the comets are so fantastic it seems impossible that they were born at the same time as the planets swinging their orderly way around the sun. What is more likely than that they are pieces of the outer frozen envelope of our lost planet, like the icy crust of Jupiter, sent violently out of the original course by the great collision?

The spectrum of comets seems to confirm this view, for they are now known to consist largely of frozen gaseous matter such as ammonia, carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen. Each time a comet approaches the sun, much of this material is heated up and swept away by the sun's rays, to form the comet's tail. So perhaps with every passing comet we actually see what might have been a planet's atmosphere had the planet survived and had it spun in its course a little nearer to the sun. It would have been an atmosphere that could not have supported life as we know it, but it would have been an atmosphere similar to what the earth most likely started with. Given a somewhat different place in the solar system and no companion to get in its way, the lost planet might well have flowered in its time and produced a living world to match the earth. As it was, it was born in sterility and died in catastrophe.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After military service in World War II, SIGURD RISLOV *taught philosophy at Olympic College, Bremerton, Washington. He also had the broad shoulders for administrative work. In 1952 he was appointed to his present position as Dean of Lower Columbia Junior College, in the state of Washington. Thus he has been an active participant in this newest development in the educational system of the West Coast.*

THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

by SIGURD RISLOV

1

SINCE the turn of the century, a new educational institution has appeared in America. During the past twenty years, it has grown at an accelerated pace and there are reasons for believing that it will become standard equipment in the nation's public school program.

This institution is the public two-year college, sometimes called a junior college, a community college, or just plain college. The typical community college is a local organization, either district or county. Nine tenths of its students live within a 35-mile radius. There are no fraternities or sororities and usually no dormitories. It boasts small classes, emphasis on teaching, a comprehensive advisory and counseling program for its students, and a personal student-teacher relationship. It undertakes three major functions.

First and paramount is its program of lower-division, freshman-sophomore, courses paralleling the state university and other senior institutions. Students planning to specialize in any of the regular or academic professional areas, such as law, medicine, dentistry, engineering, teaching, business, psychology, physics, chemistry, botany, can begin college in their own community and transfer with comparable advanced standing to senior institutions for completion of their training without loss of time or credits. About 35 per cent of the full-time students in community colleges complete advanced work at a senior institution.

Second, it provides terminal training for students who are not going to be baccalaureate candidates but who want and need more education than high school provides. For these there are such alternatives as trade courses in airframe and aircraft engine mechanics, auto mechanics, radio and television servicing, metal shop, machine shop, or courses for the semiprofessional technician in the various branches of engineering or in laboratories. Some terminal students take business courses, secretarial training, or agriculture. Others take regular lower-division college courses in order to be more knowledgeable persons with broader intellectual and emotional horizons, whatever their occupations.

Besides these two services for the college-age population, the community college attempts to be an educational and cultural reservoir for the adult population of the area. This is its third function and it does this in several ways. One is by providing evening courses for people already employed or in business. The content of such courses is determined by the nature of the group for which they are operated and by interests and wants of the population. There may be classes in modern world problems, history, psychology, philosophy, economics, or whatever interest and facilities warrant. Many of the adults in these classes are college graduates who either want to take those courses which their degree requirements excluded, or want to retake some they once had in order to renew acquaintance with an area of worth to them. Others are without academic degrees, but wish to drink deeper at the Pierian spring.

Another primarily adult service of the community college is to act as a focal point for cultural activities. Do those with musical ability wish to cultivate their talents? The college organizes a chorus, an orchestra, or produces an opera with a local cast. Are there people willing to put forth a concerted effort to make better sense out of current affairs? A college-community forum is organized and leading figures in contemporary problems are brought in to present their views and discuss possible solutions. Comparable assistance can be given to amateur thespians, writers, artists, both in performance and appreciation.

This triadic obligation — to the university-bound student, to the terminal student, and to the adult — is, of course, not assumed by every two-year college. Some have a highly specialized objective to which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all else is legitimately subordinate. What has been described is what appears to be the emerging pattern for the typical public two-year college.

2

How have communities responded to these functions? If the willingness of the public to tax itself in support of these colleges and to enroll in their courses is an index to public response, then the increase during the past fifty years in both the numbers of colleges and their enrollments is indeed an impressive reply. According to the Junior College Directory for 1957 there were no public two-year colleges in the United States in 1900. By 1930 there were 178 with 45,021 students enrolled. By 1956 there were 357 and enrollment had reached 680,000. During the latter twenty-six-year period, the increase was about five times that of higher education institutions. The trend continues.

Financial support is provided by a combination of student tuition and local and state taxes. S. V. Martorana of the Office of Education, United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, lists twenty-six states in which general legislation pertaining to junior colleges exists. Junior colleges are located in twelve other states, some by virtue of special legislation, others without benefit of either special or general legislation. Extensive community college growth has occurred in the Rocky Mountain states, California, Mississippi, Texas, and Washington. The movement is also active in Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin.

Granted that this institution has had a spectacular reception, what can be said about its future? Is it a temporary aberration from the educational pattern, or will it become standard equipment?

That further adjustments in the educational organization will occur seems reasonably certain. Of the many circumstances causing this, three are of particular importance. One is the continuing high birth rate of the past dozen years. Most communities are well acquainted with the desperate attempts to provide facilities and teachers for the consequent vast increase in elementary enrollments. This will, obviously, move on through the secondary school and be reflected on the college level. How much this will affect college enrollments will vary in the different states. For the nation as a whole, predictions for 1970 indicate an expected increase in all colleges ranging from 70 to 150 per cent. Where college facilities are economically and physically available, enrollment increases can be expected to be greater than college-age population increases. For example, enrollment increased 100 per cent at Lower Columbia Junior College during the past six years, while the college-age population in the area increased only 20 per cent. This is representative of trends elsewhere.

Other factors, such as the costs to the student, variety of offerings, military duty, and confidence in the worth of higher education, will influence enrollments. This accounts for some of the differences in predictions. All agree that vast increases will occur.

Another important circumstance is the change in the kinds of work in which our population is employed. Because of the increased use of capital goods in the manufacture of consumer goods, a rapidly increasing proportion of employees are in skilled, technical, and semiprofessional occupations. This increase is occurring not only in industry but in agricultural, governmental, and social service areas. These positions require more training than is provided in high school, including knowledge and practical operation of relevant basic principles. But they do not require the theoretical background of the professional.

Since the trend toward an increased proportion of employees working in this middle zone promises to continue, it is important that related training be provided not only for students fresh from high school but for those already employed who need to keep pace with developments where they work. Much of this training can best be provided in the classroom.

The third circumstance is the continual need in a democratic society to stimulate the interest of adults in problems of common concern and to add to their knowledge and insight so that they can shape their future wisely. The importance of a well-informed public is taken for granted in our country. Yet we are startled periodically by surveys showing the enormous ignorance of much of the adult population. It is a mistake to believe that after graduation from high school or college the average adult will continue to develop social intelligence. Unless he constantly renews his contact with disciplined thought and replenishes his store of knowledge, he will surely vegetate.

How do these three circumstances — the population surge, occupational trends, and social responsibilities of adults — relate to the future of the community college? The coincidence of the three major functions of the community college with these three circumstances is apparent. In regard to the first, the larger the proportion of high school graduates who attend community colleges, the less will be the burden on the lower-division areas of senior institutions. Without such assistance the senior institutions in some states may well founder.

In regard to the second circumstance, the terminal orientation of part of the community college program makes it especially serviceable. Another local example may best illustrate this. In the spring and summer of 1956, representatives from Weyerhaeuser, Crown Zellerbach, Longview Fibre, and Reynolds Metals worked with our college to plan a two-year course in maintenance and opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of automatic instruments, and to provide the training equipment needed. This program, now in operation, includes considerable theoretical training beyond high school, such as college physics and chemistry; but it also includes extensive shopwork relating theory to operations. Personnel men from relevant industries state that the demand for trained workers in this field will be many times the supply for years to come.

The possibilities for community colleges respecting the third circumstance — social responsibilities of adults — are indicated by the fact that the typical community college enrolls more adults than college-age students. In some instances this ratio is as high as five to one.

Discontinuance of lower-division work by the universities may well be a consequence of these developments. Senior institutions are devised for pursuing four or more years of academic disciplines. A major purpose of their lower-division courses is to prepare for more advanced ones. Yet only about 40 per cent of the students entering college complete their baccalaureate. The question has been raised repeatedly whether or not there is considerable lost motion in such situations. As long ago as 1915 Dean Alexis F. Lange of the University of California stated that the university should begin "in the middle of the inherited four-year scheme."

If it is the case that professors could do better both by their fields and by their students if relieved of much of this lower-division work, then there would be grounds for requesting the community college to assume more of that burden. If this is not done, the coming flood of lower-division students may necessitate considerable sacrifice of attention to upper-division and graduate students and to research.

Community college teachers are consumers of research rather than producers of it. Their task is to keep abreast in their field and to be expert in acquainting beginners with it. They rely on the universities for research. The universities must rely largely on themselves.

Looked at from the student's point of view, a freshman in a senior institution who discovers that a college degree is either not what he wants or not what he is able to acquire has only one recourse — to drop out. In a community college he can shift to a terminal program. His teacher is his adviser whose job includes helping the student enter the field where he belongs.

3

The fact that the pattern described above is well established in California, where student population pressure has been the heaviest, may be a forerunner of developments elsewhere as such pressure becomes comparable. In both numbers and enrollment, California holds undisputed lead with 65 public community colleges enrolling 381,000 students. Spokesmen for some of the senior institutions there urge students to take their lower-division work in community colleges, transferring for their upper-division work.

Comparative costs of community colleges and senior institutions are another important consideration. These costs are of two types: the cost to the student and the cost to the taxpayer. Unfortunately, the concern of the taxpayer over the costs of education is far out of proportion to the part of his income spent on schools. Americans will spend on all their schools, elementary through university, only about 4½ per cent of their income this year. They will spend twice as much on amusements.

However, since costs are of such concern, it is important that they be included in evaluating a public school program. This does not mean that the cheapest is the best, but it does mean that returns on the dollar should be weighed at least as carefully in education as elsewhere.

One way to judge costs would be on the basis of costs per student per year. This method would assume that a student attending a community college for a year would receive equivalent returns to those which he would have received had he attended a senior institution that year. It also assumes that returns to society would be equivalent in either case. Such studies as have been made indicate that community college students do as well — and in some areas better — in senior institutions to which they transfer as do comparable students entering those institutions directly from high school.

When a community college enables a student to live at home for his first two years, his costs are cut in half. This obviously improves his economic opportunity to continue his education elsewhere later.

But what of the costs in the form of taxes? Establishment of community colleges in some states has enabled them to shift some of their higher education costs to the local community, and in some cases also the control. Proponents of the community college are confident that the costs per student per year are much less for the taxpayer, pointing out that they average about one third those of senior institutions. Such calculations do not include the fact that costs of upper-division and graduate courses, plus research, are necessarily far above those of the lower division.

When all allowances have been included, a strong case can be made for the position that a tax dollar will buy more lower-division education in the community college than elsewhere.

Although the community college may provide more lower-division education per dollar to the taxpayer as well as to the student, any savings in total tax costs of higher education will be more than offset by the increased number of students who will attend college when one is available near home. Justifying the community college to the taxpayer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will consist in the worth of the returns — the lower cost to the student, the increased opportunity to the youth of the community, the returns to society represented by raising the educational level and productiveness of those affected, and the additional services that a local college can provide its community — not in lower total taxes.

4

It would be a mistake to assume that all community colleges bask in sunshine and light. There are hazards here as elsewhere. For example, the urge to show an impressive record of growth and adult service invites expansion beyond the offerings that are warranted. Instances of this have occurred in the recreational field and in providing related training for employment in business or industry when that type of training is best suited for learning on the job. Part of this latter difficulty is due to the fact that not enough is known to make certain just where the line can best be drawn between classroom training and on-the-job training.

Another hazard is the temptation to lower academic standards in university parallel courses. Other colleges, particularly teacher-training institutions, have felt this too, owing to the excessive demand for their graduates. But the community college is peculiarly susceptible because of its commitment to a wider clientele. Usually the only requirements for admission are age eighteen or a high school diploma. Some 75 per cent of those entering for the first time as full-time students declare themselves as baccalaureate candidates, while only about 35 per cent continue as such. The administrator who wants to serve something to everyone who comes to college has a real problem with those who simply cannot or will not perform at college level.

Under such circumstances there is pressure, in the name of "general education," to simplify the subject matter of the courses and to avoid failing grades. "Take the student where he is and start from there." Unfortunately this is often not even within sight of college-level work, and to give degree credit for such performance is obviously a disservice to both the student and higher education. Since the university parallel program is the heart and core of the typical community college, it is essential that it be carried out exceptionally well.

Those students unable to do college work should be directed into terminal programs that are consonant with their ability and interests. If none such are available, the students should be dropped. "Holding power" is not the sole criterion for a good school. The assumption that the community college can "serve the needs" of every student who enrolls is absurd.

Hazards are normal conditions confronting every going concern, and those mentioned are obviously not critical. There is no reason to doubt that community colleges will continue to surmount them. Surveys of community college graduates and transfers reveal pronounced enthusiasm on their part for the quality of instruction received in their lower-division work.

Will the American public make the community college standard equipment? It is, of course, possible to meet the increased college population with higher admission barriers, economic and scholastic, and thus, by wholesale exclusion, keep the size of enrollments under control. For some colleges with highly specialized objectives this is necessary and desirable. However, a great portion of the American public seems to have accepted the doctrine that a good society is one that provides equal opportunity for all. Where wealth is inherited by succeeding generations, there is some tendency for stable societies to become stratified. One of the consequences of this is that opportunity to share in the fruits of human history, to cultivate one's own capacities, and to use those capacities to do the world's work becomes highly restricted for all but the elect.

In order to encourage equal opportunity it is necessary to develop mechanisms to circumvent or counteract this tendency to rigidity. America has several such mechanisms and values them highly. One of these is tax-supported public education. The ideal persists that through the education route the son or daughter of the poorest illiterate may become a member of the managerial or professional class. Or if his capacities do not permit him to rise to the top, the doctrine requires that enough variety in educational offerings be provided so that, if he will, he can develop his worth-while talents, whatever they may be.

Besides the concern for equality of opportunity, there is an increased recognition that our society's agencies are too complex to be run by ignoramuses. Extended education is becoming crucial to group welfare. Statements stressing our reliance on educated people are a commonplace.

How seriously this is believed is reflected in the increasing interest in education during the twentieth century. For example, although our total population has doubled since 1900, there were twelve times as many high school graduates in 1950 as in 1900, and seventeen times as many college graduates.

This confidence in education as a mechanism for equal opportunity and as a necessity for group welfare, and the fact that the portion of our national income being spent on education is almost trivial, are reasons for believing that educational provisions will be made more available rather than less available to both the nation's youth and its adults. Since community colleges seem to be the natural point of expansion, it is reasonably certain that their rapid growth will continue in the foreseeable future and that they will become a standard component of the nation's public school pattern.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Story

A Londoner who cherishes every vestige of the cockney, WOLF MANKOWITZ *divides his time between authoritative studies of the Portland vase, humorous articles for* Punch, *and fiction. His two novels,* Make Me an Offer *and* A Kid for Two Farthings, *were made into films, and the following story will appear in a collection of his short stories,* The Mendelman Fire, *to be published by Atlantic–Little, Brown later this year.*

A LIFE IN ART

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

WHAT is the use of pretending? Pelk knew, even as a boy, even in the moment of exultation when the head of the art department shook him by the hand and said, "Cooper might have painted that sheep's head," he always knew that however right his hand might be, his temperament was wrong for a successful life in art.

For Pelk dressed somberly and was quiet. His habits were regular, his ideas conventional. Color, even in painting, worried him unduly. He preferred his personality to be pale as a ghost. And while the Academy was completely discredited by violent young men whose pictures were robust with color, Pelk painted away regularly and without excitement, working like a mathematician to make the view on the canvas precisely equal to the view he looked at.

After a few years Pelk still painted on in spite of his job with a frame maker. He had patiently grown a mustache hoping to balance his recessive chin and large eyebrows. Strangely enough it gave his face a certain authority. People began to notice his serious unsmiling eyes and grew to respect his suggestions for framing. Several important clients always headed their instructions "Attention Pelk." He might have made a career as an understanding frame maker, and he would have been satisfied. But Life will never let well enough alone and one day Pelk received a note on beautifully engraved note paper asking him to call on Mr. Marmourian at his famous gallery in Bond Street.

As Pelk wandered over the crimson carpet looking at the fine eighteenth-century paintings with genuine appreciation, he was surprised by Marmourian himself. The great dealer had been standing just behind him for some seconds before he spoke his name.

"Pelk," he said in his slightly throaty way, "Pelk, is it not? The clever frame maker who truly cares for what he frames. What is your opinion on this little Fragonard you find so intriguing?" And with that confidence of the timid when invited to speak about his soul's delight — and there is not a solitary timid soul which does not have some secret delight or other — Arthur Pelk spoke of the little painting with thought and love and clarity.

When he finished, a faint blush glowed to either side of his mustache, and Marmourian shook him by the hand and then dashed a tear from his eye as he led the way to his private office. "It is exactly as you say," he said. "You have truly understood the picture. If I were a client I would have bought it — yes, yes, I could not have resisted."

When Pelk left the Marmourian Gallery it was as a newly engaged salesman, six pounds a week plus commission, to start in a fortnight. "You are in the greatest profession of all, my Pelk," the dealer had said, "for if a man paints well it is God's gift — but to sell pictures a man must really work." Pelk was certainly frightened, but the prospect of living henceforward on intimate terms with dead and undisputed masters gave him confidence, and within three months he had married a rather nice girl whose artistic interests had never ventured beyond barbola work.

And this is really all that happened to Arthur Pelk for thirteen years. His knowledge increased, his salary grew, his commissions were substantial, his timidity was concealed by a mustache and eyebrows which were recognized in the world of art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But he remained a secret painter. And thirteen years after his introduction to Marmourian, Arthur Pelk was distressed to realize that somewhere inside him that old juvenile desire to be a recognized artist still fluttered its imprisoned wings.

Immersed as he was in successive vogues for the various dead painters who become, every four or five years, the only fashionable masters, it was inevitable that a simple-minded craftsman like Pelk should be variously influenced. When the slight landscapes of the Frenchman Coutet were keenly sought after (Marmourian having bought a vast collection of works by this obscure little Toulouse genius well beforehand), Pelk discovered one evening that his hand and brush were automatically following out the style of Coutet. In fact, four hours produced a very passable Coutet indeed.

And so it was with Pelzner and Pieter de Wint, Gerhart Ister and Charles Bicking. Every minor master to be handled by the Marmourian Gallery became so well understood by Pelk that his brush unfailingly emulated their strokes. He found that he was a perfect painters' medium (or possibly ghost). His first real victory, though, was when Marmourian, while taking a cocktail with the Pelks, glanced at one of Arthur's little seashore paintings and said, "A good eye, Arthur, you have — a pretty little Boudin, I think. But to buy for yourself is not ethical, my dear Pelk." This chance mistake in identity at once set the vanity of the old student days fluttering away like mad in Pelk's breast.

2

It so happened that at the time when Pelk's vanity was fluttering, collectors were becoming much interested in that charming artist Constantin Guys. After his thirteen years in the trade Pelk could easily understand the salability of the delightful pen and wash drawings. Reasonably enough everyone suddenly wanted parasols and top hats, the freshness and immediacy of the Guys sketches, the atmosphere, the delicacy. . . . Pelk had no difficulty in selling at ever-increasing prices every Guys the talented Marmourian could lay his hands on. It was just as easy for him of a Sunday afternoon, inspired by some fine antique cartridge paper, to draw some of the prettiest Guys sketches Marmourian had ever seen.

No one will believe it (though it is a simple fact) that Pelk had no motivation other than suppressed artistic vanity when, one dull winter morning when Bond Street was swathed in a fog to depress even Whistler, he carefully slipped seven of his Guys-style sketches into the folder reserved for that artist. Yet everyone will have to believe that Pelk acted in this way without the desire for illicit profit. For he made no false entries in the books — absolutely no money passed into his hands.

It was a quiet day and Pelk spent it in secret delight at having found his true place in a master's folder. He proposed to leave his drawings there for a few hours — perhaps even show them to an unimportant client or two, and then take them back home to the spare room where he worked. But every eye seemed to be upon him whenever he made a move to retrieve his drawings from the Guys folder. And not a single client entered the gallery that day.

Pelk hung about long after his usual time for leaving, and still it was impossible for him to retrieve his work. He planned a dozen different attempts on the folder. Each time he heard in his mind's ear the throaty voice of Marmourian, "Caught you red-handed, my Pelk — stealing from me — your employer — your friend." "But they are mine," Pelk would cry. Who would believe him? He left the drawings where they were and hurried home.

The next day Pelk found a few moments in which to take out the folder. Sure enough he heard the throaty voice of Marmourian, introducing to him a pale gabardine-draped gentleman, "the greatest collector of Constantin Guys in America — in the World." The American smiled and held out his hand. Marmourian patted Pelk on the back as a promoter might pat his prize heavyweight. Pelk wanted to scream and cry "I'm ill, I'm ill." But the American was already studying the drawings in the folder.

For twenty-five minutes Pelk, his blood like liquid ice, excelled himself. He used every device in his salesmanship, every word in his vocabulary of hyperbole, every gesture of the hands, the shoulders. Persuasion, intimidation, flattery, all failed. The only drawings the American would buy were Pelk's own poor imitations. He held in delicate fingers a Guys of ten ladies in a row all with parasols — it was the best of Pelk's efforts. "The best I have ever seen," he said. "I will take it, and this, and these." And he left only one small Pelk, alone with thirty-three authentic drawings.

After Marmourian had received the check (and the price was really fantastic, for the pound had only recently been devalued), the great dealer turned to Pelk. "My clever Pelk," he said in a broken voice. "You are the greatest of us all. These new little things — I even forget I have them — they must have cost practically nothing." Which indeed was true. But what could Pelk do? He accepted the praise and the extra commission and went home to sit moodily cursing his vanity and his skill.

He looked about him at the well-furnished sitting room of the new house his commissions had given him. That delightful little Louis Quinze *secrétaire* — it reminded him of a small Watteau, wonderfully authenticated, he had handled. That Meissen inkstand — a Corot had given him that. Art had served him well, as a loving handmaiden serves,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while he — he had betrayed her. And her consort Marmourian also he had betrayed. For what? For a little itching vanity — the unexpired portion of his boyhood dream of fame. What was he after all these years at the elbow of greatness? A copyist. A vain, untalented, slinking, cowardly copyist. And — my God! — a forger too. The hair on the back of Pelk's neck felt electric. The cold dead hand of horror gripped his heart.

Nothing in the range of human feeling can equal the misery of the timid man who realizes that he has destroyed the only defense his timidity has ever devised. The little bits he had prized so greatly now seemed to Pelk resentfully out of place. His own work — those quiet evenings with the brush and pen in the spare room — looked at him askance, as if the authentic works were shouting from a thousand galleries "How dare *you* trace *us* — perfect lines by real masters!" And night after night Pelk tossed and turned in torment as he fell through a brilliantly sketched maelstrom (rather like Leonardo's torrents) while the voices of a myriad *objets d'art* screamed "Shame! Shame!"

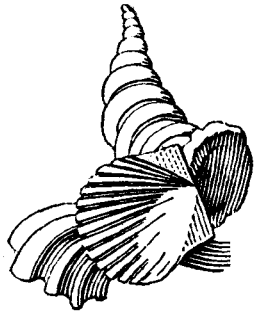
So it was that Pelk, his eyes dark with worry, his back bent, his hands shaking, went through the polite routine of mortgaging his house. The bank manager gladly accepted Mr. Pelk's life insurance as further collateral. Was there anything else he could arrange for Mr. Pelk? There was no limit to the overdraft he might have, provided there were suitable securities. A few hundred safe Industrials — "We might as well add those. Good morning, Mr. Pelk, good morning." Such was the extreme to which Pelk was forced by artistic conscience. For he knew there was no alternative. He had to buy — buy with hard money — buy back those damn creations of his overeager imitative hand.

So it was too that after protracted negotiations through one of Marmourian's competitors Pelk purchased back his own drawings, changed only by the addition of the impressive stamp of a famous American collection. Pelk was penniless but his peace of mind for a day or two was beyond the understanding of those mere art dealers who lack honest feeling for authentic and original art. It was sheer bad luck that someone had to tell Marmourian that the drawings had changed hands again at an even more important price than he had obtained. And it was a tribute to Marmourian's knowledge of one of the most complicated and secretive trades ever devised by cupidity that within forty-eight hours he knew Pelk was the purchaser.

"My Pelk," he said in sorrow. "You underhand dog," he cried in anger, thinking of the profit he believed Pelk was about to make. "I take you — I make you," he wept. "I break you," he screamed. "How many times have you cheated me?" After thirteen years Pelk's integrity had completely triumphed. But he was up to his eyes in debt. And he was no longer Marmourian's star salesman.

Pelk surveyed the situation in the gloominess of the spare room that evening. His wife was busy with her barbola. He had tried to lose himself in the practice of his art, but it was useless. By some peculiar quirk of the mind he found himself in his distress painting after that unfashionable Victorian academician Cooper — a sheep's head like the one he had been so fatally complimented upon in the promising days of his youth. "But by God," said Pelk aloud, "it is exactly like Cooper — a little stronger if anything." His Guys sketches were, after all, thoroughly authenticated. And naturally every other collector in the world would hear of them and lust after them.

A man in his despair has a single moment of vision, like the panorama a drowning man is supposed to view in the moment before complete submersion. Pelk had the courage to believe in his vision. Once again his house is his, once again he is solvent, while the trade says again and again, "You know Pelk, of course — how does he find them? Coutets, Pelzners, de Wints, Gerhart Isters, and Bickings. And Guys — of course, Pelk is the specialist in Constantin Guys."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

When JOHN MASEFIELD, *who has been poet laureate of England since 1930, was a young man learning his craft in London, there were few Elizabethan revivals; and it was not until he had seen Charles Ashbee's production of* The New Inn *by Ben Jonson that the glory of England's most creative age burst upon him. Mr. Masefield has appealed for the building of a Festival Theatre with a cast of young apprentice actors which would bring Elizabethan drama to a modern audience. And by way of incentive he reminds us of how good Beaumont and Fletcher were.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

by JOHN MASEFIELD

1

THOUGH they are often mentioned, and have been reprinted more than once during the present century, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are not well known, and are very seldom played. The reader, as a rule, makes little effort to disentangle the work of one from that of his fellow, and is moreover prone to accept the comment of Pope (written from the hearsay of hearsay) that Beaumont's share was to correct the extravagance of his friend. This acceptance leaves many readers with the vague impression that Beaumont was but a critic who passed his time expunging Fletcher's sprightlier sallies.

Not many general readers enjoy reading poetical plays, or have the faculty of mind, the aptitude or training, for judging such work. The theatre cannot, or does not often, produce even the best of them. Children sometimes play scenes from one play: undergraduates sometimes produce a single play. Perhaps few living men have seen seven of the plays performed, even in a long life; has any living man seen ten? Still, some lovers of poetry in every generation see the importance of the two poets and try to know more of both. These discover at once that Beaumont died early, and that many plays attributed to the partnership cannot have been touched by him. In those in which he surely shared, his part is often more surmised than certain, as a flavor or essence: there is a grace, a quality, a distinction, in some scenes and plays, a certain nobleness in the conception. Perhaps it is always this rare spirit that we call Beaumont. And yet there are letters in verse, much liked by his time and certainly written by Beaumont, in which this high personal quality of soul is not of the essence of the work. The quality or distinction above mentioned may quite well be due to Fletcher; but was it not really due to the happy fusion of two minds that were only at their very best together?

Those who seek the reality of John Fletcher find him readily. A number of the plays in the two folios must be by him alone; his special gaieties and graces shine out in many plays. As it has fallen, the play *Henry VIII* on which he worked with Shakespeare is a most popular play, and certain famous scenes by him in it are still deeply loved, though those who love them best seldom suspect that they are not by Shakespeare.

Of the lives of both men we know a little. Francis Beaumont was the younger man, and died nine years before his friend. He was the third son of Francis Beaumont, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, a member of a distinguished family, owning property at Grace-Dieu (the "forlorn Grace-Dieu" of Wordsworth's sonnet) in Leicestershire. It is thought that he was born between 1583 and 1586. He was sent (with his two elder brothers) to one of the old academical halls in Oxford in the winter of 1596–1597, and was entered at the Inner Temple, in London, as a law student in November, 1600.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, and was born in December, 1579, at Rye in Sussex, where his father was then the minister. When he was about four years old, his father was made Dean of Peterborough, in which office it fell to him to attend Queen Mary Stuart at her death. Later, Richard Fletcher was made successively Bishop of Bristol, of Worcester, and of London, with swift translations that impoverished him. He died very suddenly in June, 1596, leaving "8 poore children, whereof divers (were) very yong," and a good deal of debt. John, one of the elder children, had gone (it is supposed) at the age of about twelve to a college in Cambridge for some unknown space of time. What he did in his youth and young manhood, and how the stricken family fared after the father's death, we do not know. That John had an easy youth is unlikely. He must have found means of study and possibly means of travel. Whatever he did, he became, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the doing, an exquisite poet. By about the year 1606, he was seemingly living in London, already a friend of Francis Beaumont, and like his friend a devoted admirer of Ben Jonson. Though both men were ardent believers in Ben Jonson, both knew exceedingly well and were much influenced by the work of Shakespeare; few have ever known him better.

In 1607, both young poets wrote commendatory verses to the printed book of Ben Jonson's play *Volpone*. One judges that at this time Fletcher was less regarded, or less certain of his powers, than his friend.

Together they began to write for the theatre, knowing little of the craft but sharing an intense appreciation of Jonson's stage methods and following his painful technique to disappointment and disaster. Among the works that came to grief was the exquisite poem, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, written by John Fletcher alone. This (one must suppose) was stopped by the audience. A fate hardly less grim fell upon one or two other dilatory plays written by the two men together; but both within and without the theatre they had roused in hearers and readers the expectation of better things. Both poets had enough support and encouragement from thinking men to keep them in the art. Within five years of their writing in praise of *Volpone*, their work as partners and collaborators in romantic plays had won great successes at the Globe Theatre and at the Court of King James I.

After Beaumont married (about 1613), Fletcher collaborated with Shakespeare in the plays *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* possibly also in a third play, the now lost *Cardenio*.

Beaumont died in March, 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in a part of the Poets' Corner. After Beaumont's death, Fletcher continued to write for the theatre, sometimes alone, often with Philip Massinger, and sometimes with other poets, doing in the nine years remaining to him a great body of work, which won him much fame and made him the leading playwright of the time. We do not know if he ever married. He died in Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, in a great epidemic of plague, and was buried near the parish church of St. Saviour's on the twenty-ninth of August, 1625. As the grave was not marked, it is likely that he was buried with many others in a plague pit.

John Aubrey, gathering gossip about eminent people, sets down this concerning Fletcher's death, in a note not dated:

> In the great plague, 1625, a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk, invited him into the country. He stayed but to make himself a suit of clothes, and while it was making, fell sick of the plague and died. This I had from his tailor, who is now a very old man, and Clerk of St. Mary Overy's.

This is all that Aubrey tells, or that has survived. Surely the tailor could have told more, could have given Fletcher's approximate measurements, added a word or two about him — his taste in dress, favorite colors, last words. Perhaps professional secrecy forbade, or perhaps the very old man resented the questioning. What if he had once been Shakespeare's tailor, had served most of the poets, and had made costumes for the Globe? What if he had dressed the first Macbeth?

2

Both poets received much praise from the poets of the time. Some take the view that Beaumont, of the two, was the controlling and directing spirit (the gun and the aimer), Fletcher the compelling spirit and wit (the powder and ball). Most of them write as though, to them, Fletcher were the master figure. Robert Herrick, for instance, writes of the whole folio as "Master Fletcher's Incomparable Plays"; and G. Hills, another praiser, calls Fletcher "the King of Poets." At the time of the publication Beaumont had been dead for over thirty years, and few of those writing could have known him with any intimacy. Possibly Beaumont was ever somewhat remote and aloof, not very easy to know. The swiftness of communication lay with Fletcher.

Poetry is a work of intellectual and spiritual power. It would be well if all would begin by admitting that both poets had this power in a very lofty unusual degree: they are among our ten best poets, whether for skill, invention, or range. Long study of their work suggests that Beaumont had the more logical mind, the greater fastidiousness, the more searching intelligence in matters of character, the more formal theory of verse, and a much greater pleasure in the perversities of the poetry then most esteemed. One would say of Beaumont that he was a poet of labor, who toiled and slowly achieved; who built up bit by bit; who had lived a life of distinction among clever men holding position and wielding power; who did not gladly relinquish work to the skills or tricks of actors and the judgment of a mob. Fletcher, one perceives, was ever a poet of power, with a lyrical impulse, impassioned, tender, or cheerful, as the theme demanded. He had moved much among men of distinction, but held no place among men of position and power. He had been much (one would suppose) where life is more fluid than stationary — among younger sons, on the roads, and perhaps in ships, though keeping ever certain standards to which he had been born, certain exquisite instincts that gave him without effort the possession of all a character or all a scene, especially if the one were hurt or the other merry. Most of his writing must have been done with ease, or great ease; it is of the abundance of genius.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gifts of each man complemented the gifts of the other: each was remarkable; together they were the wonders of their time.

They are the wonders of later times also: there is no such pair of friends elsewhere in literary history with the possible exception of Gilbert and Sullivan. Beaumont and Fletcher were writing plays together for about six to nine years, during which time they produced some fifteen plays.

3

Of the work that they did together, most esteem the romantic tragedies *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*, the grave and glorious play *A King and No King*, and the delightful comedy *The Scornful Lady*. Of the work done by Fletcher alone, all poets praise *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and few could fail to praise *The Elder Brother*, *Beggar's Bush*, *The Mad Lover*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. Here are nine plays, each one worth revival, each lively, touched or instinct with beauty. Let us briefly consider some of these plays, beginning with *Philaster*.

The plot is intricate and possibly the invention of the two poets. An evil, usurping king plans to marry his innocent daughter to a Spanish prince of bad character. Her heart has already been given to Philaster, the rightful heir to the crown, who sends to her his page Bellario. Bellario is really a girl, in love with Philaster, who has disguised herself as a page in order to enter his service. Calumny soon declares that the young page lives in adultery with the princess. Believing this, Philaster in his rage wounds both the princess and Bellario. A popular rising makes the usurper accept Philaster as his heir and drive away the Spanish prince; all the wounds are healed, Philaster and the princess are reconciled, and the play ends happily.

The play is deservedly famous for the power of many scenes and the beauty of many speeches. Philaster's defiance of the Spaniard, in Act I, is masterly. Some of the verse is exquisite, and proverbial, like "Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe," and the famous speech of Bellario:

Philaster
O, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bellario
Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

The loveliest thing in the play is the outcry from Arethusa, the princess:

Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

In all the above quotations, exquisite genius utters with impersonal perfection. We can only say that the two minds were working in complete accord. Later in the play, there appears, with much effect, and perhaps for the first time, a happy, inelegant, redundant eleven-syllabled line that seems to be Fletcher's own. He was to use it later in many plays, for pathos and for fun. Here it is used by a stage crowd to put the fear of death into the villain:

The Captain
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)
I could hock your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.
Pharamond
You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?
First Citizen
Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.

The Maid's Tragedy, for years a favorite play in England, opens with masterly power, displaying a cruel, forceful, lustful, despotic king whose intolerable tyranny breaks hearts and brings about his death. The poetry and passion fade towards the end into variety of theatrical skill. To this generation it is less moving than the play that followed it, *A King and No King*, which is another study of an arbitrary king, this time with a conscience. This king, Arbaces, returns from the wars after long absence, sees his sister, Panthea, whom he has not seen since she was a child, and seeing the wonder that she has become, is at once overcome by a madness of love for her. This love is returned by her; both are tempted to incest, both are in anguish at the cruelty of such temptation, and both revolt from any such wickedness. As Shelley wrote: "Incest is a highly poetical circumstance."

Suddenly, it is shown that Arbaces is not Panthea's brother, nor the rightful king. Panthea is queen in her own right, and the pair are free to marry. The revelation (a fine example of a Jacobean stage story) comes with an effect like that of Nature herself bestowing blessing. The play ends with a cry of joy:

Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved no King!

These three romantic plays are the most noteworthy of those done by the two poets working together.

Of the comedies they wrote, *The Scornful Lady* is the best. A man in love, scorned by his adored one, pretends to go abroad, leaves his house in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charge of his younger brother, a prodigal and the friend of prodigals, and tries by absence, by the false news of his death, and by other means to wring the scorner's heart. Being a shrewd lady, she is not easily deceived, but is at last led to believe that he plans to marry another; she then is married to him. Later in life, in two or three good comedies, Fletcher used some of these materials better, but he did nothing more merry than the scenes of the household as run by the prodigal.

4

Of the work done by Fletcher alone, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, "a pastoral tragi-comedy," is the most wonderful. It is a lovely poem, and after its rejection as a play was called a "murdered poem." This it is not: it has survived. Poetry is not easily killed. *The Faithful Shepherdess* is defective as a play. It is more a succession of appearances than an involvement of passions, and more than usually slow in beginning. It is likely that the London theatregoers stopped it with riot before it had really begun. Fletcher says that the audience "began to be angry." Possibly they were not allowed to become angrier, for that audience could be dangerous; it is likely that the management turned on a low comedian and a dancer, added a song or two, and then put on some other of the many plays in the company's repertory.

After this disastrous first performance, the play seems to have lain unacted until some years after Fletcher's death. Then on Twelfth Night, 1633, it was produced before the King at Somerset House, with costumes given by the Queen, scenery by Inigo Jones, and a choric dialogue by Sir William Davenant as a prologue. The production was in the care of Mr. Joseph Taylor, whose voice, fine presence, and admirable skill as an actor had served Fletcher delightfully in many plays. We do not know what he did to condense the beginning and the end, nor what enchantments of voice and music were used; no doubt all the best that that fruitful time could afford. As Shakerley Marmion, a clever poet and playwright, wrote, Taylor made the play a "fitting spectacle for Majesty." Care and the arts can always do this, and those who see will remember until they die. Let us hope that care and the arts may some day have this in mind. The effect of the poem upon Shakespeare, Browne, Milton, and Keats, to mention a few poets who have loved it, was profound.

The enchanting creation, the little Satyr, speaks some charming verses. If (as it would seem) he owes a little to Puck, it is just possible that Ariel owes something to him.

Beggar's Bush, a romantic comedy, was acted before the Court at Christmas time in 1622. It is surely one of the best plays ever made. As Shakespeare wrote of another piece, "Tis a very excellent piece of work. Would 'twere done." But at present that is too much to hope; it is not done. The plot is somewhat intricate, but may be stated simply thus: that wickedness is, for the moment, in apparent triumph, and virtue forced to hide. True love, at the same time, is not sailing in easy water; and wickedness is on the trail of virtue and of true love, meaning no good to either. But between wickedness and virtue there is a community of beggars, who have chosen that middle way as suited to their genius or as safer in that troubled time. This invention of the community of beggars is most happy. By its means, wickedness is foiled in the moment of complete success, the lost thing is found, the stolen thing is restored, and true love is rewarded. The beggars, having completed this action, hold a ritual meeting at which they pledge themselves to emigrate, so that they may continue their pranks elsewhere.

Every part in this play gives an unusual chance to an actor. The lyrics are not always seemly, but so linked with characters that they are irresistible. From their fullness of the zest of life, the mind of Fletcher could turn to depths of feeling.

Florez
To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me poor and broken . . .
Now, what sayst thou?
Clause (*Gerrard*)
I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave ye
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off, sir;
When friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.
Florez
There's all my hope.
Clause (*Gerrard*)
Hope still, sir.

Sooner or later, old beauties are rediscovered, and old gaieties found to add to present gladness. Beaumont and Fletcher will be re-presented and made again welcome, no doubt; but there is no sign at present.

"Present time hath present laughter," but possibly less laughter than taxation, and less gladness than threat of horror. Our greater poets, of whom these friends were two, found images in an eternal world, where there is ever that sunlight in which exaction and horror die.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

Poet, critic, and former drama editor, LEAH BODINE DRAKE *makes her home in Evansville, Indiana. She is the author of two books of verse:* A Hornbook for Witches, *which appeared in 1950, and a more recent volume,* This Tilting Dust, *which in manuscript form won the $1250 Borestone Mt. Award in 1954 and which was then chosen for publication by the Book Club for Poetry.*

NEW VOICES IN POETRY

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

1

THERE is an idea popular with non-poets that every man is a poet in his youth, and in his youth only. After that, his poetic arteries harden and he gives up verses and devotes himself to prose. If the Victorian poets are pointed out in rebuttal, the answer is that they only *looked* elderly on account of those beards. Two current books by poets well past their salad days, who are not only writing poetry but better poetry than before, should give the final blow to that old chestnut. Edwin Muir did not start writing until he was thirty-five years old. John Hall Wheelock has just published his first book of verse in twenty years; and although its title is *Poems Old and New*, many of the poems in it were written as late as 1955.

Orkneyman Edwin Muir has only recently begun to acquire the audience his poetry deserves — at least in the United States. With his latest book, *One Foot in Eden* (Grove Press, Evergreen Books, $1.00), this semi-neglect should become one with Babylon and Tyre. For here are grand poems, in the true sense of the word, built around the themes of good and evil, man's lost innocence and hard-won experience, his refuge in dreams and memory from a world he never made, but which his original fall from grace undoubtedly influenced for the worse. In Muir's interpretation of sin and its consequences he seems to be the poet counterpart of theologian novelist C. S. Lewis. Here are moral poems by a profoundly Christian poet, and in them the old religious ideas are given new vigor.

Muir often uses the classic myths, as well as Biblical themes, to point up the human situation. Prometheus and Helen move through his verse, their stories freshened by the poet's insight and keen intelligence; and although the poems in *One Foot in Eden* certainly have a "message," they are never preachy or platitudinous. Deceptively simple in style, they are miracles of organization. Often a line will seem headed straight for a cliché; then — like the garden path in *Through the Looking-Glass* — it will give itself a twist and end unexpectedly. In "Milton" comes such a twist:

> Shut in his darkness, these [fiends] he could not see,
> But heard the steely clamour known too well
> On Saturday nights in every street in Hell.

Muir's diction is stripped of fashionable embroidery and the broken-backed syntax by which some modern poets hope to appear original and profound. He is direct because he is profound; his poems are plain in texture because he has so much to say that he won't waste time on gilt and gewgaws. In "Outside Eden" we find this plainness:

> Guiltiest and least guilty, they
> In innocence discovered sin
> Round a lost corner of the day,
> And fell and fell through all the fall
> That hurled them headlong over the wall.
> Their children live where then they lay.

Man in these poems looks backward to lost splendor, lost simplicity, to a time when the Absolutes of courtesy, kindness, wisdom, and purity of heart were his crowns and royal vestments. "The Young Princes" say:

> There was a time: we were young princelings then
> In artless state, with brows as bright and clear
> As morning light on a new morning land.

Yet even in his exile man can still hope, and this poem ends:

> . . . And yet sometimes
> We still, as through a dream that comes and goes,
> Know what we are, remembering what we were.

In his title poem, too, the poet sees light in our spiritual dark. With C. S. Lewis, Muir says that God can make use of Satan to further His good, although the new good may be different from His original plan. Not all is lost:

> But famished field and blackened tree
> Bear flowers in Eden never known.
> Blossoms of grief and charity
> Bloom in these darkened fields alone.
> What had Eden ever to say

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of hope and faith and pity and love
Until was buried all its day
And memory found its treasure trove?

These are completely realized poems, hard-cut as gems, where each facet is worked to its own particular meaning and has its own flash of understanding. Muir has looked at our state of ungrace and found it not too bad, as long as we can, by memory and hope, experience and dream,

. . . bring
From the dull mass each separate splendour out.

In my opinion Edwin Muir's book is one of the year's most important literary events.

In *Poems Old and New* (Scribner's, $3.50), John Hall Wheelock has brought together some of his most felicitous early poems — such as "The Fish-Hawk," "De Coelo," "The Lion-House," "The Black Panther," "The Undiscovered Country" — and at least forty poems which have been written in the past two or three years. It might be feared that his turn-of-the-century pieces, written at a time when American poetry was bathed in a warm goo of sentimentality, would reflect the prevailing and less than felicitous mannerisms of their period. But except for one or two poeticisms sprinkled here and there, these earlier poems stand up well. For these are the work of an ardent, sensitive nature combined with a disciplined craftsmanship.

In much of Wheelock's verse there is the same sense of resignation and bafflement before life's "inexplicable will" that we get from Hardy's, the same deep compassion for the human and animal victims of it. Poem after poem reflects this somber wonder — "Reconciliation," "Herring-Gull," "The Two Societies," and that recently written poem, "The Abandoned Nestling," which ends:

Out of nothing there came a need, a mouth, a cry,
Out of peace, a suffering,
Drawn back into it now.

In the section called "Scherzo," Wheelock indulges in a flurry of light verse. But oftener he is the man who lives "in an old house on a dark star," who sees — as in "Bonac" and "Amagansett Beach" — the old night that surrounds the globe and its beauties, outward symbol of man's personal dark, through which he walks to unknown ends:

And in the road are prints of hoof and foot:
Along the surface of this lonely planet,
Now naked to the hunger of the stars,
Man and beast — on the old pilgrimage —
They passed together here, not long ago.

Thus Wheelock spoke thirty-odd years ago, but today he is more hopeful that the total of life is somehow good:

Suddenly the morning sun looks out at me
And I start up from sombre reverie,
The light of a god upon me from afar —
Pierced by great light, the glory of a star.
Out of a cloud, in kindness, suddenly
A god has looked at me.

2

In Peter Viereck's new book, *The Persimmon Tree* (Scribner's, $3.00), the poet displays a more mellow mood than in his former volumes of verse. His technical virtuosity is still here; some of the poems pop with surprises as fantastic and absurd as any in a Bosch canvas. But there is a sensuousness, a gentleness, developed — if I guess correctly — in Italy, where Mr. Viereck was recently Visiting Professor at the University of Florence. Gone is that vague unease, that preoccupation with nightmare and fugue, that haunted his earlier work, along with his slight posturing of being a devil of a fellow. Under Italy's hard blue skies the poet seemed to find reality as being quite good enough. In "Etruria," the earth herself says:

Your yearned abstractions cannot live where sol lives;
And even luna's half-lights, clinging, contour
My several greens exultantly specific.

My vines are vines; each tangible full rondure
Is just itself, no symbol and no dream.
That dust is three-dimensional. The olives
Are really there. I am the land I seem.

This is one of the best poems in the book, but what a clumsy rhyme — "sol lives" with "olives"!

In what to me is the book's loveliest poem, "Frutta Di Stagione," there is the same warmth, acceptance of reality, and a new-found tenderness. In this poem he half sadly, half whimsically advises some young girl — an innkeeper's daughter, perhaps—to savor all her seasons,

You of a season, Valerie Sophia.

He tells her not only to gather her rosebuds while she may, but to welcome her autumn, too, with all the fruits of "the menu . . . you never wrote"; and the poem ends:

And each husk, destined to its own true waning,
Pales vulnerably perfect, Valerie.
Believe the menu, fruits were always so.
Say: "Of the season,"
voice as kind as rain;
Believe no branches,
eyes as sad as spray.
When destined, tears are seasonable wines.
And each one gentle, Valerie Sophia.

For a poet of Viereck's stature, some of the things in this book are pretty thin stuff, seemingly little more than notes for poems. Yet even here we find the sharp phrase, the arresting imagery. And "I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Am an Old Town Square" demonstrates anew that nobody can pick odd subjects for poems like Viereck!

Norman MacCaig blends insight with craftsmanship, a daring use of words with traditional form, and lyric warmth with a wry, shrewd humor, all of which make his new book, *Riding Lights* (Macmillan, $1.75), a pleasure to read. Mr. MacCaig, like Muir a Scotsman, has the same sure sense of structure, and often opens with the same dramatic punch:

> Bury my name in the ground and watch it grow.

He is a master of the pungent phrase and the exact if startling image. How aptly he can write of the early morning!

> The window whitens; stars back into the sky:
> A wind picks up the argument it had lost;
> The horizon like a train of gunpowder
> Smoulders from east to west.
>
> Night sluices off the roofs, dives into drains;
> And day dries on the stones.

MacCaig's world, like that of the Georgians he resembles, is a morning world in which simple, familiar things — haystacks, hedges, horse troughs, and herring gulls — are seen in a clear light, not transcendental, but that of common day:

> Here is the hand with flowers for chessmen.
> Here's the light coming that will make
> Another move towards the moment when
> Over the fields he'll stoop and whisper "Check".

Perhaps MacCaig seems overoccupied with death — actual death, no spiritual defeat as is Muir's concern — but he isn't bitter about it and means to make full use of his time upon earth. So do all the creatures in his poems:

> Round clouds of glory change no creeping mouse:
> No dark diminishes the lion. Each
> Inhabits his own moment and his house
> Leans on a shelving and a dangerous beach,
> And time will be when mouse and lion can,
> Being dispossessed, fall heir to all of man.

Being a Celt, MacCaig has the faculty of identifying himself with the natural world around him, as in that fine lyric "Summer Farm":

> Self under self, a pile of selves I stand
> Threaded on time, and with metaphysic hand
> Lift the farm like a lid and see
> Farm within farm, and in the centre, me.

Loving the natural world, it follows that MacCaig has no soft illusions about it. "Birds all Singing" is honest and funny and delightful:

> Something to do with territory makes them sing,
> Or so we are told — they woo no sweet and fair,
> But tantalize and transfigure the morning air
> With coarse descriptions of any other cock bird
> That dare intrude a wing
> In their half acre — bumptious and absurd.
>
> Come out and fight, they cry, and roulades of
> Tumbling-down sweetness and ascending bliss
> Elaborate unrepeatable ancestries. . . .

Not all the poems in *Riding Lights* are as good as this. Many of them, underneath their nimble, gift-o'-the-gab richness of imagery, ring rather hollow. Some of the sophistication seems posed. But they are evidences of a subtle mind and of a capacity for transmitting experience.

3

Another celebrant of nature, although of her less human aspects, is Eric Barker, whose *Directions in the Sun* (Armitage Press–Gotham Book Mart, $3.00) won for its author three of this country's most princely prizes — the $1250 Borestone Mt. Award for the manuscript, the same amount for the published book, from the same group, and recently their $300 prize for the "best poem": his "In Memory of Dylan Thomas," which first appeared in the *Atlantic*. With forewords by Robinson Jeffers and John Cowper Powys, Mr. Barker's book is one of the most stimulating and unusual of the current offerings.

I use the word "unusual" not because the structure or diction of the poems is bizarre — quite the opposite! This book is unusual in that it is by a younger poet yet it is *not* an attempt to be bizarre, complex, and incomprehensible. Here is poetry in the rich, romantic tradition, with a basic elemental quality that gives it virility and truth. Barker's deep-rooted empathy with the wild country in which he lives — near Point Lobos, California — gives his verse almost a religious tone, if only in the pagan sense. Like MacCaig, he too is as often the seen as the seer. Barker has identified himself with his subjects — the old, wind-twisted trees, the defiant rocks of that stormy coast, the gulls and seals:

> In the sea-smelling darkness
> I stand and listen,
> Perhaps as crabs and sea-urchins listen,
> All creatures christened with salty names.
>
> The sea moves through me, what I feel
> Drenches the dark, and my sea-lost name,
> Whatever it was, is named again
> In the name of the deep baptismal mother. . . .

He employs a style midway between traditional and modern, toward which most of the younger poets seem to be working. And he has a fine ear:

> Hear how the heart makes memory sad,
> Beating like a calling bell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or the wings of the sunset rooks in the fired trees
My legs would follow to the steeple's view
And the gilded cock with the four winds in his tail.

Some of these poems seem a little hazy in concept, and a few display more frosting than cake. Yet in the total effect we have an authentic poet, one with a deep if narrow vision, and with his own voice, his own music:

Something once beautiful as a wave
And in its element embathed as gulls in air
Has gone beyond all mourning by the sea,
Is nothing even of what in blindness breeds,
A rage in nature and an eating fire. . . .

Richard Wilbur's *Things of This World* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) contains only thirty-two poems, but enough to win its author the coveted National Book Award for poetry. (This year the award, for the first time, consisted of $1000 as well as a gold medal.) In his latest volume there is evidence of the same mellowing effect of Italy on a poet's work as we find in Viereck's. Mr. Wilbur used to be a kind of backward-looking, forward-aspiring fellow. If it were a spring day, he perversely wanted it to be an autumn one. If it were the elegy season, then his poetic desires panted after the water-brooks of spring. Like the invalid in *Pollyanna*, if he were brought calf's-foot jelly he wanted soup; if presented with soup, he wanted calf's-foot jelly.

But all is changed now. In his newest work he stands squarely in the midst of the things of this world and likes all of what he sees, smells, hears, touches, and tastes. He accepts, as they come, the fruits of the season, and he, like Viereck, seems to have shed some of his gothic distrust of the flesh. He says, in "A Voice from under the Table":

I take this world for better or for worse. . . .

If *Things of This World* is marked by Wilbur's new-found sense of reality, it still exhibits what have come to be the trademarks of his work — formal elegance, unusual although never grotesque imagery, control, quiet gaiety, and an agile imagination. Now that Wallace Stevens is dead, Wilbur seems headed toward being the dandy of American verse. He has been accused of loving a poem's fine clothes a little too much, of overloading his lines with qualifiers, and he still does this at times, as in "Altitudes":

With the gold-rosetted white
Wainscot, the oval windows and the fault-
Less figures of the painted vault.
Strolling, conversing in that precious light. . . .

But he can be as stripped to the buff as Muir or Yeats, as in "John Chrysostom":

He who had gone a beast
Down on his knees and hands
Remembering lust and murder
Felt now a gust of grace,
Lifted his burnished face
From the psalter of the sands
And found his thoughts in order
And cleared his throat at last.

Yet who would do without those adjectives so aptly, so precisely chosen, that sparkle through his poems, as in "A Plain Song for Comadre"?

Sometimes the early sun
Shines as she flings the scrubwater out, with a crash
Of grimy rainbows, and the stained suds flash
Like angel-feathers.

"The Mill" is a curiously haunting poem, teasing the reader's mind with hinted-at significance, a vague but pronounced sense of mystery almost, but never quite, resolved. In "Digging for China," too, is this feeling for the strangeness in everyday things, although the mood here is playful. In this same poem he sums up, so to speak, his discovery of the things of this world:

I stood up in a place I had forgotten,
Blinking and staggering while the earth went round
And showed me silver barns, the fields dozing
In palls of brightness, patens growing and gone
In the tides of leaves, and the whole sky china blue.
All that I saw was China, China, China.

The digger for China in the poem is a child, and Wilbur the man has gone full circle and come back to that lost sense of delight in the actual world which a child knows, and which every poet carries inside him, however he may have thought he had mislaid it for a time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

For a good many months now, I have enjoyed the sensation of living in two centuries; for part of each day I have been looking forward, planning the twentieth-century contents of the special issues which will celebrate our Centennial next autumn, and for the other part — the more reflective part — I have been exploring the nineteenth century, familiarizing myself with the early editors and reading those contributors who gave luster to the magazine long before I was born. This has been an enriching and in some ways a quite humbling experience.

There are three reasons why the *Atlantic* has managed to live so long. First, because we have changed our editors more frequently than any of our competitors. Whenever there was a sag in our circulation we brought in a new editor. For instance, there was a marked decline in 1870, and at that time we brought in a Westerner, William Dean Howells, from Columbus, Ohio. He, in turn, attracted our first Western contributors, Bret Harte and Mark Twain. As you would expect, interest in the magazine immediately revived.

Secondly, from the very beginning we have championed American writers. This preference for American talent was very daring in the 1850s when every one of our competitors was either pirating or importing English novelists and poets.

The third reason for our longevity is that we have always been printed in Boston. Boston has been our vantage point, and I think the country respects us for the Yankee humor and integrity which flow in our veins.

The Northerners who founded the *Atlantic* wrote with the conviction that slavery must be abolished. This could not have made the magazine welcome below the Mason-Dixon line, and in fact it kept Southern contributors out of our early issues. But under our third editor, William Dean Howells, the *Atlantic* at last made its peace with the South. Howells did this by first bringing in the cleansing gift of laughter through Mark Twain. We tend to forget today that Sam Clemens was as much of a Southerner as he was a Westerner, and when he wrote for us his celebrated "Old Times on the Mississippi," people saw the color and character of the South again with amity and without wounds.

Howells made a still greater stroke when in 1874 he published an extended series of papers by George Cary Eggleston under the title of "A Rebel's Recollections." As I look back, the power of reconciliation seems to me one of the noblest American traits, and Eggleston had it to the full. At the age of seventeen he had inherited his family's plantation in Amelia County, Virginia; at twenty-one he was riding with Jeb Stuart; at twenty-three he was in command of a mortar battery in the hopeless defense of Richmond. What he wrote was honest and valiant and magnanimous. "It is impossible to say precisely when the conviction became general in the South that we were to be beaten. We persuaded ourselves that a people battling for the right could not fail in the end. And so our hearts went on hoping for success long after our heads had learned to expect failure. . . . There was no longer any room for hope except in a superstitious belief that Providence would in some way interfere in our behalf. Prayer-meetings were held in every tent, and a sort of religious ecstasy took possession of the army. Men in this mood make the best of soldiers, and at no time were the fighting qualities of the Southern army better than during the siege. Disaster seemed only to strengthen the faith of many. They did their soldierly duties perfectly. They held danger and fatigue alike in contempt." Eggleston's articles ran for seven months and the manifest fairness in them disarmed readers the country over.

After that the door began to open and the opening coincided with a feeling in many Americans' minds that at last the time had come for us to have a national as opposed to a local literature. This feeling was fostered in the *Atlantic* by our first editor from the South, Walter Hines Page. Mr. Page was a North Carolinian who had studied the classics and history at Johns Hopkins. He took office shortly before our war with Spain and was one of the first to realize that the country was entering a new destiny as a world power.

The forward-looking Mr. Page persuaded young Theodore Roosevelt to do an article on the reform of the New York police; he persuaded Woodrow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing . . .

THE *Atlantic*

$5,000 NONFICTION CONTEST for 1958

Conducted by
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
in association with
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

Closing date—March 15, 1958

There are no restrictions whatsoever as to author or subject. The sole purpose of this Contest, as in previous years, is to secure a work of nonfiction that is both original and distinctive, and one of the outstanding books of its year.

Kathryn Hulme, author of THE NUN'S STORY, was the last winner of the *Atlantic* Nonfiction Contest. Her prize-winning book was THE WILD PLACE, published in 1953.

For circular giving complete details, address

ATLANTIC NONFICTION CONTEST for 1958

8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS., U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilson, then a professor at Princeton, to do a remarkably prophetic article on the making of the nation; he encouraged Booker T. Washington to state the case for the Negro, and John Muir to write a magnificent account of the big tree; he persuaded Jacob Riis, a Danish immigrant, to tell the brutal truth about the battle of the slums, and William Allen White to ring the bells for the burgeoning state of Kansas.

But it was the South that he kept coming back to. He felt there had been far too much grieving about what the South had lost in the 1860s. He wanted young Southerners to look ahead, not back, and he incited them by criticizing the one-crop agriculture, by showing how languid Southern education had become. Page demanded, and prompted other Southern writers to demand, that the South regain the leadership which it had once exercised. He made himself very unpopular with complacent Southerners, but they could not stop reading him.

Southern renaissance

From Page to the present, the South has been enjoying a literary renaissance, and the fertility measured in works of fiction, history, biography, and criticism is incomparably richer than that of any time in the past. The renaissance of the South begins with three Richmond writers, all of whom were nationally known by the end of the First World War: Ellen Glasgow for her novels and poems, James Branch Cabell for his novels and essays, and Margaret Prescott Montague. Of the three, Miss Montague, who wrote regularly for the *Atlantic*, was a brave figure. She was physically handicapped, deaf and with fading eyesight, but she never let this interfere with her writing. Her famous short story "England to America," which we published in 1919, was the most heart-searching narrative to appear in any American periodical.

As I look back to the serenity of the 1920s, I see emerging a very colorful group of Old Primitives. These writers came from the Ozarks, they came from Berea and the Kentucky mountains. Women like Lucy Furman and Olive Tilford Dargan; young storytellers like James Still, the librarian of the Hindeman Settlement; and Jesse Stuart with his outpouring of poems and stories. Much of this writing was in dialect, and although we did not realize it at the time, it was the sunset of the dialect school. When I was a junior editor on the *Atlantic* thirty-four years ago, twenty-five per cent of all our short stories were in one form of dialect or another: Irish, Pennsylvania Dutch, Jewish, Negro, Southern mountaineer. But today almost no dialect survives. There is plenty of slang, but the broad sweeps of color and quaintness which set apart one region from another are disappearing as the nation matures.

Curiously enough, it is the Depression which really marks the fountainhead of Southern genius, and it is exciting to see such brilliant writing come to the surface from so many different areas. In *Look Homeward, Angel* we hear Tom Wolfe speaking in the accents of North Carolina. In *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road* Erskine Caldwell is creating characters who fit anywhere from Virginia to Florida. Robert Penn Warren makes his bid from Tennessee. In New Orleans we hear from Roarke Bradford and DuBose Heyward, the author of our poignant *Porgy and Bess*. Chapel Hill is a beehive sending forth the plays of Paul Green, the biographies of Phillips Russell, and the criticism and stimulus of Allen Tate. And in Greenville, Mississippi — in a town no bigger than Concord, Massachusetts, at its flowering — we have a whole bevy of writers: Leroy Percy, the author of *Lanterns on the Levee*, Hodding Carter, the crusading editor of the *Delta Star*, David L. Cohn, the pungent, penetrating essayist, Eudora Welty, whose short stories again have been given the O. Henry Award, and last and greatest, William Faulkner, winning the Nobel Prize with that unpronounceable county of wondrous and unpredictable people. No area in the North or West could match that quality of competition.

And now for the first time the Negro makes his authentic contribution to American literature. For years the Negro had been the subject of stories of sentiment and comedy, but very few writers took him seriously in print. Way back in 1867 the *Atlantic* had published six semiserious stories by Charles W. Chestnutt, a Negro then in his thirtieth year. Historians today regard him as the first American Negro novelist. But in the 1930s a whole school of Negro writers began to emerge. They were not interested in dialect as it was once spoken by Uncle Remus; they were interested in justice and heartache and aspiration and the New America. Langston Hughes and Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison, and our recent *Atlantic* discovery, Nathaniel LaMar, of Georgia — the arrival of these Negro authors opens a new horizon in American letters.

Richmond's contributions in these years were first the monumental biographies of Robert E. Lee and George Washington by the great historian Douglas Southall Freeman. Then came the novels and more recently the historical studies by that younger Virginian, Clifford Dowdey. The main emphasis falls on history, on a revaluation of the American character. And I think it is significant that Virginians should be thinking of this at the time when Hitler's shadow was becoming increasingly ominous in Europe. It almost seems as if Virginia's historians were saying, "Here is the heritage, here are the traits you must draw upon as you face a world in jeopardy." I like to remember that one of the last things Dr. Freeman wrote was a post-war article for the *Atlantic*, entitled "Washington's Hardest Decision." There is a cause and effect in literature, and Virginia's sage was getting us ready for difficult choices ahead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puerto Rico will enchant you

YOU ARE at the Casa de España in old San Juan. The ballroom is open to the stars. The cotillion is about to begin.

Puerto Rican debutantes are lovely to look at, delightful to know—and extraordinarily interesting to talk to.

They speak Spanish and English. They can quote from Cervantes and Whitman. They can discuss Velásquez and they read the New York Times. Not many years from now, they'll be teaching their children the finer aspects of both cultures.

Can you think of a lovelier atmosphere in which to start a new enterprise? Puerto Rico now offers new industry freedom from taxes —*and so much more*. You learn to know a second language, a gentle people and the joy of an open-air life.

Why not take a long week-end for a quick reconnaissance? Puerto Rico is a lunch-to-dinner trip from New York. Take your family with you. They will fall in love with this whole enchanted island.

© 1957 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico,
579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Debutantes' Ball at the Casa de España in San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico. Just beyond this ballroom are a library, an art gallery and a swimming pool. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt. ▶

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who ordered the world's 3 great whiskies?

LOOK at our picture. You can tell quite a lot about the man who gave this order.

First, he is a man who knows his own mind. Note how he has made a beeline for the Lord Calvert. Very significant.

Second, he is a thoughtful host. He is about to offer his friends their *choice* of the world's three great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all *American* whiskies—our own Lord Calvert.

Why not offer this same lordly choice tonight? The gesture will not go unnoticed.

LORD CALVERT. BLENDED WHISKEY OF DISTINCTION. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THE latest of the top-level memoirs of the Second World War is in several respects the most revealing. Taking the diaries kept by General Sir Alan Brooke (now Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke) and the comments he made on them a decade later — over a million words, all told — **Sir Arthur Bryant** has written a two-volume history of the war of which the first installment, ***The Turn of the Tide*** (Doubleday, $6.95), covers the years 1939 through 1943. As Chief of the Imperial General Staff after December, 1941, Brooke, who had saved the British Army at Dunkirk, was Britain's most important soldier; and it was his strategic ideas, though hotly contested by the American planners and sometimes by Churchill, which were in the main adopted by the Western allies. Ironically, Brooke was so successful in shunning publicity that he has remained the least known of the Allied military chiefs.

The Turn of the Tide has a threefold significance and fascination. As Bryant notes, there is no other instance in which a leading actor in great events recorded them day by day and, without altering his contemporary account, later commented on and criticized it. None of the war memoirs is more outspoken, for Brooke's diary was written as "an evening conversation on paper" addressed to his wife. Most importantly, perhaps, it brings us into intimate contact with a man of extraordinary quality, a leader whose judgments have been proved right to an astonishing degree. He foretold, for instance, with uncanny accuracy the collapse of the French; and later — convinced that Stalin could not afford to sign a separate peace — he pressed for a stiffer line with the Russians.

The most striking aspects of Brooke's diaries are the unique picture of his partnership with Churchill — they worked together almost every day; the account of Brooke's sharp differences with the U.S. planners over strategy; and the frank impressions of most of the Allied leaders, civilian and military.

"Quite the most difficult man to work with I have ever struck," says Brooke of Churchill, and "quite the most wonderful. . . . [He has] the most marvellous qualities and superhuman genius mixed with an astonishing lack of vision at times." Brooke, a believer in massing power for a decisive effort, had a harrowing time resisting Churchill's impetuosity ("It is a regular disease he suffers from, this frightful impatience to get an attack launched") and Churchill's passion for "diversions" (one of the pet projects which Brooke repeatedly squelched was an ill-conceived invasion of Norway). Perhaps the most eloquent proof of Brooke's stature is that he retained Churchill's complete trust even though he was continually saying "no" to him — the word that Churchill most detested.

Brooke's struggle with the American military leaders (with most of whom he developed cordial personal relations) hinged on three main issues: his conviction, in 1942 and in 1943, that it would be suicidal to attempt the opening of a European "Second Front," for which Marshall was pressing (in *Crusade in Europe*, Eisenhower acknowledged that "later developments" convinced him the British evaluation was correct); American skepticism as to the importance of the Mediterranean theater; and American unwillingness, especially on the part of Admiral King, to accept fully the implications of the Europe-first strategy agreed upon at the highest level.

Brooke speaks of Marshall as a great gentleman and a great organizer, but not a great strategist; pays high tributes to Eisenhower for making "Anglo-American rivalry the unforgivable sin"; and names MacArthur as the greatest general of the war. The diaries are rich in memorable footnotes to history and memorable trivia: Weygand's incredible reaction to France's collapse — what preyed on his mind was that it spoiled his "most successful" career; a vignette of Churchill — "fresh as paint" after an uncomfortable all-night flight, two early morning whiskies, and two cigars — demanding wine before breakfast on arrival in Cairo and bursting to start the day's work; a description of an orgiastic Kremlin banquet, throughout which an uneaten suckling pig stared at Brooke with its black truffle eye and "developed a sardonical smile" on its orange-peel mouth.

"Running a war," Brooke wrote,

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

The facts behind the "bacterial warfare" propaganda, the repatriation tangle, the 58% of Americans who did not survive captivity

THE CAPTIVES OF KOREA

AN UNOFFICIAL WHITE PAPER

by William L. White

Author of "They Were Expendable" and "Report on the Russians"

The files of the State and Defense Departments were opened to Mr. White for the facts of this terrible and fascinating story: the contrast between the treatment of prisoners held by the U.N. and the tortures suffered by our men in the Communist prison camps. An absorbing book, it will give you a deeper understanding of the mechanism of Communist tyranny. $4.95

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

What is created? What is expressed? What is experienced?

These are the

PROBLEMS OF ART

by Susanne K. Langer

A brilliant informal discussion of the chief problems of esthetics. This book goes far in illuminating the theories of one of America's most distinguished philosophers. $3.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man who reads dictionaries

©Philippe Halsman Photo

JAMES THURBER, one of America's great stylists, whose most recent book is *Further Fables For Our Time*, says:

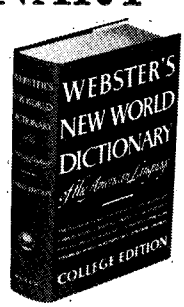
"I SEEM to have collected dictionaries, from Cassell's Latin to the thirteen volumes of the O.E.D., but none has a more special value than *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition. It is an important contribution to the American language. I keep trying to catch mistakes or omissions in its coverage of our slang, and almost invariably fail. The other day I looked for a certain definition of 'bug.' It was there, concise and correct, 'a defect, as in a machine.'"

The name Webster alone on a dictionary is not enough to guarantee excellence of this kind. Visit your bookseller and ask to see —

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY

of the American Language

COLLEGE EDITION



142,000 entries 1,760 pages 3,100 terms illustrated. In various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK

"seems to consist in making plans and then ensuring that all destined to carry them out do not quarrel with each other instead of with the enemy." The history built out of his diaries gives us the most intimate picture we have had to date of the manifold strains of coalition warfare, and of how, by and large, the Allies successfully surmounted them.

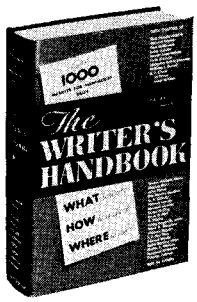
Wylie's one world

The Innocent Ambassadors (Rinehart, $4.95) by **Philip Wylie** — described on the jacket as a "round-the-world *Generation of Vipers*" — is the result of a three-month trip abroad, which took Mr. and Mrs. Wylie to the Far East and India and brought them home with stopovers in the Lebanon, Turkey, and Greece. There is naturally travel reportage in the book, but the heart of the matter is talk. Just as the conventional tourist on his return home proudly displays souvenirs and snapshots, Wylie, after talking his way around the world, proudly reproduces all the words he uttered. He listened, too, and quotes to us what he heard, but often with incongruous effects: for out of the mouths of the unlikeliest people there comes a curious approximation to the frenetic idiom of Philip Wylie, whose prose style for some reason reminds me of traveling hell-for-leather in a jeep down a peculiarly bumpy road.

Mr. Wylie, it goes without saying, returned astounded, outraged, and desperately alarmed. His message is that the United States is losing the cold war for a variety of reasons: the self-righteousness and obtuseness of Mr. Dulles ("a symbol of a specific odiousness to millions everywhere"), who is disastrously blinkered by his narrow — and to Asia quite meaningless — concept of the cold war as a conflict between Christianity and "atheism"; the continued American belief, conscious or otherwise, in the superiority of the white race; the doctrine, which the H-bomb has made obsolete, that military power can decide the struggle with Russia — it will be decided solely on the battleground of belief. Mr. Wylie brings to this thesis a good deal of interesting evidence and arguments which I find forceful; and his whole approach to the issues involved in the cold war has a welcome individuality.

Unfortunately, as is customary in Wylie's work, the intelligent and provocative thinking is mixed up with

Important for Writers



"The best book for free-lance writers, complete in one volume —"

The WRITER'S HANDBOOK
1957 edition
edited by A. S. Burack

- Lists 1,000 markets for manuscript sales
- 79 chapters of instruction

WIDELY used as the standard reference book for writers; 79 chapters by leading authors and editors telling how to write fiction, nonfiction, plays, radio and TV scripts, verse, juveniles, etc. This book tells *what to write about, how to write it,* and *where to sell it.*

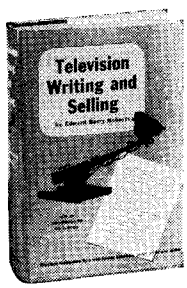
650 pages; $5.95

and

TELEVISION WRITING and SELLING
by Edward Barry Roberts

COMPLETE instruction on writing for television from idea through actual production, by a well-known TV script editor and author. Covers story selection, special effects, TV terms and Code, legal aspects. Sample scripts and advice on how to sell. Illustrated.

515 pages; $5.75



At your bookstore, or direct postpaid from
THE WRITER, Inc., PUBLISHERS
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

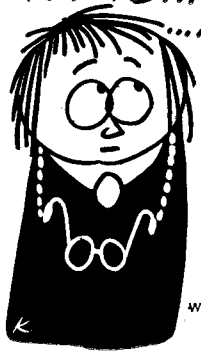
New Books From Beacon Press

Timid NOBODY to SHAPER of WORLD HISTORY!

An Autobiography: The Story of My Experiments With Truth
By MOHANDAS K. GANDHI
Paperback $1.95

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 6

To READ... is to READ ...is to READ



Lectures in America
By GERTRUDE STEIN
The things in painting, literature and music which seem to Stein important for herself and America.
Paperback $1.45

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a sizable quota of naïveté and portentous platitude. Wylie is constantly reacting hyperexcitedly to some "terrific insight" of roughly the same order of terrificness as the *bourgeois gentilhomme*'s discovery that what he had been writing all his life was prose.

I am forced to report, too, that Wylie indulges in an unconscionable amount of corny posturing. He mysteriously plays the Secret Agent (the frightening cold war "assignment" given him by "certain friends in Washington" turns out to be to take a stroll through the refugee district in Hong Kong). He keeps reminding us, ruefully, that he is a world-wide literary celebrity and, pompously, that he is a Civil Defense Consultant with "Q-clearance" (Look, Mom, I'm Q-cleared). He writes fatuously about winning the applause of Bangkok night-clubbers by performing a nifty rumba, and he celebrates his conjugal love in slush like "The music of her moody bliss is the melody of what-might-have-been, in some truer world." (His wife's remarks show her to be a remarkably sensible and attractive woman.) In all of this, there is an embarrassing vein of unconscious farce. It is hard to know whether to take Wylie as a serious thinker with a broad streak of foolishness or as a figure of fun with a lot of bright ideas.

Admen and the id

The Hidden Persuaders (McKay, $4.00) by **Vance Packard** explores what the author conservatively calls "a strange and rather exotic new area of American life" — the use of mass psychoanalysis to guide campaigns of persuasion in advertising and in politics. In the early 1950s, it seems, some giant brains on Madison Avenue made the shattering discovery that people often don't want what they say they want; and that consequently the research method known as "nose-counting," which consisted in asking prospective customers what they wanted, was partially if not basically unsound. Having concluded that the consumer's conscious responses were unreliable, the persuaders decided to carry their surveys into the realm of the unconscious. Now, several thousand social scientists with psychiatric credentials have been enlisted in a multimillion-dollar industry labeled Motivation Research, or simply M.R. Two thirds of America's hundred largest advertisers are using strategies inspired by the "depth approach." In fact, huck-

Air Force

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN AIRPOWER

by MARTIN CAIDIN

in cooperation with the U.S. Air Force

In 400 stunning *all-action* pictures (the pick of over 2 million from the vast files of the Pentagon) — the first complete photographic story of the growth and drama of our Air Force. This is the whole story of our men, planes, battles, and tactics—from the first gun ever fired from a plane to the superjets. Each dramatic picture is accompanied by detailed explanatory text. A magnificent book that is one of the enduring records of man's conquest of the air. 240 pages. Size 9″ x 12″. $10.00

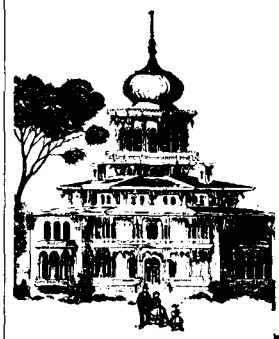
PHILIP WYLIE

The Innocent Ambassadors

The account of a trip around the world and a compendium of data not found in standard guidebooks . . . A survey of places, both exotic and troubled . . . Assorted enjoyments, revelations, practical suggestions for the salvation of liberty and sundry flights of fancy . . . $4.95

"This is vintage Wylie — the best of his books in a long time."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

The Gingerbread Age



A VIEW OF VICTORIAN AMERICA

by JOHN MAASS

110 superb photographs and 75 charming sketches recapture the spirit of our Victorian architecture — its private homes, firehouses, depots, churches, interiors. In sparkling narrative, the author shows that these fanciful buildings are more than just entertaining — "their boldness and vitality" he says, "can teach a lesson to the conformist present." This is a big and an outstandingly *beautiful* book — to give, to treasure. 224 pages. 8″ x 11″. $7.95

Guilty Men, 1957

SUEZ AND CYPRUS

by MICHAEL FOOT and MERVYN JONES

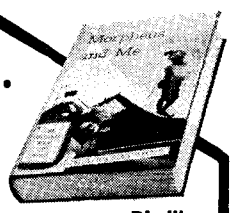
Two crack British newspapermen, one a Labour M.P., give an up-to-the-minute, blow-by-blow account of the political crisis in the Middle East — and its long history. They attack the policies of the British Conservative Government past and present — in the Near-East, Egypt, and Cyprus. Behind these policies are "guilty men" . . . who encouraged the recent "go-it-alone" adventure of Britain and France . . . who betrayed their allies, violated their own treaties and the U.N. charter. Heavy paper binding. $1.95

At all booksellers

RINEHART & CO., INC.

232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rip Van Winkle...

Brunnehilde...

Sleeping Beauty..

they've got nothing on our Phyllis

The others may have needed magic to get a decent snooze, not **Phyllis I. Rosenteur.** Although 18 hours of unbroken sleep may seem akin to a supernatural gift, she does it with easily understandable techniques, discovered in a search that ran through 35 states and 22 countries. Why, she's been comatose on everything from an earthen floor and soggy sleeping bag to a swinging hammock and a pallet of pressed rose petals.

Phyllis has investigated every theory of sleep from psychological to theological. Uncovering sense and nonsense about the sandman she's delved into hypnosis and science to prove that the "tosser and turner" can have a future in Slumberland. If there *is* a cure for the insomniac's eternal problem, you'll find it at your bookstore for only $3.95 in

MORPHEUS and ME

The Complete Book of Sleep

GHOST SHIP of the CONFEDERACY

The most remarkable seagoing tale of the Civil War — the story of the C.S.S. *Alabama* and her captain, Raphael Semmes. Here is the chronicle of the most successful raider in naval history — her secret construction, battles, and narrow escapes. An enthralling book by the historian **Edward Boykin.** $4.95

Witness to Witchcraft

What is a witch doctor? **Harry B. Wright** gives you the answer from his first hand observations of these primitive men. The *gree-gree* doctor, *ju-ju* man, *amgakok*, *dukun* . . . are all here together with fascinating accounts of their rites, feats and almost occult powers. Rich material indeed for the student of the bizarre, the armchair adventurer. $3.95

At all bookstores

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 East 24th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

sterism has entered a new era, in which its oracle is the psychologist and its slogan might well be: The proper study of the adman is the id.

The various ways in which M.R. operates, the findings it has produced, and their application to selling goods (and political candidates) are described by Mr. Packard with a wealth of documentation which is often appalling, often very funny, and continuously fascinating. His book, which deserves to be widely read, guides us through a world in which the American male's association of the sedan with wife, the convertible with mistress, inspired the hard-top convertible; in which a once unsuccessful cigarette (Marlboro) was discovered to be "sexually maladjusted" and was made successful by changing its appeal from feminine to masculine; a world where the discoveries of Freud are used to glamorize the prune, to de-sissify tea and the cigarette holder, to determine the most successful image for greeting cards (a barren, gnarled tree on a windswept, graceful hill — the majority of senders apparently feel lonely and gnarled and are still trying to be graceful), to overcome consumer "resistances" in areas as diverse as banking, air travel, and men's wear.

Just how reliable are the findings of M.R. is a highly debatable point, but it certainly has come up with no end of curious revelations — for instance, that the blink rate of women in supermarkets falls to the level of "a light trance" (they feel like queens to whom all those lovely, accessible products are whispering "buy me, buy me"); or that housewives need to be reassured that timesaving products and foods will not rob them of their worth and creativity (this has been found to apply especially to cake mixes, because "baking a cake is acting out the birth of a child").

What disturbs Mr. Packard about this invasion of "the privacy of our minds" is that the depth manipulators, by scientifically catering to the irrational, are creating a progressively less rational society. Their activities are particularly sinister in the political sphere, in which they played an important role for the first time in the last presidential election. All in all, they are pushing us toward a singularly unbrave new world.

"The amorous mess"

"The role of sex in American culture" is the subject of a spirited essay

New Books From Beacon Press

The ARTIST as NEGRO

Notes of a Native Son
By JAMES BALDWIN
A Beacon Original

"One of the finest young craftsmen in American letters." *Chicago Sun-Times*
"Written with . . . uncommon grace." *Newsweek*
Paperback $1.25

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 19

TRAIL BLAZERS in SOCIAL THOUGHT

Social Thought in America: The Revolt Against Formalism
By MORTON WHITE

Interpretations of Niebuhr, Lippmann, Dewey, Holmes, Veblen, Beard and Robinson.
Paperback $1.75

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 18

The story of a woman whom BERNARD SHAW called "an enclosed nun with an unenclosed mind"

In a Great Tradition

THE LIFE OF DAME LAURENTIA McLACHLAN, ABBESS OF STANBROOK

By the Benedictines of Stanbrook

SHAW'S letters, revealing his extraordinary friendship with this Scottish nun in an English convent, have attracted international attention. Now her amazing story is fully told in a book that Dame Sybil Thorndike calls "the most stimulating I have read for years . . . written with wide tolerance, humor and profound understanding." *Atlantic* readers will recall the exchange of letters printed in a recent issue.

At all bookstores • $5.00

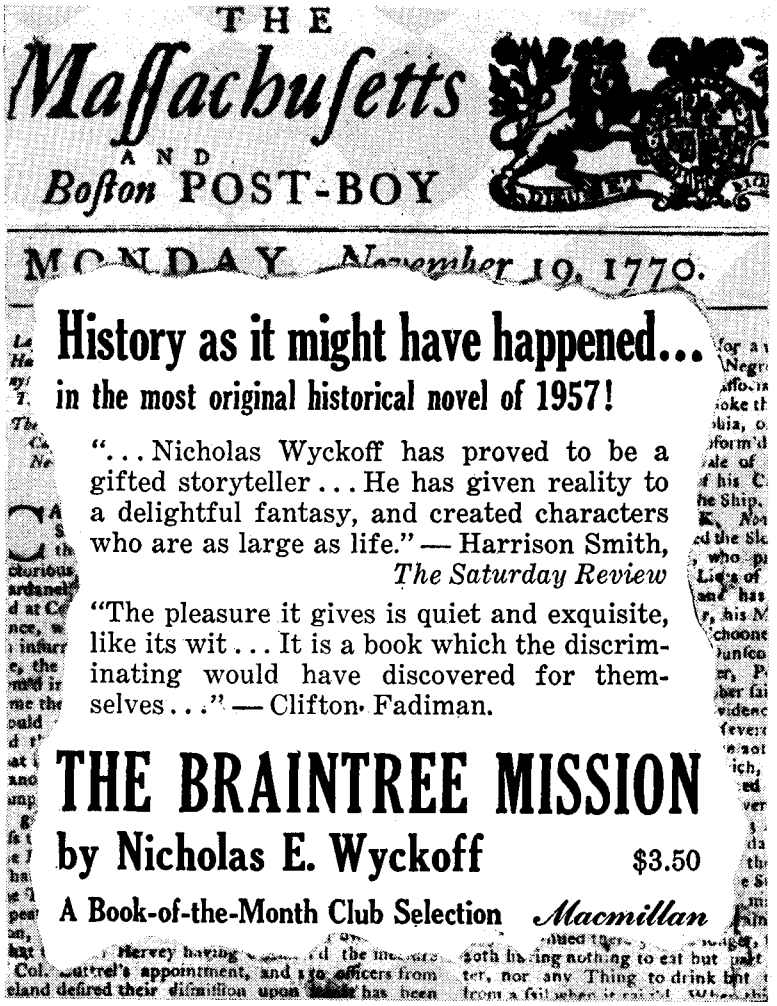
HARPER

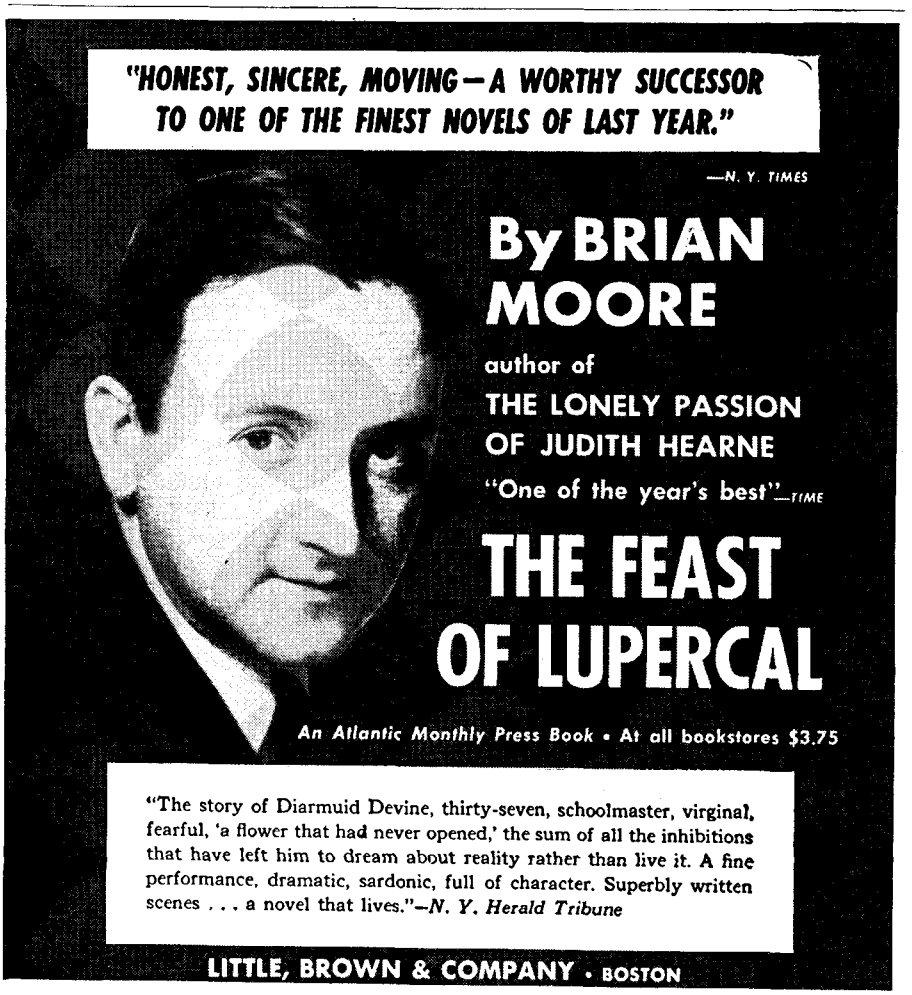
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entitled *The Decline and Fall of Sex* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) by **Robert Elliot Fitch,** Professor of Christian Ethics and Dean of the Pacific School of Religion in California. It is moderately startling to find a theologian announcing that sex is in need of vitalizing ministrations, and still more surprising to find one who writes with the lack of verbal inhibition, the light-fingered brio, and the wittiness of phrase displayed by Dr. Fitch.

Fitch's argument, whose principal frame of reference is the novel and the stage, can be summarized as follows. The modern cult of sex has led to the conclusion that, since sex is the essential, "the important thing is to get down to essential sex . . . [to what is] popularly known as acting natural" — a viewpoint Fitch finds typified by the late Dr. Kinsey, "this Nature Boy clad simply in the loincloth of the biologic." In order to act natural, we have subtracted from sex romance, love, morality, its procreative function, even its hedonistic aspects. The residue, says Fitch, is a vastly depressing mess — the celebration of sex as a wallowing in ennui and banality (Françoise Sagan); "the mystique of obscenity" (Hemingway, Mailer, Jones); the fascination with, and quasi glorification of, the pimp, the prostitute, and the pervert (Tennessee Williams and others); the icily detached, clinical approach of intellectuals like Mary McCarthy. Sex, says Fitch, has entered "the ice age. . . . [It] used to be hot stuff, but by the time the modern intelligence is through with it, what sex gives us is not a burn but a frostbite. It isn't wicked, and it isn't any fun. It's just biologic. . . . The asceticism of the scientific intelligence . . . has assassinated sex." The conclusion which emerges from Fitch's primarily critical exposition is that sex must be coupled with love and morality if it is to regain its "significant vitality."

It could be argued that Fitch's picture of "the amorous mess" and of sex's loss of sex appeal is decidedly exaggerated; and it has, of course, frequently been argued that sex is, indeed, "just biologic." But the operative point is that Fitch certainly has something provocative to say and develops his case in terms which cannot possibly be dismissed as puritanical or obscurantist. He has a vigorous mind and a lively pen, and the perspective he brings to bear on contemporary writers yields suggestive





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Faulkner's

new novel of the Snopes family

THE TOWN

By the 1950 Nobel Prize winner

$3.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

New Books From Beacon Press

"FIRST RATE WORK" ...T.S. Eliot

The Parting of the Way: Lao Tzu and the Taoist Movement
By HOLMES WELCH

First book to present Lao Tzu's thought as a workable system of philosophy. $5.00

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 5

How to tell NEWS from OPINION...

Slanted News:
A case study of the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories
By ARTHUR E. ROWSE

Foreword by Erwin D. Canham
A detailed chapter and verse study.
$3.95

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 8

insights. For its literary criticism alone, Mr. Fitch's book is well worth reading.

Remembrance of things past

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), **Mary McCarthy's** account of her childhood and adolescence, has made clearer to me the traits which make her the particular sort of artist she is. They are, I believe, perfectionism, a fanatical striving for honesty, and a fierce sense of hierarchy — a combination calculated to produce a thoroughly disturbing vision of life. For to the perfectionist, things-as-they-are appear for the most part lamentably worse than they ought to be; the cult of honesty makes it a duty to portray this state of affairs as unsparingly as possible; and in a hierarchical order, it is always easy to disgrace oneself but almost impossible to behave so well as to transcend one's station.

In the writing of her memoir, perfectionism has tempted Miss McCarthy into doing some minor retouching of events so as to make "a good story" out of them; and honesty has impelled her to tell the reader, in interchapters, exactly what she has guessed at or invented — a unique approach, I would say offhand, to autobiography.

One of the charming singularities of this personal history is that, in broad outline, it is a real-life version of a classic fairy tale drama filtered through a highly sophisticated mind. Mary, the eldest of four children, was six when both her parents died in the influenza epidemic of 1918 and a regime of bliss came to an end — the foods that children dote on, Japanese houseboys, the possession of an ermine muff and a diamond ring, "spoiling and coddling" of all sorts. Her rich McCarthy grandparents arranged for and subsidized the children's upbringing by impecunious relatives in Minneapolis, who had a genius for making life arid and ugly. Uncle Myers (who dominated his wife) behaved to his wards remarkably like the wicked stepmother of mythology. They were dressed like scarecrows; the staples of their diet were corn-meal mush, root vegetables, prunes or rhubarb, and castor oil; and they were incessantly beaten — even Mary's winning of a state essay prize earned her a whipping designed to teach her not to become "stuck up."

FUN IN MEXICO RETIRE-VACATION ON $150 A MONTH

or less in a resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65–80°. Or maintain lux. villa, servants, ALL expenses $200–250 a mo. Am.-Eng. colony on Lake Chapala. 30 min. to city of ½ million, medical center. Schools, arts, sports. Few hours by air. Train, bus, paved roads all the way. Full-time servants, maids, cooks, $6 to $15 a mo., filet mignon 50c lb., coffee 45c, gas 17c gal. Houses $10 mo. up. No fog, smog, confusion, jitters. Just serene living among considerate people. For EXACTLY how Americans are living in world's most perfect climate on $50–$150–$250 a mo., mail $2.00 for complete current information, photos, prices, roads, hotels, hunting, fishing, vacationing and retirement conditions from Am. viewpoint (Pers. Chk. OK) to THAYER OF MEXICO, File 32, Ajijic, Jal., Mexico. (*Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Money Back Guarantee.*)

OUR COMING WORLD

Nominated for the Pulitzer prize awarded by Columbia University. Proves a peaceful world can be had without armaments, wars or economic ills where the aged are fully employed and even the unaided blind can safely cross streets. A one world nation, one language and one religion without integration or segregation problems.

Sensational—Non political—Non religious
$3 to WORLD PUBLICATION, Inc.
P.O. Box 2077, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at retail store prices* — **postpaid,** *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of* ***The Atlantic Monthly.***)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

PRINTACULAR

is a word created by McCall's magazine to define the spectacular use of print in advertising, particularly in its own pages.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES!
You name it — we find it! Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants!
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-A Beverly Hills, Calif.

WHICH SCHOOL or COLLEGE
is best for
YOUR son or daughter?

I can help you decide. Over thirty years in school work and guidance counseling. $5.00 for your first inquiry; no charges thereafter.

MRS. LEWIS D. BEMENT
Deerfield, Massachusetts

JOIN and SERVE!

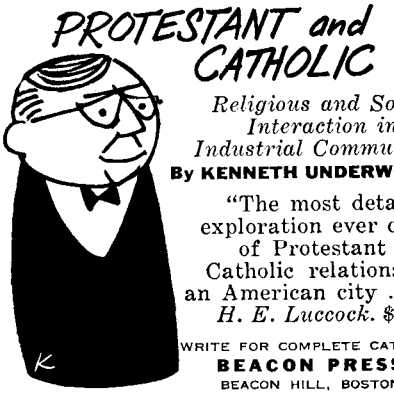
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books From Beacon Press

Mr. Lyward's Answer
By MICHAEL BURN

Can "hopeless" ones be salvaged when parents, teachers, and psychiatrists have given up? Mr. Lyward said "Yes;" and proved it! $3.95

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 4



Religious and Social Interaction in an Industrial Community
By KENNETH UNDERWOOD

"The most detailed exploration ever done of Protestant and Catholic relations in an American city . . ." *H. E. Luccock.* $6.00

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 1

A distinguished collection by one of the living masters of the short story

At all bookstores • $4.75

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Eventually a good magician intervened, Mary's maternal grandfather; and at eleven she went to live with him, a Protestant, and his Jewish wife in Seattle. At this point the simple overtones of fairy tale give way to the ironies of reality. Grandfather Preston, a man of "rigid and fantastic probity," insisted that his Catholic ward go to convent school; and there, to make an impression on the "desirable" girls, she staged a dramatic "loss of faith" only to discover that her faith was really lost. Miss McCarthy's narrative carries her through the hazards of a "boy crazy" stage to the end of her high school days, at which time her sights were set on becoming an actress.

Out of her polychrome background Miss McCarthy has pieced together an altogether fascinating memoir. The portraiture in her recollections is more tolerant of human frailty than in her fiction and therefore more attractive and richer in vitality — the Jewish grandmother, for one, is a memorable re-creation. As to the book's literary qualities, they reinforce my belief that Mary McCarthy, today, is one of the half-dozen finest stylists among American writers.

The adventures of Aunt Dot

The Towers of Trebizond (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) by **Rose Macaulay** is the most delightful novel of her long career. The book has three main elements seemingly so discordant as to guarantee disaster — a scholarly travelogue about Asia Minor; a Graham Greeneish subplot having to do with adultery and religious longing; and a main plot, as deliciously farcical as any devised by Evelyn Waugh, in which an eccentric English spinster (who rides to church on a white camel "with mental trouble") and an ancient clergyman named Chantry-Pigg go to Turkey as missionaries of Anglicanism and feminism and presently vanish behind the Iron Curtain, thereby precipitating an international *cause célèbre à la* Burgess and Maclean. A tour de force on Miss Macaulay's part has woven these materials into a sparklingly original and completely captivating novel: a book packed with entrancing humor, comic characterization, fantastic escapades, and serious insights. The final note is one of haunting sadness, for the farce has been an allegory; and its subject is man's eternal striving for that which he cannot quite attain.

REWARDING READING

ATOMS FOR THE WORLD
by Laura Fermi

The true story of the Geneva Conference on Atomic Energy as told by Laura Fermi, widow of Enrico Fermi, father of the atomic age. Vivid portraits of the world-renowned scientists who met in the interests of world peace. By the author of "Atoms in the Family." $3.75

THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR
by Avery Craven

A thoughtful presentation of the factors which caused the division of a nation and brought that nation into war with itself. A brilliant analysis of the reasons for the firing on Fort Sumter and the Civil War. New Revised. $5.00

THE NEW AGE OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
by Dexter Perkins

An unbiased social and historical evaluation of the Roosevelt Era, as well as a history of the New Deal. For those who lived through these dynamic years, and for those too young to remember. The beginning of our modern era . $3.50

THE ENGLISH COMMON READER
by Richard D. Altick

A social history of the mass reading public from 1800-1900. Of vital interest to everyone seeking to mold the thinking of individuals through the printed or spoken word. By the author of "Preface to Critical Reading." $6.00

LIMITED WAR
by Robert Endicott Osgood

An outline of military strategy for the future to avoid the cataclysm of an all out neuclear war. A candid look at war as a continuation of diplomacy—limited in scope, limited in weapons, limited geographically. $5.00

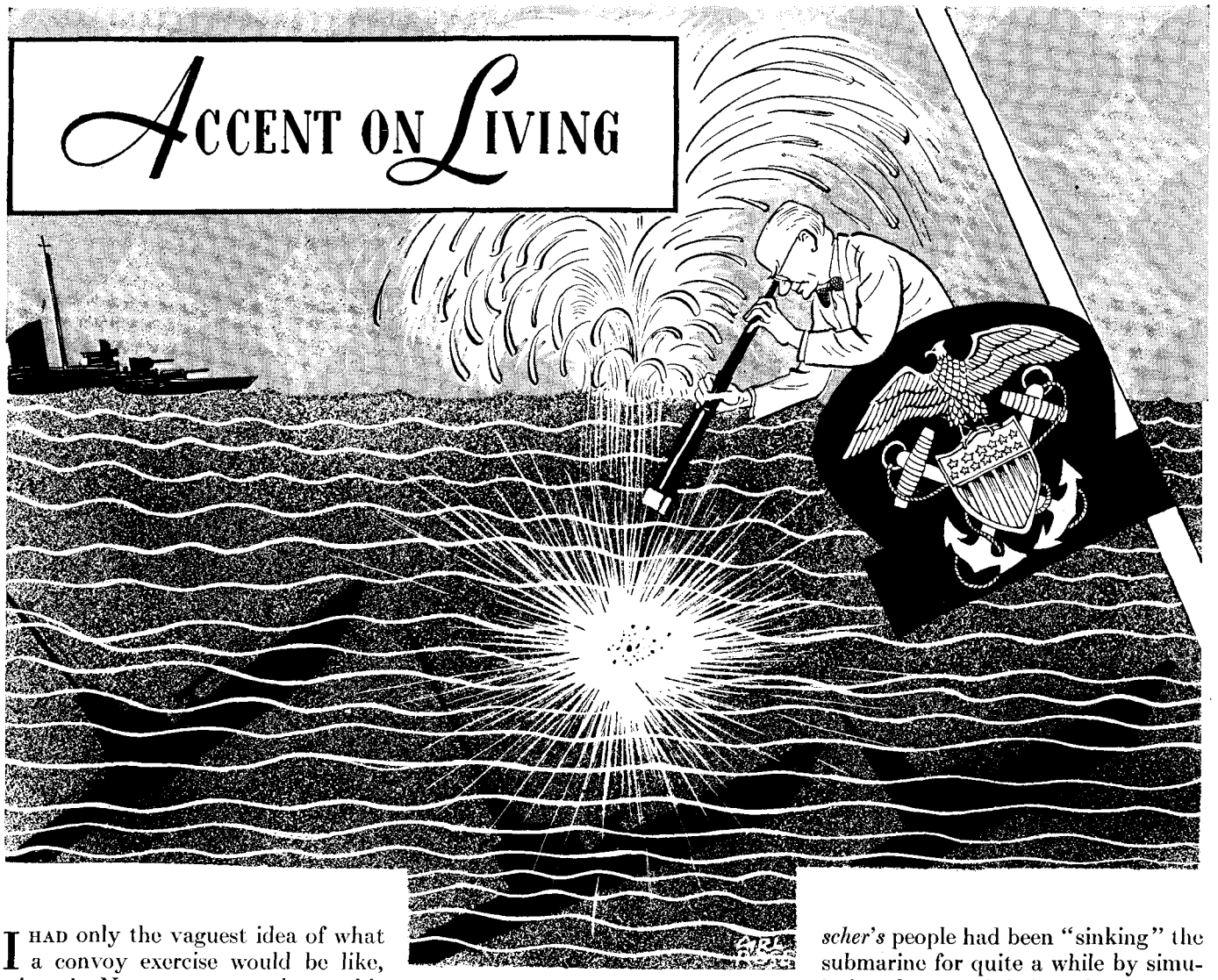
WHEN EGYPT RULED THE EAST
by George Steindorff and Keith C. Seele

The fascinating story of the culture that flourished on the Nile 3,500 years ago—one of the most brilliant eras in world history. Completely revised to include recent archeological discoveries. 130 illustrations. $5.75

At Better Bookstores
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
Chicago 37, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCENT ON LIVING



I HAD only the vaguest idea of what a convoy exercise would be like, when the Navy gave me a chance this spring to observe one. A large number of ships escorted in close company and managing to stay out of each other's way was roughly what I expected, but the problems posed and solved during a week at sea were a good deal more novel to me than that. The purpose of a convoy training exercise is twofold: to give submarines experience in finding and attacking a convoy, and to give the surface vessels and their air cover lessons in counterattack and avoidance of the submarines. The participants in this case were three submarines, against a screen of a dozen or more destroyers and escort vessels, a large carrier, two blimps, a frigate as flagship, and a tanker and an ammunition ship in the role of the merchant vessels to be protected. (What it now calls a frigate the Navy formerly called a destroyer leader. This could be confusing, for a frigate in many foreign navies, including the British and French, is a much smaller and less formidable vessel.)

For locale, envision a strip of ocean 30 miles wide and 300 miles long, beginning about 200 miles off Cape May and extending in an easterly direction. Eastbound, the problem called for the convoy to enter the strip between 8 A.M. and noon and to travel its length before 6 P.M. the next day. The submarines, already lying in wait somewhere in the strip, would come into contact with the convoy at a time and place predetermined by the admiral in charge of the exercises but unknown to anyone else, and who "sank" what in the ensuing scramble would eventually be established by an evaluation, in split-second timing and measuring and comparing, of everything that each ship had done.

The eastbound contest proved to be a rather one-sided victory for the convoy. Only one submarine established any sort of contact. It surfaced around midnight and blithely sent up a flare and announced that it had "sunk" U.S.S. *Mitscher*, the frigate. But this was somewhat after *Mitscher's* people had been "sinking" the submarine for quite a while by simulating the use of their truly awesome assortment of depth charges and homing torpedoes; moreover the flagship's speed and the sinuosity of her course were such as to make her a poor target. This, then, became a question for the umpires to decide later on, but it was certain that the contact was claimed not against one of the protected convoy vessels but only against one of the screen, and that the other two submarines were unable to come to grips with anyone.

The westbound exercise, begun after an overnight breathing spell, was a problem of evasion. No one, including the admiral, knew where the submarines would be, and the task was to bring the convoy through the strip without detection. The strategist in this case was Rear Admiral R. T. S. Keith, Commander of Destroyer Flotilla Two, a soft-spoken Virginian who seemed to enjoy to the limit outwitting the enemy, and outwit them he did. His strategy was simply to send five escort vessels to enter the strip westbound at its southern edge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as decoys, while the rest of the group entered at the northern edge. By using a noise-making device, the decoy vessels could make themselves sound like a larger group of ships to a listening submarine. For good measure, the admiral even sent the two blimps along with the decoys on the chance that they would be seen at long range by a submarine and taken to indicate the presence of the convoy. These arrangements all proved to be successful: no submarine detected the convoy, and a rueful report from one after the close of the exercise caused great satisfaction aboard the flagship. What it took to be the convoy had been heard approaching, so the submarine explained, but when it went in to attack, the convoy never showed up at all.

There was no atomic-powered submarine in the exercises. To the layman it looked as if the earlier type of submarine, with its limited speed and range when submerged, is going against rather heavy odds when it attacks a modern convoy, even a fairly slow one. The odds would be heavy provided, of course, that in wartime, when escort vessels must be spread wide and thinly, the convoy could be as heavily protected as ours was. A look around the horizon showed the diversity of weapons in use, all at the same time: the escort ships themselves, with armaments far more powerful than those used at the war's end; the vast sweeps by long-range patrol bombers; the variety of planes from the carrier, including helicopters which can listen as well as see in the search for a submarine. Most, if not all of these, are in constant communication through a short-range radio voice system, which can be heard in a limited area without betraying the location of the convoy as ordinary radio signals would. The system is especially valuable at night, when the ships are blacked out and are not using radar; for radar, like radio, affords the enemy a chance to get a bearing on ships using it. It was somewhat unexpected to learn, after taking for granted the usefulness of the short-range voice system which chattered away without cease, that merchant ships in general are not thus equipped and that the communications problem in a big convoy, without it, would still have to be solved visually, a method which in thick weather or a blackout could be ineffectual.

Mitscher seemed to me something quite out of the ordinary. Looking like an outsize destroyer with a length of 493 feet and a beam of 50, the ship displaces only 3700 tons by reason of the wide use of aluminum in her construction and fittings. This relatively light burden is propelled by turbines developing 80,000 horsepower, so that one does not take seriously the Navy's figure of 35 knots as *Mitscher's* "designed speed." As she lay at her buoy in Newport Harbor on a sparkling spring morning, *Mitscher* was the best-looking ship I had ever seen. Her skipper, Commander Sheldon Kinney, now aged thirty-seven, won the Navy Cross in World War II for commanding escort vessels that sank four German submarines and participated in sinking a fifth, and I doubt that Commander Kinney's U.S.S. *Mitscher* is to be taken lightly by any submarines, atomic or not.

CHARLES W. MORTON

MALE SUPREMACY

by LORRAINE LEHAN HOPKINS

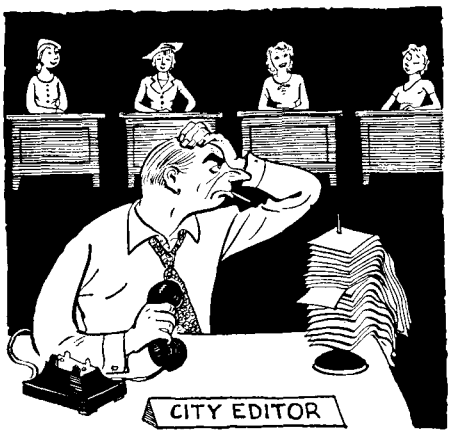
A former news staff member of the Hartford Courant, LORRAINE LEHAN HOPKINS *is now a housewife in West Hartford, Connecticut.*

IF YOU start looking for trouble, they say, you're sure to find it. And similarly, I've learned, if you begin to think men are treating you like an inherently inferior woman, there's no end to the shoes you'll see pressing down over your nose. Men everywhere will step all over you.

I found this out only last summer — after twenty-six years — when I went to work for an incurably anti-feminist city editor. He was the sort who, with the city burning down around him and only a female staffer available, would cry out, "What am I gonna do? I don't have any reporters!"

The veterans in the city room said it all went back to the war years when the male shortage forced him to hire, among others, a girl who refused to take obits seriously (she answered the constantly ringing phone not with the standard "Obits" but with "For whom does the bell toll?") and a girl who refused to take obits at all.

But no matter, for by the time I hit the city room he was a confirmed



male supremist, and for the first time I began to brood about the whole problem.

I had escaped up until then by spending six years in college — including nine heady months as editor of a coed student newspaper and two years as a graduate student with the rank and dignity of an assistant with papers to correct and young male undergraduates to flunk — and two working years on the state staff of a Hartford (Conn.) newspaper under a wonderfully egalitarian editor who assigned me, once anyway, to a sex murder. (I was aided no end in this venture by my hoarsely strident voice, for when I rang up city and state police in New Jersey — where the yeggs were being captured — the cops kept prefacing their answers with "sir" instead of "ma'am." I remained quiet as a mouse about this deception, certainly not caring if they didn't.)

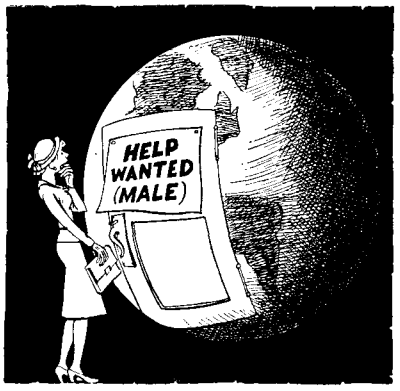
Of course I couldn't tell all this to the city editor, any more than I could bring myself to accuse him of being a male supremist. I could barely speak about it to my husband, who, after all, was a member of the tribe.

As the days passed and I realized no amount of hard work would, in the city editor's eyes, bring me up even level with the street, I began to look around, and in my misery I found only company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I walked into a hairdresser's in town for a haircut and was told that for $2 I could have a male stylist but if I was short of cash I could settle for one of the girls. They only cost $1.75. I walked into the library and learned the head librarian — a woman — was retiring and had requested the library directors to hire a man to succeed her.

Finally I was asked to donate money for midget football for young boys and, looking around, found



there was nothing to which I could donate for young girls, except possibly the group which financed the home for unwed mothers.

And when I read the newspapers, there was no end to my agony. Leaping up from the front page at breakfast were:

A story from Philadelphia that the baby son of a severely wounded policeman had received a four-year college scholarship; and looking on, left to right, were the baby's two little sisters, who were, presumably, destined for a dead end at P.S. 48.

A story from Annapolis that officials at the Naval Academy were searching wildly for excuses to bar a woman applicant.

A story that at a prominent university a coed who turned out for the rowing team was allowed a polite workout and then was bounced.

Then I began to fight back. There was at least one thing I could do, one sharp pot shot I could fire from my typewriter. I could trap the city editor into running a story about the whole terrible question of sex inequality — knowing in advance, of course, it would have a slant like a tepee. So I produced, among other facts, actuarial tables showing that women are superior physically (they outlive men by six years) and research studies from the state university showing that women are superior intellectually from grammar school throughout college.

Things only went from bad to worse, though, for I found that if there was one thing the city editor was more uncomfortable with than a woman reporter, it was a woman reporter who was pregnant, even unnoticeably so. In any factory in the state I could have worked until nearly the bitter, misshapen end. But after only four months, I was turned out of the city room, to pasture.

I took a part-time job on a suburban weekly newspaper, consoling myself with the idea that they, at least, couldn't afford the luxury of discrimination. I had no sooner begun work when a woman wandered in, literally clutching a letter from her soldier son. The editor, sitting at the other end of the room, was busy talking on the phone.

The woman, speaking to me but peering off at him, said, "I got a story I want in the paper but I don't know how it should be worded. I thought there'd be somebody here who could help me."

I told her to sit down and she did, but she kept turning around to look, almost bug-eyed, at the editor. "I thought there'd be somebody here who could help me," she said for the second time.

Of course I said — when I really only wanted to strangle her — "I'm sure I can help you."

Finally it came out: "Maybe," she said, "*he* could help me."

And I thought: we never should have taught them to read, let alone given 'em the vote.

•

TUTEE

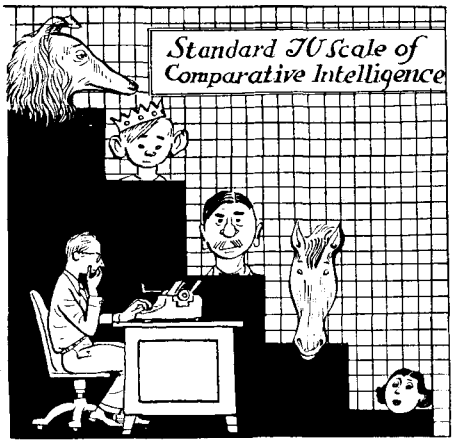
by NEWMAN LEVY

It's my very painful duty
To declare I don't like "tutee,"
Which I came upon while reading the
Atlantic.

Though I hesitate to censor,
A "tutee of Mr. Spencer"
Is a barbarism driving me quite
frantic.

As the suitor of that beauty,
My fair wife, was she my suitee?
A thought that jars upon my soul
romantic.

Please, I pray, don't be a cutie.
From your rooter to his rootee,
Bar "tutee" from the venerable
Atlantic.



MEMO TO THE STAFF

by WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

WILLIAM O'HALLAREN *lives in Granada Hills, California, and is a news writer for the American Broadcasting Company in Hollywood.*

THIS memo is not being sent to discourage any writers, because we think writing should have a place in television, but simply to save you from unnecessary rejections. In reviewing the many scripts we receive for the Rinssie show we notice the literary quality of all is about the same, but so many fall short simply because the writers don't really understand the characters.

We believe your task will be simplified if you will plant it firmly in your minds that the order of intelligence for this very important half hour of each week is:

Dog
Boy
Man
Horse
Woman

A few older writers, trained in a different school, may be surprised at, or even inclined to quibble with, this order, but that's only because they aren't aware how steadily time has been downgrading the Horse. The old-fashioned days in which the Horse solved problems of the plot himself are gone, and he must now be regarded only as a strong, gentle, but somewhat dim-witted friend, his capabilities a bare notch above those of Woman. In an emergency situation about the most you should call on the Horse to do is stamp his feet and neigh, and the same more or less applies to Woman.

Many of our writers have trouble with Dad, and there is a widespread and sloppy tendency to have

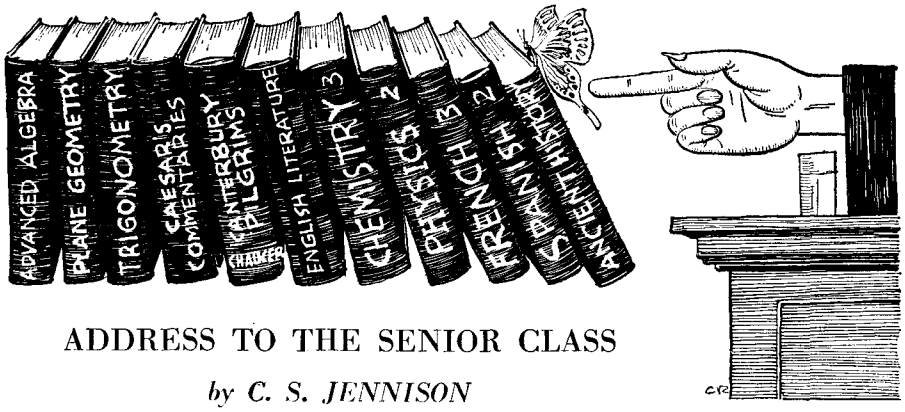
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him settle problems unilaterally in Pleasant Valley — a tendency that proves the writers simply haven't grasped the dimensions of the character. It is true that Dad, because he is a male adult and the family breadwinner, must be conceded certain capabilities, though not in the class of Rinssie or Bobby. But these are more than offset by his gullibility; he is not able to tell that people are crooks until they perform some overt act, while the Boy develops suspicions much sooner and Rinssie growls at them on first sight. Thunder and Mother, of course, are not expected to be able to sort out crooks at any time.

When we reach Bobby, we find ourselves with a much more versatile subject, able to do almost as much as Rinssie in many fields, though bearing in mind always that he has only two legs, that his sense of smell and hearing are inferior and his teeth negligible. He can always express himself through talk, which must be considered an asset, even though it doesn't have the dramatic impact of a growl or bark.

In shaping the part for Rinssie in your scripts, you must guard against the recent tendency of writers to portray him merely as a thinker. It is true he makes an attractive picture sitting there pondering the troubles of the subordinate members of the cast. But he must be active, too — an active thinker. Rinssie is not the kind of dog to figure out that one of those logs floating toward the mill contains hidden dynamite charges and then refer the matter to a subordinate; he must also bound to the controls in time to shunt the log away and bite the person responsible.

Finally, it is always helpful to have your scripts point a moral, above the obvious one that people are quite pitiful without a dog's guidance. We would like to offer something positive. Perhaps if you are going to have Bobby trip and sprain his ankle in the woods at night, it could be on the way to a Boy Scout meeting. This gives us a chance to get in some fine shots of the Boy Scout uniform as Bobby drags himself along, and it also offers an excuse for his being out in the woods at night in the first place. Little public service touches like this will not only keep our show in its present high place, but also help keep troublesome pressure off our backs. It's thinking of this kind that sells dog food and scripts.



ADDRESS TO THE SENIOR CLASS

by C. S. JENNISON

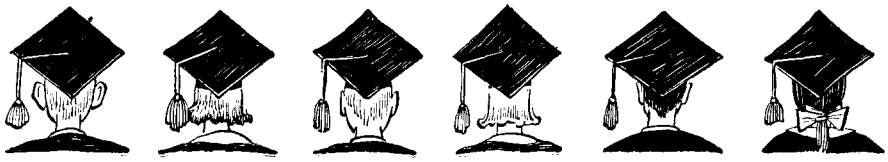
On late evaluation, I would say my education
Has helped me Gain the Goals your yearbook mentions.
I've Met Life, steering wide of it, Matured and haven't died of it,
And loved my memories and nice declensions.
The years have shaped my attitude, till now I view with gratitude
My algebra and Spanish and the rest.
And I can say to all a ya, it's grand to know that Gallia
In tres old changeless parts divisa est.

When I have bad insomnia, I think how Gaul is omnia,
And — lying glassy-eyed in my pajamas —
Like always, if I muse a lot about amo amas amat,
I fall asleep before I reach amamus.
Most words of Latin origin have fled the mind I forage in,
And, while I mourn their passing or upheaval,
I'm sure if I dismembered them — and also I remembered them —
I'd have the root of everything but evil.

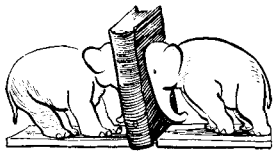
Since no one knows when French'll be decidedly essential,
I'm sorry that my course in it was short.
Yet if, by any circumstance, I'm locked outside a door in France,
At least I still can say "Ouvrez la porte!"
The same thing goes for Spanish, which I thought would quickly vanish.
I well recall the time it swelled my ego,
When I was buying Texaco one morning lost in Mexico
And proudly asked the man, "Which way, amigo?"

Don't ever think it's silly learning quotes about Aprille;
Though I have seldom used them, to be sure,
At lunch I thought of Chaucer when I dropped my cup and saucer
And bathèd half the guests in swich licour.
I also still distinguish stuff from parsing all my English stuff
And learning proper speech along with etiquette.
Each time I use a hammer now, I watch my spoken grammar now,
Deleting verbs like "Dammit" from the predicate.

Sometimes I feel it's sad you wait till years from when you graduate
To understand the purposes of knowledge:
Like why you need geometry to pass your trigonometry
So you can take a music course in college.
But then, what fun to choose a course, for instance like a music course,
And put aside your dreary old Home Ec book,
So you can sing from *Figaro* while you are spreading Vigoro,
A learnèd wife who overdraws the checkbook.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



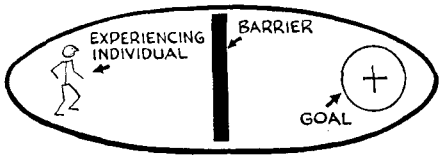
A THOUSAND WORDS

by LOUISE VILA

LOUISE VILA *works at the University of Colorado in Boulder. "I have only recently tried writing at all," she reports.*

THE makers of textbooks, having perhaps observed the works of advertising talent, go in for visual aids in a big way these days at the "college level," as they phrase it, as well as the elementary. On almost every page the student is presented with a photograph, schematic drawing, or diagram to ease his digestion of the printed word. Which may be a very good idea — anything to alleviate the enveloping torpidity that so suddenly afflicts knowledge when it is impounded in a textbook. The diagrams in a couple of psychology texts I recently had occasion to examine rather completely have me slightly disturbed, however.

One series is devoted to something called a Life Space. Basically a Life Space may be represented thus:



The large oval, of course, bounds the world as the experiencing individual sees it. Rather than the straight line shown, the barrier may be a circle larger than and surrounding the goal, and laden with minus signs, producing a negative "valence" (to make a semantic raid into another field). This negative element wreaks mild havoc in the poor subject's psyche. He must eat the minus spinach to get through to that plus ice cream.

Or the barrier, rather than a straight line, may be a backstop-shaped thing indicating that the subject is blocked in his efforts to avoid it. He may attack the obstacle headlong, says the text, break it down or go around, or turn his back on it and give up his goal. The barrier may extend all the way across his Life Space. This produces frustration. I should think so, but it seems to me that these possibilities hardly cover the field.

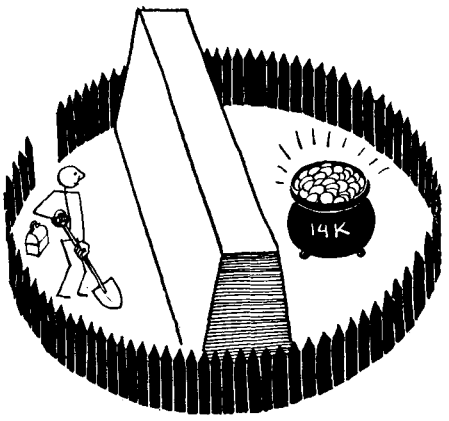
What if there are a number of barriers?

Our subject now views an endless field of ever-increasing minuses — but there is just a tantalizing glimpse of that plussed object beyond, and he can never quite give it up even though he is not the go-getter type that would jump all those obstacles. Nor, with his dreaminess, is the pull of the goal's attraction quite strong enough to produce frustration.

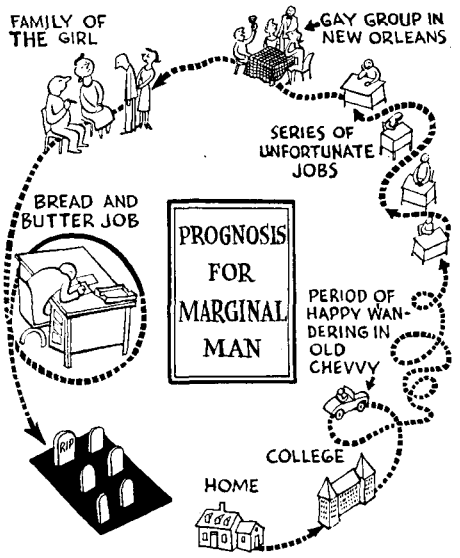
Or what if he is just not going to be defeated — too dumb or something?

I have a mental picture of a determined fellow, self-satisfied and independent, full of high ambition (he is probably a writer and therefore maladjusted), whom I shall depict as a stick figure in his Life Space, which is made of pickets.

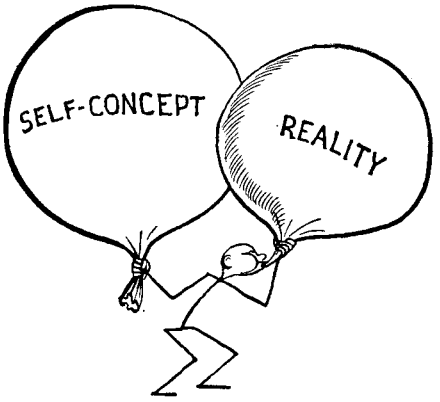
His barrier is twenty feet high, thick as a castle wall and smooth as glass. Is our subject frustrated? Not on your life. He has brought a packet of sandwiches and a shovel, planted a garden (fast-growing vegetables), and is preparing to dig to the foundations. No one has told him that they go all the way to bedrock, and he will spend the rest of his life there, getting to the bottom of things. He could knock a hole in his Life Space with very little trouble, of course, but he is a square shooter and plays the game by the rules.



A close relation of his who really bothers me is Marginal Man. His plight wrings my heart, and I wish they had not put a name to it. There he sits on the edge of his group (ethnic or family or who knows), within the larger population, unable to belong to either. Sits? Of course not. He's been rolling around like one electron on the edge of his circle for years now, and he's bound to make a habit of it. Here is a chart of his prospective journeys:



Well, I think he's most distressing. Then there is the Self-Concept and Reality, illustrated thus:



I have restored necks and strings to the balloons, since obviously they are balloons. In the text these details were left off. The ideal that one is to strive for in this game is to have the two totally similar in size and position. What bothers me is: How can you put Reality into SC without letting all the wind out of R, and some out of Self-Concept, too? And if you deflate SC until it fits Reality, you're going to have a lot of bags in it.

You'll have to start all over, and it will be twice as hard to blow them up both at the same time. I think we had better just untie the string and let them drift off — or better yet, blow up Reality until it pops. (It was certainly weak to begin with, and won't last long.) Then we can forget all about *that*, and toss SC around a bit. Try how big you can blow it — it's strong, and should it break will make a lovely bang.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

SOCIAL DISCMANSHIP

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY *is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of* High Fidelity Magazine. *"They Shall Have Music" is a frequent feature in the* Atlantic.

IMAGINE yourself at a moment of high contentment. You have dined well. Your fellow guests have proven truly congenial. Your host has just furnished you with some excellent cognac and a fine cigar.

And now he leads you into his living room, which contains, among other things, an impressive high-fidelity system and a sizable collection of records. You relax into an admirably comfortable chair. The prospect of the evening, seen through a benison of cognac bouquet and fragrant smoke, is a splendid one.

Then suddenly there is an enormous snarl of organ pipes, and a chorus begins gigantically to roar something in Latin. Your cigar ash falls onto your vest, and you notice your wife frozen silent in mid-quip. You crane to see the album cover, and your grimmest suspicion is confirmed. You are hearing Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony. And — unless benign Providence sends a power failure — you are going to keep on hearing it for the next hour and a half. It occupies two whole long-play discs.

In his social discmanship, your host has (there is no charitable way to put it) goofed.

By this I do not mean to imply that having to hear Mahler's Eighth is a fate worse than death; indeed I have nothing at all against the symphony, except that it is so invincibly unconvivial. It is long. It is not interruptible. It is loud, and ought to be played that way if at all. It is monumentally serious. In short, it is a piece of music which should be offered to only one special class of guests: people who have been invited to come and hear the Mahler Eighth.

Your host's offense was not, of course, intentional, though it may subject him to some avoidance in the future. It was simply a symptom of delayed adjustment to the long-play era. Economically, LP has been a great boon to the serious listener, giving him his music at a mere four dollars an hour. However, this has had the side effect of making him an ever *more* serious listener, which affects his buying and — qualitatively at least — narrows his repertoire. And when you add to this the hypnotic influence of the long-playing record's prime quality — that it *is* long-playing, resistant to interruption — you have most of what it takes to turn an otherwise highly considerate person into a phonographic boor.

Of course, this genus was not absolutely unknown even in 78-rpm days — we recall the merciless 1947 host who would stack all eight discs of Act I of *Die Walküre* on the changer, glaring about fiercely meanwhile to suppress nascent conversations. But collectors then also did much more short-subject shopping, so to speak, and as a rule the host's latest acquisition, nearest to hand, was likely to be nothing lengthier than a pair of Britten's *Sea Scenes*, for instance, or Leopold Stokowski playing the famous Trumpet Voluntary that Purcell probably didn't write. These strained no one's attention-span, and the pause between selections could be used most satisfactorily for the renewal of drinks or for a brief run-down on the marital potential of the newest bachelor in the parish.

Now it is not my purpose to arouse nostalgia. I am sure reputations for adroit social discmanship were more common ten years ago than they are now, but this was because they could be won (as I have shown) accidentally. Today it takes thought, but the achievement, when it occurs, is on a higher level.

My main concern is with evening hours, after dinner, but perhaps cocktail time should get brief attention. Frankly, at cocktail time I don't think most people want to *listen* to anything except their own voices. However, they may enjoy *hearing* something, if it intrudes upon their attention only intermittently, and politely, and with unfailing charm.

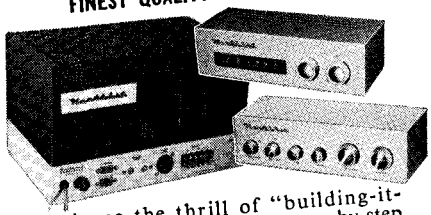
To me, the nearly perfect answer to this requirement is George Feyer, a Continental pianist, *Gemütlichkeit* personified, whom Vox astutely has made available on no fewer than eleven records. All are called Echoes of one place or another — Paris, Italy, Vienna, Hollywood, what you will — and there is not one which will not make you, at some stage of your Martini, stop talking for a moment and dream a little ten-second dream. If, indeed, you do not hum.

On the same high level of taste and cleverness are the songs of a most unusual *chanteuse* called Liane, who sings (with the Bar Bohème Trio) in at least three languages on a half-dozen Vanguard ten-inch records. She obtrudes a little more than Mr. Feyer, simply because, I suppose, the human voice automatically compels attention. But she is fine cocktail company.

After dinner, people are less vociferous than at cocktail time, but even then they are not anxious for a half hour of enforced shut-mouth. What they will welcome with the liveliest good will is something diverting that is also obviously, from its nature, not going to last long. Here I will pay homage to a couple of Capitol artists I don't think I ever have mentioned in these pages, since their efforts never have been collected on long-play discs. As gambit material, certain of their 45-rpm records (also available, I believe, at 78 rpm) have served me almost without fail. They are Mr. A. (Deacon Andy) Griffith and Mr. Stan Freberg. Mr. Griffith's *chef-d'oeuvres* are quasi-backwoods synopses of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Carmen*, of which I can say only that they must be heard to be appreciated. Mr. Freberg, better known, has made some bad records as well as his very good ones, namely *St. George and the Drago-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEATHKIT High Fidelity Equipment in Kit Form
FINEST QUALITY—EASY TO BUILD



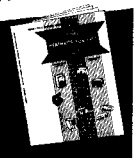
Experience the thrill of "building-it-yourself" from the complete step-by-step instructions supplied. Designed for the super-critical listener, Heathkits are the finest electronic kits available today—at any price.

TYPICAL KIT MODELS AVAILABLE

FM-3A HEATHKIT HI-FI FM TUNER KIT: A high gain, stable FM tuner with built-in power supply. New-design circuit features latest miniature tube types. Incl. Fed. Ship. Wt. 7 Lbs...(with cab.) Ex. Tax $25.95

W-5M HEATHKIT HI-FI AMPLIFIER KIT: This 25-watt Williamson-type amplifier features a Peerless output transformer and KT66 tubes. Latest design features insure exceptional performance. Shpg. Wt. 31 Lbs. Express only.....$59.75

WA-P2 HEATHKIT HI-FI PREAMPLIFIER KIT: Designed for control, compensation and preamplification with Heathkit amplifier above. Meets most rigorous hi-fi specifications. Beautiful satin-gold finish. Shpg. Wt. 7 Lbs.....$19.75



Write for Free Catalog
Describes more than 65 interesting "build-it-yourself Heathkits. Get your copy today!
HEATH COMPANY
A Subsidiary of Daystrom, Inc. BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

New Books From Beacon Press

A SCHWEITZER CLASSIC

Indian Thought and its Development
By ALBERT SCHWEITZER
"Reconciliation of practical ethics and mystical monism."
Journal of Philosophy
Paperback $1.60

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 11

The GOLDEN DAY

By LEWIS MUMFORD
A Study in American Literature and Culture
"The best book about America, if not the best American book, that I have read."
George Santayana
Paperback $1.45

WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG
BEACON PRESS
BEACON HILL, BOSTON 7

net, which mimics a detective program well known to TV viewers, and *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, which, rather oddly, very accurately burlesques a pop recording session.

I select these two gentlemen's efforts (from among many worthy humorous records) because they serve so well as initial offerings in program making. Program making is an art as appropriate to phonographic hospitality as it is to orchestra conducting. (It is, of course, possible simply to offer a series of unrelated novelties, leaving off when its very adventitiousness begins to generate boredom, as it will, but there is no point in discussing that.) We will assume that the host wishes to lead his guests, by easy stages of diversion and delectation, finally into hearing something whereby he can pay, through his taste, his respects to theirs. Perhaps I can best explain by illustrating.

Let us start with Mr. Freberg and his *Dragonet*, which need serve merely to convey us to his *Yellow Rose*. This is comic, portraying a sonic duel between a Texas soloist and a damn-yankee snare drummer, but will take us readily to the source of the revival and popularity of the *Yellow Rose*, which was Columbia's album *The Confederacy*, a cantata written and recorded by Richard Bales, conductor of the National Art Gallery Orchestra. *The Confederacy*, in toto, might be a little long to play at this juncture, but it incorporates two marvelous national war songs, *Dixie* and *The Bonnie Blue Flag*. These give us a wealth of routes to follow, depending on where we wish to get. For instance:

In the Charles Ives Second Sonata, the Barn Dance movement contains a terse but delightful portrait of a GAR fiddler who, no matter what he tries to play, always comes back to another Civil War march, *The Battle-Cry of Freedom*. And Ives gives us topical access to almost anything else American. In my case, the access would be to more Ives: the slow movement of the Third Symphony, which contains at least a dozen fragments, weirdly and wonderfully interwoven, of traditional hymn tunes. And I think I would move from there to Ives' Missouri counterpart, Virgil Thomson, whose Cello Concerto or Suite from *Mother of Us All* I'd be happy to settle for as the *pièce de résistance* of my evening. The former conjoins, in its finale, *Yes, Jesus Loves Me* and a theme from an early Beethoven piano sonata (and they go together deliciously). The latter has, like the Ives symphony, a movement which is a treasury of revival themes, treated wittily but kindly, in effect both funny and deeply touching.

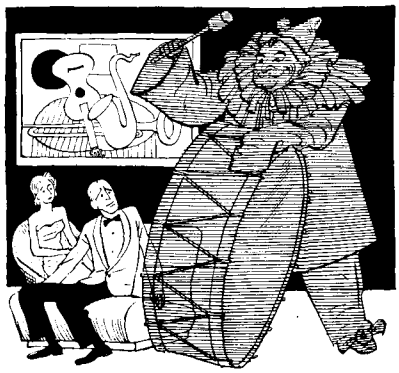
Alternatively (we were starting with *Dixie*, you recall), you can follow the avenue of traditional nationalism back to *Rule, Britannia* (both began as stage numbers; the one in a minstrel show, the other in a pageant) as sung by Peter Pears, with chorus and orchestra, on London LL-808, which also bears some very fine Purcell pieces. Wherewith, you are off on a British kick which could land you anywhere. I think it would land me first on Eric Coates' thoroughly enjoyable *London Suite* (Decca 4039), or at least the rollicking *Knightsbridge March* therefrom; and then on the collection Mercury calls *British Band Masterpieces*, which is played by Frederick Fennell and the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble and features two Holst suites, very fine, not elsewhere recorded; and two Vaughan Williams pieces equally meritorious, in positively magnificent sound. (This progression is not recommended for apartment dwellers with temperamental neighbors.) But you could as easily end with *Dido and Aeneas*, or the Vaughan Williams Third ("Pastoral") Symphony, or Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*.

The examples thus far cited illustrate, as they must, my own taste and my own record collection, which naturally differ from yours. What I am trying to put across is the programmatic process, which is amenable to almost any variation in repertoire. Had you wanted to, you could have switched tracks back at the *London Suite*, from Britain to, say, Cities.

Vaughan Williams has written a London Symphony. Leonard Bernstein has written something very like a New York Symphony in the *Age of Anxiety*. Prokofiev (this would have been my alternate goal) has given us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in his Fifth what seems to me the first real symphony with a twentieth-century urban pulse. And there is always *The Saint of Bleecker Street* for such as fancy it, from among whom I



should have to ask to be included, as Mr. Goldwyn phrased it, out. There is a far spicier tang of Gotham in that excellent sample of a uniquely American art form, *Guys and Dolls*. (But half your guests may themselves own the recording: check carefully before turntabling.) In the same vein, Prohibition-time Chicago is brightly and wickedly preserved in Columbia's *Pal Joey*. And the best-loved of all cities sings in every note of the recent Epic recording of Charpentier's *Louise*. Or perhaps you'd prefer to present the piquant mixture of moonlit antiquity and awesome hi-fi embodied in Toscanini's *Pines of Rome*, or the rowdy candlelit half-antiquity of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the London *Guys and Dolls* of 1728, now available in two highly listenable versions — RCA Victor and Westminster — between which there is little to choose.

It can clearly be seen that the safe conduct of an evening's phonographic concert, from beginning to end, depends largely on conversational guide lines. I once sat paralyzed with admiration while a man I know launched a *soirée* with Rosemary Clooney singing *Come on-a My House*, wherein she was accompanied by Stan Freeman's harpsichord, then detached the theme, via harpsichord, to a Scarlatti sonata, then reverted to *The Spaniard That Blighted My Life*, sung by I don't know whom (this move was pure impresarial bravado, but the tune *is* taken from Scarlatti), then leaped backward into the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto as performed by the London Baroque Ensemble (the tonal personality of ancient instruments serving as connection), and finally pinned us with his major offering, Honegger's *King David* — reconstructed primitivism to begin with, a quasi-Bach chorale to end with.

This may sound, in recountal, ill assembled, but with the proper remarks between discs, it went down like five courses at the Restaurant Chambord. (In retrospect, I can regret only that, at the time, London had not yet issued its *Panorama of Musique Concrète*, since Pierre Henry's eerie *Veil of Orpheus* would have followed so handily upon the Witch of Endor scene in *King David*. I am sure that this has since become part of the continuity.) The tone of the transitional comments, of course, should be not in the least pedagogical, but keyed entirely to enjoyment. No one can coach you in this. The sole criterion is whether or not you yourself enjoy the exploration as it proceeds. If at any point you find that it is beginning to pall, only one resort is open to you. It may seem drastic. Go to the control panel. Find the knob that is marked "Off." Turn it. Go belowstairs and fetch some more Scotch. Try again another time.

Aroint this horrid thought now, however. We are coming to the controversial matter of the *envoi*. Some experts maintain that when your feature presentation has been made, you should knock off, let silence reign. I find this doctrine abhorrent. If by almost superhuman tactical suasion I have succeeded in making a roomful of people give heed to the magic of Josef Krips' Brahms Fourth or Jonathan Sternberg's Haydn Thirty-ninth, I want them at the end sufficiently engrossed so that they cannot lightly break into farewells. They should be eased out with a touch of high graciousness and yet obvious inconsequentiality (in the dictionary sense of the word: nothing to follow). Never, at this juncture, allow your success to go to your head. If Schubert's Ninth or *The Cocktail Party* went over very well, do *not* attempt to encore it with the *Consecration of the House* or Mercutio's death scene. The good night was to be accomplished through E. Power Biggs' playing one of Bach's Eight Little Preludes and Fugues, or Haydn's *St. Anthony Divertimento*, and these you should stay with, so that the flavor of the evening stays also, happily and easily, with your friends as they go down the driveway and into the night.

to men with two left hands!

Even if you hate tinkering, puttering . . . any form of do-it-yourselfing . . . you can have *real* high fidelity . . . the kind usually reserved for the "handy" type. All you do is insist on H. H. Scott high fidelity components. H. H. Scott hi fi can be connected as easily as plugging in a lamp. It's easier to operate than a TV set because all controls are color-coded . . . you just set them to a series of green dots and play. Yet if you want to twiddle with the knobs, you can . . . and we think you'll find it fun. Convince yourself! Take a 10-minute listen to H. H. Scott components at your nearest dealers'.

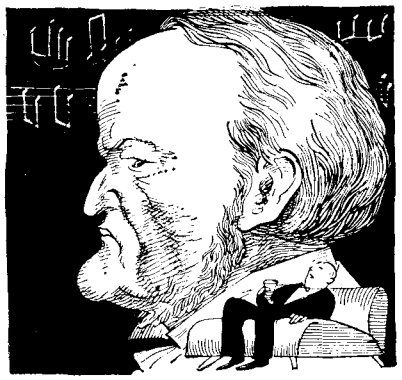
MAKE A DECISION! Grab a pen with either one "left hand" or the other and write for H. H. Scott's new Hi Fi Guide and catalog. It's called Booklet "AM-6" . . . a subtle number that tells us where you read this ad.

h.h. Scott

High Fidelity Components

H. H. SCOTT, INC., 385 Putnam Ave., Cambridge, Mass., Export Dept: Telesco International Corp., 270 Park Ave., N. Y. 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Record Reviews

Permit a breach in the usual alphabetical ordering of these reviews. Early in 1957, not long ago as I write, the world lost its most famous conductor, Arturo Toscanini. In March, when he would have been ninety, RCA issued two recordings of extraordinary interest to his admirers. They are the *Aïda* he broadcast in 1949 (the first major musical event to be televised in America, I believe) and the Beethoven Seventh Symphony he recorded at 78 rpm in 1936. The ***Aïda*** (RCA Victor LM-6132: three 12″) also incorporates the last recording he did: shortly after his retirement he held a session to patch and fill out the broadcast transcription.

The **Beethoven Seventh Symphony** (Camden CAL-352: 12″) was the last recording to receive his signed approval, the fortnight before he died. And well he might approve it; it is an astounding job of renovation. The 78-rpm version had been slightly raucous, at least in American pressings. The Collector's Treasury reprint on microgroove, in the early days of LP, was thin and short of dynamics. The new Camden — beautifully packaged, by the way — was made from the LCT tape, but with 1957 cutting techniques and, I think, a little judicious application of a volume expander. It comes forth full, solid, almost high-fidelity, and historically important.

The Toscanini we had for nearly twenty years with the NBC Symphony — on radio and in the later recordings — was, remember, a man over seventy, and he shaped the NBC according to his latter-year tastes; he gave its sound an astringent quality and tightened its whole action. In the Camden Seventh, we have him with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, reflecting his earlier taste, and the fullness and solidity of the sound in this estimable reproduction is an exciting revelation. So will be the interpretation, to people who haven't heard it before — there is much less tension than in later ones, and a richer lyricism.

The *Aïda* is, of course, the Old Man's *Aïda* and, to boot, a radio *Aïda*. Toscanini almost always, it seemed to me, purposely hastened his concertized opera, taking up musically the slack left by the loss of stage action. So this *Aïda* rushes a little; it cannot be much like the *Aïda* wherein the nineteen-year-old "*bambino* Toscanini" made his conducting debut in Rio.

But at the high points it becomes thereby positively thrilling. A sort of purification by terror affects the trumpeters in the Triumphal March, and the singers, none of whom except Richard Tucker amount to much, quite surpass themselves. The sound, considering that it originated in the infamous Studio 8-H, is not at all bad. And the 1955 additions are barely noticeable. No one really interested in either Verdi or Toscanini can do without this recording of *Aïda*.

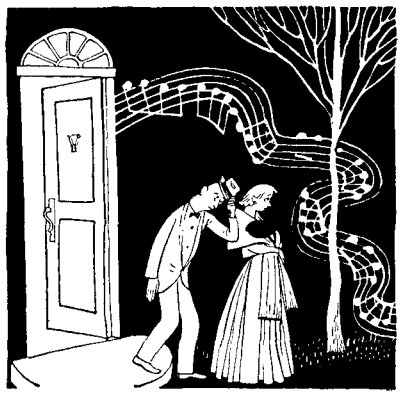
Beethoven: Sonatas No. 14, "Moonlight," and No. 21, "Waldstein" (Vladimir Horowitz, piano; RCA Victor LM-2009: 12″). Mr. Horowitz knows the two sonatas inside and out, and still esteems them. Couple this with his incredible technique and you are assured of marvelous performances. These you get, but unfortunately he and the engineers experimented, making the recording in his living room. The piano sound on the record is cramped and unappealing.

Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18372: 12″). Sir Adrian narrates the Eric Crozier script besides conducting the Britten score, and turns out what I think the best all-round version of the *Guide*. On the overside is reproduced an informal taping of part of the recording session, which does not, from the evidence, seem to have been a very interesting one. Westminster calls it "Hi Fi in the Making." I call it a promotional gimmick, and I'm against it.

Dvořák: Cello Concerto with **Fauré: Elegie for Cello and Orchestra** (Janos Starker, cello; Walter Süsskind conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35417: 12″). There is now almost a plethora of good Dvořák Cello Concertos, of which I like this best of all. Starker is a magician, commanding both force and fine-toned grace, and Süsskind gets out of the Philharmonia an irresistible rhythmic vivacity: this is top-notch Dvořák. The Fauré Elegie makes nice encore material. Highly recommended.

Mozart: Clarinet Concerto; Clarinet Quintet (Benny Goodman, clarinet; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; Boston Symphony String Quartet; RCA Victor LM-2073: 12″). There is an odd contrast here. Goodman and Munch give us what is certainly one of the two best Clarinet Concertos in the catalogue (the other being the Walton-Karajan-Angel), precise and formal but very much alive. In the Quintet, on the other hand, both Goodman and the BSO string-men sound extremely ill at ease. Perhaps they had not played together enough. Too bad. The sound is fine on both sides.

Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 21 and No. 27 (Rudolf Serkin, piano, Alexander Schneider conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5013: 12″). Serkin and Schneider are paired here to a nicety; there could not be a more produc-



tive collaboration. I understand that they were so pleased with the session that champagne was distributed to all hands, in paper cups. Never were bubbles better earned. This is a truly lovely record.

747 0½

PASTORAL

by LEWIS TENNEY ROSS

I PLANT the bulbs and shrubs and seeds
But only God can plant the weeds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and ANCESTOR
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland
their colorful tartans worn in
glory through the centuries.
Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label
and Ancestor, forever and always
a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

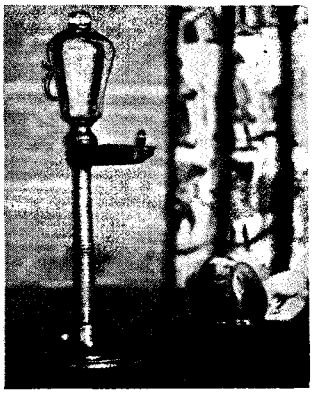
Dewar Highlander

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH DUAL CHIMES *Circa 1840.* Strikes either Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . the whiskey that didn't watch the clock . . . seven long years!



GERMAN FIRE CLOCK *Circa 1800.* Tells time by amount of oil burned in column. But *however* time is measured, you will always enjoy Old Charter's supreme quality.

Only a superior whiskey improves with age. Old Charter goes into the cask the finest whiskey obtainable. Long, quiet years later it emerges with all the subtle flavor a bountiful nature can bestow upon a whiskey.

Long the standard of excellence for bourbon drinkers, Old Charter's superb quality and rare smooth flavor have actually converted many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. Try it yourself and you'll see why.

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest Straight BOURBON

Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 7 Years Old
86 Proof • Old Charter Distillery Co.
Louisville, Kentucky

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED